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WORKS

OF THE

REV. JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

ARRANGED BY

THOMAS SHERIDAN, A.M.

WITH

NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

A NEW EDITION, IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

CORRECTED AND REVISED

BY JOHN NICHOLS, F. A. S.

EDINBURGH AND PERTH.

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LETTERS

TO AND FROM

DR. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 1, 1733.

I SHOULD have answered yours of the 22d of March long ago, but that I have had some troubles and frights; and the uneasiness I was under made me neglect what, at another time, would have been agreeable to myself; Mrs. Chamber's younger sister, having had the small-pox, but now perfectly well, though she has been hitherto a very puny sickly girl. Mr Floyd too has been excessively bad with her winter cough and dispiritedness; but country air, I think, has a little revived her.

His grace of Dorset bids me present his humble service to you, and says, the rectory of Churchtown is at Mr. Stafford Lightburne's service. As to the Countess of Suffolk's affair in dispute, I cannot possibly (according to your own just rule) be angry, because I am in the right. It is you ought to be angry, and never forgive her, because you have been so much in the wrong, as to condemn her without the show of justice; and I wish with all my heart, as a judgment upon you, that you had seen her, as I did, when the news of your friend's* death came; for though you are a proud parson, yet

* Mr. Gay. N.

(give you, devil, your due) you are a sincere, good natured, honest one. I am extremely Mrs. Kelly's humble servant; but I will never believe she is more valued for her beauty and good qualities in Ireland than she was in England. The excise you mention has caused great changes here. Some that I am sorry for; though I will not enter into the merits of the cause, because of my aversion to politics. But if you did dislike it, why did you bestow such a costly funeral upon it, as to burn its bones on a sumptuous pile, like a Roman emperor?

Adieu, my ever honoured old friend; and do not let me see any more respects or ladyships from you.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, May 1, 1733.

I ANSWER your letter the sooner, because I have a particular reason for doing so. Some weeks ago came over a poem called, "The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, written by himself." It was reprinted here, and is dedicated to you. It is grounded upon a maxim in Rochefoucault, and the dedication, after a formal story, says, that my manner of writing is to be found in every line. I believe I have told you, that I writ a year or two ago near five hundred lines upon the same maxim in Rochefoucault, and was a long time about it, as that impostor says in his dedication, with many circumstances, all pure invention. I desire you to believe, and to tell my friends, that in this spurious piece there is not a single line, or bit of a line, or thought, any way resembling the genuine copy, any more than it does Virgil's Æneis, for I never gave a copy of mine, nor lent it out of my sight. And although I showed it to all common

acquaintance indifferently, and some of them, (especially one or two females) had got many lines by heart, here and there, and repeated them often; yet it happens that not one single line or thought is contained in this imposture, although it appears that they who counterfeited me, had heard of the true one. But even this trick shall not provoke me to print the true one, which indeed is not proper to be seen till I can be seen no more: I therefore desire you will undeceive my friends, and I will order an advertisement to be printed here, and transmit it to England, that every body may know the delusion, and acquit me, as I am sure you must have done yourself, if you have read any part of it, which is mean and trivial, and full of that cant that I most despise: I would sink to be a vicar in Norfolk rather than be charged with such a performance. Now I come to your letter.

When I was of your age, I thought every day of death, but now every minute; and a continual giddy disorder more or less is a greater addition than that of my years. I cannot affirm that I pity our friend Gay, but I pity his friends, I pity you, and would at least equally pity myself, if I lived among you; because I should have seen him oftener than you did, who are a kind of hermit, how great a noise soever you make by your ill nature in not letting the honest villains of the times enjoy themselves in this world, which is their only happiness, and terrifying them with another. I should have added in my libel, that of all men living, you are the most happy in your enemies and your friends: and I will swear you have fifty times more charity for mankind than I could ever pretend to. Whether the production you mention came from the lady or the lord, I did not imagine that they were at least so bad versifiers. Therefore, *facit indignatio versus*, is only to be applied when the indignation is against general villany, and ne-

ver operates when some sort of people write to defend themselves. I love to hear them reproach you for dulness, only I would be satisfied since you are so dull, why are they so angry? give me a shilling, and I will insure you, that posterity shall never know you had one single enemy, excepting those whose memory you have preserved.

I am sorry for the situation of Mr. Gay's papers. You do not exert yourself as much as I could wish in this affair. I had rather the two sisters were hanged than to see his works swelled by any loss of credit to his memory. I would be glad to see the most valuable printed by themselves, those which ought not to be seen, burned immediately, and the others that have gone abroad, printed separately like opuscula, or rather be stifled and forgotten. I thought your epitaph was immediately to be engraved, and therefore I made less scruple to give a copy to Lord Orrery, who earnestly desired it, but to nobody else; and he tells me, he gave only two, which he will recall. I have a short epigram of his upon it, wherein I would correct a line, or two at most, and then I will send it you, with his permission. I have nothing against yours, but the last line, *striking their aching*, the two participles, as they are so near, seem to sound too like. I shall write to the duchess, who has lately honoured me with a very friendly letter, and I will tell her my opinion freely about our friend's papers. I want health, and my affairs are enlarged: but I will break through the latter, if the other mends. I can use a course of medicines, lame and giddy. My chief design, next to seeing you, is to be a severe critic on you and your neighbour; but first kill his father, that he may be able to maintain me in my own way of living, and particularly my horses. It cost me near 600*l.* for a wall to keep mine, and I never ride without

two servants for fear of accidents; *hic vivimus ambitiosa paupertate.* You are both too poor to my acquaintance, but he much the poorer. With you I shall find grass, and wine, and servants, but with him not. The collection you speak of is this: A printer came to me to desire he might print my works (as he called them) in four volumes by subscription. I said I would give no leave, and should be sorry to see them printed here. He said they could not be printed in London; I answered, they could, if the partners agreed. He said, "he would be glad of my permission, but as he could print them without it, and was advised that it could do me no harm, and having been assured of numerous subscriptions, he hoped I would not be angry at his pursuing his own interest," &c. much of this discourse past, and he goes on with the matter, wherein I determined not to intermeddle, though it be much to my discontent; and I wish it could be done in England, rather than here, although I am grown pretty indifferent in every thing of that kind. This is the truth of the story.

My vanity turns at present on being personated in your *quæ virtus*, &c. You will observe in this letter many marks of an ill head and a low spirit; but a heart wholly turned to love you with the greatest earnestness and truth.

FROM MISS KELLY.

SIR, *Jarvis-street, May* 4, 1733.

I AM sure if you know what I have suffered for having offended you, your anger would be changed into pity; for indeed, sir, my uneasiness cannot be express-

ed. Of all the misfortunes I ever met with, this has given me the greatest concern; for your friendship is an honour that the whole world are ambitious of; but I received from it more than ordinary satisfaction. Judge then, sir, how unhappy I now am; and for God's sake, forgive what is past, and be assured my future conduct shall be such, that you never again shall have cause of complaint against me. I own you have reason to condemn my impertinence; but as I had not the least intention to offend, I hope it will, in some measure, lessen the fault. Indeed, sir, if you will be so good to pardon me, I will make any atonement in my power; and it will much add to the other obligations you have already conferred upon me. My health is so much impaired, that it is but too probable that I shall not live very long; and methinks it would be very hard to have the short time that is allotted for me made more miserable than continual sickness can make it. This must be the case, if you do not, once more, receive me into favour: nothing I desire half so much; and do assure you, I spent so bad a night, from the thoughts of my misfortune, that could you have had an idea of it, you would have been sorry for me. You might have seen how depressed I was at supper; but not my indisposition, but your cold behaviour, was the real occasion of it. What shall I say, or do, to influence you to pardon me? If true repentance for my crime, and a firm resolution to be upon my guard for the future against any inadvertent expressions, that can give offence, will plead any thing in my favour, you will be so good to pardon me; for I can affirm, that I will never offend you again. Try me then, good sir; and, if it is possible, both forget and forgive the errors I have been guilty of.

If you are not determined to continue my unhappiness, I must beg the favour of you, to send me a line to

assure me of my being pardoned; for my uneasiness cannot be removed without it. I hope, too, sir, that I shall have the honour of seeing you before I go, that I may in person acknowledge how much I owe you, and with what satisfaction I receive your forgiveness; and for God's sake, sir, look upon me as you were wont to do, for I cannot bear your coldness.

I propose, when I go to Bristol, to follow your advice, and should be much obliged to you, if you would recommend me to those books that you think most proper for me: and if it please God that I recover, you shall find, that by the honour you have done me in advising me to improve my mind, the deficiencies of my education will be made up, and I shall be more worthy of your esteem.

I should beg pardon for the length of this, but that I still could write on to ask your forgiveness; who am, sir, with true respect and regard, your most obliged and most humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

FROM MR. POPE.

May 28, 1733.

I HAVE begun two or three letters to you by snatches, and been prevented from finishing them by a thousand avocations and dissipations. I must first acknowledge the honour done me by Lord Orrery, whose praises are that precious ointment Solomon speaks of, which can be given only by men of virtue: all other praise, whether from poets or peers, is contemptible alike: and I am old enough, and experienced enough to know, that the only praises worth having are those bestowed by

virtue for virtue. My poetry I abandon to the critics, my morals I commit to the testimony of those who know me; and therefore I was more pleased with your libel than with any verses I ever received. I wish such a collection of your writings could be printed here, as you mention going on in Ireland. I was surprised to receive from the printer that spurious piece called, The Life and Character of Dr. Swift, with a letter telling me the person who "published it had assured him the dedication to me was what I would not take ill, or else he would not have printed it." I cannot tell who the man is, who took so far upon him as to answer for my way of thinking; though had the thing been genuine, I should have been greatly displeased at the publisher's part, in doing it without your knowledge.

I am as earnest as you can be, in doing my best to prevent the publishing of any thing unworthy of Mr. Gay; but I fear his friends' partiality. I wish you would come over. All the mysteries of my philosophical work shall then be cleared to you, and you will not think that I am merry enough, nor angry enough: It will not want for satire, but as for anger I know it not; or at least only that sort of which the Apostle speaks, "Be ye angry, and sin not."

My neighbour's writings have been metaphysical, and will next be historical. It is certainly from him only that a valuable history of Europe in these later times can be expected. Come, and quicken him; for age, indolence, and contempt of the world, grow upon men apace, and may often make the wisest indifferent whether posterity be any wiser than we. To a man in years, health and quiet become such rarities, and consequently so valuable, that he is apt to think of nothing more than of enjoying them, whenever he can, for the remainder of

life; and this I doubt not has caused so many great men to die without leaving a scrap to posterity.

I am sincerely troubled for the bad account you give of your own health. I wish every day to hear a better, as much as I do to enjoy my own, I faithfully assure you.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *London, May* 29, 1733.

You will find, to your cost, that a woman's pen, when encouraged, is as bad as a woman's tongue: blame yourself, not me: had I never known the pleasure of receiving a letter from you, I should not have persecuted you now. I think (a little to justify this bold attack) that I am obliged, by all the rules of civility, to give you an account of the letter you charged me with: I delivered it into my Lord Bathurst's hands; he read it before me: I looked silly upon his asking me, What you meant by the Fosset affair? and was obliged to explain it to him in my own defence, which gave him the diversion I believe you designed it should. We then talked of your vineyard: he seemed pleased with every subject that related to you, and I was very ready to indulge him that way. I did not forget to brag of your favours to me; if you intended I should keep them a secret, I have spoiled all; for I have not an acquaintance of any worth that I have not told, how happy I have been in your company. Every body loves to be envied, and this is the only way I have of raising people's envy. I hope, sir, you will forgive me, and let

me know if I have *behaved** *myself* right: I think I can hardly do wrong as long as I am, sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Mrs. Donnellan is much your humble servant, and as vain of your favours as I am.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, *Amesbury, May* 31, 1733.

I AM now again your Tunbridge correspondent. His grace and I have been here this fortnight, with no other company than bricklayers and labourers. We are throwing down a parcel of walls, that blocked us up every way, and making a sunk fence round the house. This will make the place as cheerful again, and we find great entertainment by inspecting the work. Since I came here, even I have often got up by six in the morning, designed it always, and the whole house are fast asleep before twelve. This I call good hours. I walk as much as I am able, sometimes rather more. We sometimes ride, though not often; for the evenings and mornings are very cold, and the middle of the day violently hot. North-east winds continually, and such want of rain, that the ground is as hard as iron. I am the most temperate creature in my diet you ever knew; yet, with all

* Dr. Swift could not endure to hear the phrase *behaved—Behaved what?* he would say with some emotion. He once gave his cousin Deane Swift an account of his rebuking Lord Bathurst for this, and that my lord promised him not to be guilty of the like for the future. The words being here marked under by Mrs. Pendarves proves that she refers to some rebuke of that kind. N.

my care, I cannot be well. I believe, if I am never guilty of a greater fault, I shall meet with very little resentment, either public or private. They are the faults in the world soonest forgot, and the seldomest truly resented. Let that be as it will, since health is undoubtedly the most valuable thing in life, I shall do all I can to obtain it. This makes me consent to a thing in the world I am most averse to, that is, going to the Spa about a month or six weeks hence. I wish it was good for your complaints, that we might be there together. Really, if you think it will be of any use to you, and that you can order your affairs so as to make it possible, depend upon it we shall make it our study, (and a very agreeable one too,) to make you as easy and happy as it is in the power of people (not of a very troublesome disposition) to contrive. Your complaint and mine are not very different, as I imagine. Mine is a sort of dizziness, which generally goes off by the headach. Some learned people give it a name I do not know how to spell a vertico, or vertigo. Pray understand that I, really and truly, do not only say, but mean, that I wish you could either meet us at the Spa, or at London, to go on with us; and in this I am sure I shall never change my mind. If it can do you any good, I feel myself enough your friend to resent it extremely if you miss this opportunity. This you would believe, if you knew what obligations I have to you. I am generally poor in spirit, or quarreling with myself for being good for nothing. When a letter comes from you, it does not only entertain and revive me, but instantly I fancy I ought to have a good opinion of myself; which is of very great use to have, provided it is kept within just bounds. I shall punctually obey your commands concerning that poem; but I think you may be perfectly easy on that account; for I saw it before I left London, and heard

several people talk of it, and the general opinion was, that you had no hand in it; but that the thing happened just as you say. I think you need not be much disturbed at it. The other trouble you mention I can allow of. Philosophy cannot make such things not be; the most it can pretend to is, to help people to patience. I am heartily sorry you have any particular occasion for any. Is your lawsuit still in being? Perhaps I may be impertinent; but I remember you once mentioned something of that kind.

I am pretty well satisfied any thing is bad for the head that fills it too full; therefore I advise you to unbend your thoughts, and ask my advice; if it should prove good, take it; if not, leave it. I should be mighty glad to be of service to you; in making me so, you would show kindness to the memory of your very sincere friend, and be kind to me. You may depend upon me, both for his sake and your own. I will endeavour to convey your messages to Lady Catharine and Charlotte as soon as possible. The first I have not conversed with this year and a half; I believe she is nobody's friend, but I more than believe that nobody is hers. I have a brother, that I dare answer you would like, if you knew him perfectly, not else. I love and honour him, and he deserves it. When his grace goes to London, which will be very soon, your money shall be as you ordered. He is mightily shocked at so many speeches. He is not by just now, or undoubtedly he would think you deserve to have them returned. It is lucky for me, for I am come to the end of my paper. Note, without an excuse.

FROM MISS KELLY.

Bristol Hot Wells, June 2, 1733.

EAR my agreeable fellow traveller has been be-
ınd with me in paying her compliments to you;
cannot be surprised at that, for she was formed to
e better of me in every thing, but respecting and
ning you. That, indeed, nobody can do; for both
ude and taste conspire to make me truly your friend
ervant.

ıave been, since I came here, very low spirited;
ompanions I had some part of my journey lessened
lness, or at least I felt not with them the same
ıt that I did upon their leaving me: and I have
wished myself again in Ireland to enjoy conversa-
for I really believe it is one excellent cure for
disorders. This is the dullest place that ever was
n; there are not above half a dozen families, and
are cits with great fortunes, or Irish impertinents:
ormer despise one, because their clothes are finer
yours: and the latter have no view in keeping
company, but to report your faults. This makes
void all communication with them, and only in the
ing I go to the wells: and I thank God I can spend
ime far better; for either writing to my friends,
ing, walking, and riding, find me full employment,
leave me not a wish for such company as the place
ds. Doctor Lane (who, by character, is a second
ulapius, and can raise people from the dead) is my
ician, and gives me great hopes of a speedy amend-
t: and as I take his medicines regularly, and am
ıt six in the morning, breakfast at eight, dine at one,
sup at seven, I hope I may in time find some be-
:: nor do either the ass's milk or waters disagree

with me; and I think my appetite is rather better. I wish to Heaven it was agreeable to your affairs to come here; for I am sure you would like the situation of the house that I lodge in: it has the command of such a prospect, that I should do it injustice to attempt to describe it; but the variety of the scene is such, that one discovers new beauties in it every day. I hope you will continue your former goodness to me, and let me have the honour of hearing from you sometimes; for, in reality, nobody is more sincerely your well-wisher than, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Your expedition to Tallow* makes a very fine figure in print; but, since you have made this discovery, I think you ought to fly to us; for, if Dublin be in danger, the deanery house cannot be a safe retreat for you. I wish any thing would send Barber here; for I was at the Bath to see some of my friends, and was forced to swear that only the want of health kept her book from being published. I am sure you would be glad to hear, that a lady of very good understanding, that is a particular friend of mine, comes to me next week to stay while I do: her name is Rooke, admiral Rooke's son's lady.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

June 5, 1733.

HAS Mr. Stafford Lightburne's friend got the gout in his fingers? Or is he so busy in measuring the water,

* The country seat of the archbishop of Dublin. D. S.

and casting a figure to know the exact time when to set his friends a swimming, that he cannot find one moment to let me know that he received my letter, written a month ago, to inform you that his grace would chearfully and readily obey your commands? However, I am again ordered by him to tell you, that the warrant will be sent to Dublin by next post; so pray let Mr. Lightburne be ready to make his personal appearance, lest they should not else know how to find him. It was well you needed no intercessor to his grace; and that the no promise from you is of much more weight than my rhetoric: for I have been so horridly used by a nasty griping brother black-coat, in a small three-and-sixpence affair of my own, that I do not know whether I should not have done like you of the faction, revenge myself of the innocent, for the sake of one bishop and minister, that I say, have cheated, fleeced, and flead me, just as if they had been South Sea or East India directors.

You are angry, if I do not mention Mrs. Floyd to you; so, I must tell you, she is gone for a little time into the country, to try if that will ever cure her cough. I am heartily sorry for your new friend Mrs. Kelly, who writes in a desponding way to Mrs. Chamber about her health, and talks of going to Spa. This is a melancholy subject, and I hate to be vexed. So I will say no more of it, but adieu, my dear Dean, and let me hear from you soon.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

June 29, 1733.

I DESIRE Mrs. Pilkington will deliver you the paper relating to Gulliver, which I left with her husband. For, since you intend to print a new edition of that book, I must tell you, that the English printer made several alterations which I much disapprove of, and cannot set them right without those papers.

If I am not mistaken, Mr. Pilkington hath an edition of Gulliver, where the true original copy is interleaved in manuscript; I desire I may also see that book.

I am your humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

Dublin, July 8, 1733.

I MUST condole with you for the loss of Mrs. Pope, of whose death the papers have been full. But I would rather rejoice with you, because if any circumstances can make the death of a dear parent and friend a subject for joy, you have them all. She died in an extreme old age, without pain, under the care of the most dutiful son that I have ever known or heard of, which is a felicity not happening to one in a million. The worst effect of her death falls upon me, and so much the worse, because I expected *aliquis damno usus in illo*, that it would be followed by making me and this kingdom happy with your presence. But I am told to my great misfortune, that a very convenient offer happening, you waved the invitation pressed on you, alleg-

ing the fear you had of being killed here with eating and drinking. By which I find that you have given some credit to a notion of our great plenty and hospitality. It is true, our meat and wine is cheaper here, as it is always in the poorest countries, because there is no money to pay for them: I believe there are not in this whole city three gentlemen out of employment, who are able to give entertainments once a month. Those who are in employments, of church or state, are three parts in four from England, and amount to little more than a dozen: those indeed may once or twice invite their friends, or any person of distinction that makes a voyage hither. All my acquaintance tell me, they know not above three families where they can occasionally dine in a whole year: Dr. Delany is the only gentleman I know who keeps one certain day in the week to entertain seven or eight friends at dinner, and to pass the evening, where there is nothing of excess, either in eating or drinking. Our old friend Southern (who has just left us) was invited to dinner once or twice by a judge, a bishop, or a commissioner of the revenues; but most frequented a few particular friends, and chiefly the doctor, who is easy in his fortune, and very hospitable. The conveniences of taking the air, winter or summer, do far exceed those in London. For the two large strands just at two edges of the town, are as firm and dry in winter, as in summer. There are at least six or eight gentlemen of sense, learning, good humour and taste, able and desirous to please you, and orderly females, some of the better sort, to take care of you. These were the motives that I have frequently made use of to entice you hither: And there would be no failure among the best people here, of any honours that could be done you. As to myself, I declare my health is so uncertain that I dare not venture among you at present. I hate

the thoughts of London, where I am not rich enough to live otherwise than by shifting, which is now too late. Neither can I have conveniences in the country for three horses and two servants, and many others which I have here at hand. I am one of the governors of all the hackney coaches, carts, and carriages round this town, who dare not insult me like your rascally waggoners or coachmen, but give me the way; nor is there one lord or 'squire for a hundred of yours, to turn me out of the road, or run over me with their coaches and six. Thus, I make some advantage of the public poverty, and give you the reasons for what I once writ, why I choose to be a freeman among slaves, rather than a slave among freemen. Then, I walk the streets in peace without being justled, nor even without a thousand blessings from my friends the vulgar. I am lord mayor of one hundred and twenty houses, I am absolute lord of the greatest cathedral in the kingdom, am at peace with the neighbouring princes, the lord mayor of the city, and the archbishop of Dublin; only the latter, like the King of France, sometimes attempts encroachments on my dominions, as old Lewis did upon Lorrain. In the midst of this raillery, I can tell you with seriousness, that these advantages contribute to my ease, and therefore I value them. And in one part of your letter relating to Lord Bolingbroke and yourself, you agree with me entirely, about the indifference, the love of quiet, the care of health, &c. that grow upon men in years. And if you discover those inclinations in my lord and yourself, what can you expect from me, whose health is so precarious? and yet at your or his time of life, I could have leaped over the moon.

FROM MISS KELLY.

DEAR SIR, *Bristol, July* 8, 1733.

I CANNOT express how much pleasure your letter gave me; to say that it surpassed the anxiety your silence gave me, is all the description I am able to make. Indeed, I had a thousand fears about you; your health was my first care, and yet I thought, that the gods must take care of Cato; but I too fearfully apprehended that the whole club had quite forgotten the most unworthy member that ever entered into their society. For, though you writ to others, your hands were useless to me: and of all our little set none remained unblessed but myself: but as your letter has made me full amends for every thing beside, I must be lavish in my thanks.

I am apt to believe that I really died on the road, as it was reported; for I am certainly not the same creature I once was; for I have grown fonder of reading than of any other amusement, and except when health calls me on horseback, I find my only joys at home; but my life indeed has received great addition in its pleasures, by Mrs. Rooke's being so good to come down to me; she has all the qualities that can make an agreeable companion and friend: we live together without form, but have all the complacence for each other that true friendship inspires. You are sensible that two people cannot always like the same thing: this we make easy, by following our inclinations; for if she likes to walk, she walks, and I do whatever I like better. Would to God you were with us to complete our happiness. I had a letter from Mrs. Cleland to inquire about you; she says, she hears you are coming to England; surely if you were, you would tell me so; for

few things in life could give me more true delight than the sight of you.

You are extremely good to enter into my affairs: all marks you give me of your friendship increase my esteem for you, and make me bear the common rubs of life with patience. I have really been often tempted to let you into all my secrets; but the thought that you only could receive uneasiness from them, and that even your advice could not remove the least painful of them, hindered me from it; for to those I best love I still remain upon these heads reserved. Indeed, the cause of my complaints is of such a nature, that it cannot well be told. The unhappy life of a near relation must give one a pain in the very repeating it, that cannot be described. For surely to be the daughter of a Colonel Chartres, must, to a rational being, give the greatest anxiety; for who would have a father at seventy publicly tried for an attempt of a rape? Such a Dulcinea del Toboso is shocking, I think. For if a man must do wrong, he should aim a little higher than the enjoyment of a kitchen maid, that he finds obstinately virtuous. In short, dear sir, I have been fool enough to let such things make an impression on me, which, spite of a good constitution, much spirits, and using a great deal of exercise, have brought me to what I am. Were I without a mother, (I mean, had I lost her in my infancy, and not known her goodness) I could still better have borne the steps that were taken; but while I saw how lavish he was upon his dirty wenches, I had frequent accounts that my mother was half starved abroad. She brought him sixteen thousand pounds fortune, and having borne severe usage for near twenty years, had resolution enough to part with him, and chose to take two hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* separate maintenance rather than bear any longer: and as she could not live here upon such an

income, she has banished herself, and lives retired in a country town in France. His late letters to me have been kind, and hitherto has supplied me well; but in his last he tells me he shall not see me till September.

What you say is perfectly right, and I propose returning to the club as soon as my health will permit me; but how long this may prove I know not, for I must still pursue this cruel god* that flies me.

I shall go from hence, I believe, in a week; for Lane only pours down medicines for the sake of the apothecary, and though he reaps the benefit of them, I receive none; and as he has not allowed me to drink the waters these three weeks, I can have no business here; so shall follow Holling's advice, and remove to Kensington or Hampstead with the utmost expedition; therefore I must beg the favour of you to enclose your letters for me to William Cleland, Esq. commissioner of taxes, in St. Stephen's Court, Westminster. I have disobeyed orders in writing so long a letter; but I will not do this again; so now be so good to excuse the tediousness of, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

F. A. KELLY.

Write to me as often as you can, and make my compliments to all friends.

Mrs. Pendarves is gone down with Lady Weymouth, whose fortune was five thousand pounds, and has for jointure two thousand five hundred a year, and five hundred a year pinmoney.

* The God of Health, poetically expressed. D. S.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

Now, says Parson Swift,* What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, says I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his grace my lord lieutenant's ink.† My bureau at London is so well furnished, and his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half a crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted, that it was in his power to oblige you. So *trève de compliment.* Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; but if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over, I am calm again.

As to the bishop,‡ I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and therefore having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small dab of addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it; three shillings and sixpence worth of the land *per annum*, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black and blue, when he comes

* The name she called the dean by, in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on The Game of Traffick. H.

† The Duke of Dorset was then chief governor of Ireland. N.

‡ Dr. Robert Clavering, Bishop of Llandaff in Dec. 1724; translated to Peterborough in Feb. 1728-9. He died in 1747. N.

for a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for 40*s.* a year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court; beside a great dinner for his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, if I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! that is such a moral reflection, that lest it should make you melancholy, I will tell you something to please you. Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next, I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, and well-beloved friend.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Gloucester, July* 21, 1733.

MAY I say, without offending you, that I was overjoyed at the honour you did me in answering my letter? and do not call me formal, when I assure you, that I think myself made happy by such a distinction. It was stupidity in me not to let you know where to address to

me, but I do not repent of it; I have by that means tried your zeal, but I am afraid your good breeding more than inclination procured me that favour. I am resolved to be even with you for what you say about my writing, and will write henceforward to you as carelessly as I can; if it is not legible, thank yourself. I do not wonder at the envy of the ladies, when you are pleased to speak of me with some regard; I give them leave to exercise their malice on an occasion that does me so much honour. I protest I am not afraid of you, and would appear quite natural to you, in hopes of your rewarding my openness and sincerity by correcting what you disapprove of. And since I have not now an opportunity of receiving your favours of pinching and beating, make me amends by chiding me for every word that is false spelt, and for my bad English; you see what you are like to suffer: if this promises you too much trouble, do not give me so much encouragement in your next letter; for upon something in your last, I have almost persuaded myself, that by your assistance, and my own earnest desire, I may in time become worthy of your care. Vanity stands at my elbow all this while, and animates me by a thousand agreeable promises; without her encouragement I should never have presumed to correspond with the Dean of St. Patrick's. Some say, she is a mischievous companion; I swear she is a pleasant one: you must not be angry with me for keeping her company; for I had very little acquaintance with her till I had received some marks of your favour.

I received your letter but a little while before I left London: I attended Lord and Lady Weymouth down to Long Lear, and left them with a prospect of as much happiness as matrimony can give; they are pleased with one another at present, and I hope that will conti-

nue. My Lord and Lady Carteret are both satisfied with the disposal of their daughter in so advantageous a station. Common report wrongs my Lord Weymouth; for which reason, as I am his friend, I must tell you his good qualities: he has honour and good nature, and does not want for sense; he loves the country, and inclines a little too much to his stable and dog-kennel; but he keeps a very hospitable good house, and is always ready to relieve those in distress: his lady Dr. Delany can give you a character of, and is what I believe you will approve of. I came from Long Lear last Saturday, and am now at Gloucester with my mother and sister. My Lord Bathurst was here about a fortnight ago; I was sorry to miss of him: I have a double reason for liking his company. He has made me promise to pay him a visit at Oakly Wood, which I certainly will do; I shall with great resignation submit to any punishment you convey through his hands. I wish you could make your words good, and that I was a sorceress; I should then set all my charms to work to bring you to England, and should expect a general thanksgiving for employing my spells to so good a purpose. The syren* has lately been at Oxford; we parted very unwillingly; she is extremely obliged to you for remembering her so favourably. I am glad Mr. Donnellan pleases you; I know he has a high value for you, and I agree with you in thinking him a most deserving young man. My Lord Lansdown is much at your service, laments the days that are past, and we constantly drink your health in champaign, clear as your thoughts, sparkling as your wit. Lord and Lady Carteret, and my Lady Worsley, all talk kindly of you, and join their wishes to mine for your coming among us. I request it of you to make

* Supposed to be Miss Kelly. See p. 5. N.

my humble service acceptable to those friends of yours that are so good as to remember me. I am, sir, your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

Be pleased to direct for me at Mrs. Granville's, Gloucester.

TO THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER.*

MY LORD, *July*, 1733.

I HAVE been often told, by some of our common acquaintance, that you have sometimes expressed your wonder, "that I never waited on you for some years past, as I used to do for many years before; and that you could not guess the reason, because, to your knowledge, you never once disobliged me." As nothing is more common than dropping acquaintance by the usual occurrences of life, without any fault on either side, I never intended to say or think any thing of the matter, until a late proceeding of yours, which no way relates to me, put me upon a desire of finding matter to justify you to your friends here, as well as to myself; because I always wished you well, and because I have been more than once instrumental to your service. When I first came acquainted with you, we were both private clergymen in a neighbourhood: you were afterward Chancellor of St. Patrick's; then was chosen dean, in which election I was the most busy of all your solicitors. When the compromise was made between the government and you, to make you easy, and Dr. Synge chancellor, you absolutely and frequently promised to give

* Dr. John Sterne. N.

me the curacy of St. Nicholas Without: but you thought fit, by concert with the archbishop, to hold it yourself, and apply the revenue to build another church; against which it became me to say nothing, being a party concerned and injured; although it was generally thought by others, as well as myself, that it was an ill and dangerous precedent, to build a church with the revenue of the minister. I desire no thanks for being instrumental in your next promotion; because, as things then stood, I consulted my own advantage. However, upon the queen's death, when I had done for ever with courts, I returned to reside at my post, yet with some kind of hopes of getting some credit with you; very unwisely: because, upon the affair of St. Nicholas, I had told you frankly, "That I would always respect you, but never hope for the least friendship from you." But, trying to forget all former treatment, I came like others to your house; and since you were a bishop, have once or twice recommended persons to you, who were no relations or friends of mine, but merely for their general good character: which availed so little, that those very persons had the greatest share of your neglect. I then gave over all thoughts of being instrumental to place merit and virtue under your protection by my recommendations; and, as I was ever averse from mingling with multitudes and strangers, I forbore by degrees to be a partaker of your hospitality, rather than purchase a share of it at so dear a rate. This is the history of my conduct with regard to your lordship: and it is now a great comfort to me, that I acted in this manner; for, otherwise, when those two abominable bills, for enslaving and beggaring the clergy (which took their birth from Hell) were upon the anvil, if I had found your lordship's name among the bishops who would have turned them into a law, I might have been apt to discover such

marks of indignation, horror, and despair, both in words and deportment, as would have ill become me to a person of your station: for, I call God to witness, that I did then, and do now, and shall for ever, firmly believe, that every bishop, who gave his vote for either of these bills, did it with no other view (bating farther promotion) than a premeditated design, from the spirit of ambition, and love of arbitrary power, to make the whole body of the clergy their slaves and vassals, until the day of judgment, under the load of poverty and contempt. I have no room for more charitable thoughts, except for those who will answer now, as they must at that dreadful day, that what they did was out of perfect ignorance, want of consideration, hope of future promotion (an argument not to be conquered) or the persuasion of cunninger brethren than themselves; when I saw a bishop, whom I had known so many years, fall into the same snare, which word I use in partiality to your lordship. Upon this open avowed attempt, in almost the whole bench, to destroy the church, I resolved to have no more commerce with persons of such prodigious grandeur, who, I feared, in a little time, would expect me to kiss their slipper. It is happy for me that I know the persons of very few bishops; and it is my constant rule, never to look into a coach; by which I avoid the terror that such a sight would strike me with.

In the beginning of my letter, I told your lordship of a desire to know the particulars of a late proceeding, which is in the mouths of many among your acquaintance; from some of whom I received the following account: That you have the great tithes of two livings in your diocese, which were let to some fanatic knight, whose name I forget. It seems you felt the beginning of a good motion in yourself, which was to give up those tithes to the two incumbents (the fanatic's lease

being near out) either for a very small reserved rent, or entirely, provided you could do so without lessening the revenue of the see. And the condition was, that your tenants among them should raise the rents one hundred and fifty pounds, which was what the fanatic paid you for both the said parishes. It is affirmed, that Sir Ralph Gore, one of your tenants, much approving so generous a proposal, engaged to prevail on the tenants to agree, and offered a large advancement of his own part. The matter was thus fixed, when suddenly you changed your mind, and renewed the lease to the same fanatic for three hundred pounds fine. The reasons of this singular action are said to be two: the first is, that you declared you wanted power to resist the temptation of such a fine; the other, that you were dissuaded from it by some of your brethren, as an example very dangerous, and of ill consequence, if it should be followed by others. This last I do not in the least wonder at, because such advice is of the same leaven with the two enslaving and beggaring bills. I profess to your lordship, that I have no other motive in desiring to be satisfied upon this point, than a resolution to justify you to the world, as far as the truth will give me power. I am, &c.

TO MRS. CÆSAR.*

MADAM,

Among a few little vexations, such as beggary, slavery, corruption, ignorance, want of friends, faction, op-

* Miss Long, a lady of very great fortune, was married in October 1729, to Charles Cæsar, Esq. descended from the Ademars, a very ancient and honourable family, allied to Charlemagne, and member

pression, and some other trifles of the like nature, that we philosophers ought to despise; two or three ladies of long acquaintance, and at a great distance, are still so kind as to remember me; and I was always proud, and pleased to a great degree, that you happened to be one, since constancy is, I think, at least as seldom found in friendship as in love. Mrs. Barber, when I see her, is always telling me wonders of the continual favours you have conferred on her, and that, without your interposition, the success of her errand would have hardly been worth the journey; and I must bear the load of this obligation, without the least possibility of ever returning it, otherwise than my best wishes for the prosperity and health of you and your family: for, in spite of all your good words, I am the most insignificant man of this most insignificant country. I have been tied by the leg (without being married) for ten months past, by an unlucky strain, which prevented the honour and happiness I proposed to myself of waiting on you often during this last summer: and another year at my period of life is like an inch in a man's nose; yet I flatter myself, that next spring I may take one voyage more, when you will see me altered in every disposition of body and mind, except in my respects for you and all that belong to you. There is one part of Mr. Pope's compliment which I cannot make you; for I could not with the strictest search find one letter too many in any of your

of parliament for the borough of Hertford, who was committed to the Tower of London, Dec. 19, 1705, for some reflections in the house of commons, on the Earl of Godolphin, then lord high treasurer of England; and in 1711 was appointed treasurer of the navy. This lady was remarkable for her good sense, friendship and politeness, and much esteemed by the nobility and gentry, and all people of taste, genius, and learning. She was mother of Julius Cæsar, a brave soldier, and in 1762, a general in the service of his Britannic Majesty. N.

words, although I found a thousand words too few in your letter; therefore, I accepted and understood it only as a billet just writ while Mrs. Barber stood by in her hood and scarf just ready to take her leave and begin her journey; and what is worse, I suspect that she was forced to solicit you long, because she wanted a certificate under your hand to convince me that she was not an impostor.

I will not say one word in Mrs. Barber's behalf, for she will always continue to deserve your protection, and therefore she may be sure you will always continue to give it her.

I hope Mr. Cæsar is in good health, and desire he will accept the offer of my most humble service, with my hearty wishes for your whole family.

I am, with true respect, madam,
Your most obedient, and
most humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM, *Dublin, July* 30, 1733.

I COULD not let Mrs. Barber leave us for good and all, without honouring her with the carriage of a letter from your old humble and constant lover: she hath been afflicted with so many repetitions of the gout, that her limbs are much weakened, and her spirits sunk: neither can I well blame her, considering her grand affair of subscriptions must needs have slackened in her absence. Neither could she be in much disposition to increase her volumes, for health and good humour are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the poetical

trade; but, I hope, your countenance and protection will recover her spirits, and her hopes, and her genius. I imagine she looks on you as her chief patroness; because, although she be abundantly grateful to all her protectors, yet I observe your name most often in her mouth. I wish it were in my power to take the same journey; but neither my health, nor the bad state of my private affairs, will give me power or leave; I cannot make shift, nor bear fatigue as I used to do. To live in England half as tolerably as I do here, would ruin me. I must have two servants, and three horses, and dare drink nothing but wine; and my ragged church rents would never be paid in my absence. My Lord Bolingbroke and Mr. Pope press me with many kind invitations, but the former is too much a philosopher; he dines at six in the evening, after studying all the morning until the afternoon; and when he hath dined, to his studies again. Mr. Pope can neither eat nor drink, loves to be alone, and hath always some poetical scheme in his head. Thus the two best companions and friends I ever had, have utterly disqualified themselves for my conversation, and my way of living. Mr. Pope, who had often promised to pass a summer season with me here, if he outlived his mother, soon after death waved the fairest opportunity of performing his promise two months ago, of coming over with ease, and in company of Dean Cotterel* and his sister; he said, we should kill him with eating and drinking. I had a very convenient apartment for him in the deanery house: he would have all the civilities of this town; and Mrs. Barber will tell you that we never want a dozen or more of very valuable persons, and of both sexes, with whom to converse:

* Dr. William Cotterel was advanced to the bishopric of Leighlin and Ferns, March 24, 1742; and died in 1752. N.

I chid him soundly in my last letter, for his want of friendship or resolution. You see, madam, I am full of talk; but you are to blame, for I imagine myself in your company, which is indeed no great compliment; and, upon second thoughts, it is not true, for I should be much better pleased to be your hearer. However, I should certainly ask you a thousand questions, concerning yourself, and Mr. Cæsar, and your whole family. I have received so much friendship and so many civilities from you both, that I shall ever own my obligations; which are much increased by Mrs. Barber's feeding my vanity with telling me that you did not receive her worse for being recommended by me; yet, I confess, her expressions were in somewhat stronger terms. Pray God bless you and your family. I desire you will present my most humble service to Mr. Cæsar.

I am, with the greatest respect, madam,
Your most obedient, and
most obliged humble servant,
JON. SWIFT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BARBER, LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.*

MY LORD, *July*, 1733.

ALTHOUGH I never read news, I often hear of your lordship's actions and speeches, particularly your, and the city address to the house of commons, for throwing out that execrable bill of excise, and your defence of the city, in the answer you gave to the recorder on the subject of riots. I hope you will always remember that

* See in vol. xviii. a letter, dated July 23, 1732. N.

you learnt these honest principles under an honest ministry, and in what has been since called the worst of times, which I pray God we might live to see again. Our friend Mrs. Barber is recovering of her gout, and intends in a few weeks to return to London. My Lord Orrery, although almost a stranger to her, and very much embroiled in his affairs by a most villanous agent, has been extremely generous to her, in easing her of one part of her load: and I hope, by the success of her poems, she will be made tolerably easy and independent, as she well deserves for her virtue and good sense. My Lord Orrery is the delight of us all. But we wish him hanged for coming among us, since he cannot stay with us. Your chaplain writes to me very seldom, and I never can get him to answer me how he lives: I gave him credit upon a friend in London for any small sums of money, which I find he has received most of; so that I am afraid his salary, perquisites, or fees, or whatever else he is to live by, is not to come in till the end of his office. I hope he continues to behave himself well; and indeed I think him a very valuable young man. As to myself, my private affairs are in so ill a posture, and my head so disordered by returns of my old giddiness, that I cannot yet venture to take those journies that I used to make nothing of, and God knows whether I shall be able to dine with your lordship in your mayoralty. Doctor Delany lives very happily and hospitably, entertains his old friends, and has nothing to fight with but envy, which he despises, and does not, in the least, deserve, but by those from whom it is a blessing. I think I have named all your acquaintance here; and I presume you will hardly trouble yourself to acquire more.

Your lordship hath now got over more than half your difficulties. I doubt not but you will finish the rest

with equal reputation, so that the year of your mayoralty will be long remembered with honour.

I must desire leave to tell your lordship, that I have not known a more bashful, modest person than Mrs. Barber, nor one who is less likely to ply her friends, patrons, or protectors, for any favour; or is more thankful for the smallest. Therefore I hope you will continue to do her any good office that lies in your way, without trouble to yourself. And, among other things, I desire you will advise her to be more thrifty; for she carries her liberality as much too high, as our friend Sir Gilbert did his avarice. I thought I did a fine thing to subscribe for ten copies of her poems; and she contrived to send me presents that, in my conscience, are worth more than the money I subscribed.

Having not heard lately of your being ill, I hope you have recovered your health entirely; and I pray God preserve it.

I am, with true respect, my lord,
Your lordship's most obedient
humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

FROM THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

SIR, *Goldsmiths' Hall, Aug.* 6, 1733.

I THANK you heartily for your kind and affectionate letter, and I beg your pardon for not answering it sooner.

I agree with you, that I had the happiness of learning honest principles early, from a set of great men, who will ever be an honour and an ornament to their country: and it is my greatest glory, that in the late affair of the

Excise Bill (though I did nothing but my duty, and what every honest man in my station would have done) I acted consistent with those honest principles, and that my enemies, as well as friends, have generally approved my conduct. And believe me, sir, I speak it with great sincerity, that when I consider how sparingly you and some other friends have ever been of your praises, your approbation affords me the greatest pleasure imaginable, as it gives me that inward peace of mind, which the whole world could not purchase.

My Lord Orrery's amiable qualities must make him the delight of all with you, as he is truly so with us; and when he comes over, "your loss will be our gain," as the proverb says.

I know nothing of Mr. Pilkington's affairs or expenses; what the city allows him is never paid till the end of the year: I have presented him, at twice, with forty pounds, which I design to make fifty; which sum has but one precedent: generally they have but thirty of the mayor. His behaviour is very well, and he is generally esteemed.

I shall have great regard to your recommendations in favour of Mrs. Barber, and shall not fail of doing her any service in my power. I have been thought to be a lucky man; but this year fortune has been my foe, for I have had no death happened in my year (a fiddler excepted) yet, nor have made 500*l.* in all. But my friends say, it is made up in fame.

I am very sorry your ill health continues; for I flattered myself with being very happy with you and some friends, on the important subject of the Cap of Maintenance, Custard, the Sword, and many more laudable things in the lord mayor's house; and I yet hope to have that felicity, for there are three months to come; and who knows what may happen in that time? Nay,

I do not despair of seeing you settled with your friends here, before we are many years older. Do not start! stranger things have happened very lately.

I was lately honoured at dinner with the Lords Bolingbroke, Carteret, Winchelsea, Gower, and Mr. Pulteney; and among other things your name was mentioned, and Lord Carteret instantly toasted your health; and you were the subject of conversation for an hour. I showed them your letter. I dare not mention what passed, because I know I shall offend your modesty; only one thing I will venture to repeat, "that they all swore, that if ever the wind should change, they would not long be deprived of the greatest genius of the age." The conversation turning on another subject, Lord Carteret pulled me to the window, and bade me tell you, that he loved and honoured you, and so you should find on all occasions, and that he toasted your health. This is literally true, upon the honour of a ———.

I dined yesterday with Lord Bolingbroke only; he complains you do not write to him: he is well.

They say you are making interest for my brother of Dublin to be member of parliament; pray come over, and do the same for me, and have the credit of both. My brother behaves himself well,* I hear; if it is proper, my service to him.

What you tell Mr. Pilkington of my speaking disrespectfully of the Irish, is false and scandalous; I never used such an expression in my life: I appeal to all my acquaintance. I love the Irish.

* This was Alderman French, an ironmonger. Dr. Swift has expressed much regard for this worthy magistrate in a letter to Mr. Faulkner, dated Jan. 6, 1737-8; and still more in an elegant imitation of Horace, printed in the eleventh volume of this edition. N.

Pray God restore your health; and believe me always, with gratitude, your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

FROM MISS KELLY.

London, Aug. 12, 1733.

I AM truly sorry, my dear sir, that I have not heard from you so long; but am much more concerned with Barber's account of your being not as well as I wish you. For God's sake try the change of air, and let not any other attachment than to your health employ your thoughts. Consider how dear you are to your friends; but if that would not do, let the detestation you must feel, from giving pleasure to the unworthy, make you careful of yourself. Indeed, I should be glad to make you sensible, that you are valued by all that have a taste for merit; and I should be very much pleased, if you would think you owe so much to them, that you would, for their sakes, preserve yourself. Believe me, sir, illness is not to be trifled with: I can speak on this subject as an experienced person; and I earnestly entreat you to take remedies in time. Forgive my impertinence, and be assured that none is more truly zealous for your welfare, than your

F. A. KELLY.

TO THE EARL OF ORRERY.

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug.* 20, 1733.

I LATELY received a letter from Mrs. Barber, wherein she desires my opinion about dedicating her poems to your lordship; and seems in pain to know how far she may be allowed to draw your character, which is a right claimed by all dedicators: and she thinks this the more incumbent on her, from the surprising instances of your generosity and favour that she has already received, and which she has been so unfashionable to publish wherever she goes. This makes her apprehend, that all she can say to your lordship's advantage, will be interpreted as the mere effect of flattery, under the style and title of gratitude.

I sent her word, that I could be of no service to her upon this article: yet I confess, my lord, that all those who are thoroughly acquainted with her, will impute her encomiums to a sincere, but overflowing spirit of thankfulness, as well as to the humble opinion she has of herself. Although the world in general may possibly continue in its usual sentiments, and list her in the common herd of dedicators.

Therefore, upon the most mature deliberation, I concluded that the office of setting out your lordship's character, will not come properly from her pen, for her own reasons; I mean the great favours you have already conferred on her: and God forbid, that your character should not have a much stronger support. You are hourly gaining the love, esteem, and respect of wise and good men: and in due time, if Mrs. Barber can have but a little patience, you will bring them all over, in both kingdoms, to a man: I confess the number is not

great; but that is not your lordship's fault, and therefore, in reason, you ought to be contented.

I guess the topics she intends to insist on; your learning, your genius, your affability, generosity, the love you bear to your native country, and your compassion for this: the goodness of your nature, your humility, modesty, and condescension; your most agreeable conversation, suited to all tempers, conditions, and understandings: perhaps she may be so weak as to add the regularity of your life; that you believe a God and Providence; that you are a firm christian, according to the doctrine of the church established in both kingdoms.

These, and other topics, I imagine Mrs. Barber designs to insist on, in the dedication of her poems to your lordship; but I think she will better show her prudence by omitting them all. And yet, my lord, I cannot disapprove of her ambition, so justly placed in the choice of a patron; and at the same time declare my opinion, that she deserves your protection on account of her wit and good sense, as well as of her humility, her gratitude, and many other virtues. I have read most of her poems; and believe your lordship will observe, that they generally contain something new and useful, tending to the reproof of some vice or folly, or recommending some virtue. She never writes on a subject with general unconnected topics, but always with a scheme and method driving to some particular end; wherein many writers in verse, and of some distinction, are so often known to fail. In short, she seems to have a true poetical genius, better cultivated than could well be expected, either from her sex, or the scene she has acted in, as the wife of a citizen: yet I am assured, that no woman was ever more useful to her husband in the way of his business.* Poetry has only been her favourite amuse-

* Her husband was a woollen draper. N.

ment; for which she has one qualification, that I wish all good poets possessed a share of; I mean, that she is ready to take advice, and submit to have her verses corrected by those who are generally allowed to be the best judges.

I have, at her entreaty, suffered her to take a copy of this letter, and given her the liberty to make it public: for which I ought to desire your lordship's pardon; but she was of opinion it might do her some service, and therefore I complied. I am, my lord, with the truest esteem and respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.*

Wednesday, August 29, 1733.

If you are disposed to be easy and cheerful, I will send something for dinner to your lodgings, and eat it with you and Mrs. Ridgeway;† with a bottle of wine

* The dean used constantly to visit Mrs. Dingley; but in such a manner, as to prevent her being at any expense in providing entertainments.

† Mrs. Dingley's lodgings were in Grafton street, Dublin, at the house of a daughter of his old housekeeper, Mrs. Brent, wife to an idle spendthrift, one Ridgeway, a cabinet-maker; for the relief of whose necessities she was once about selling an annuity of 20l. a year that had been bequeathed to her for life by her late mistress Lady Newtown. The dean, upon hearing of such a design, commiserated her case, and paid down the sum agreed for as the purchase, retaining it in his power; then paid the annuity to her every year, as if it had been received from Lady Newtown's executors; and afterward bequeathed it to her, which she enjoyed till her death, which happened Oct. 16, 1774. For her better encouragement to take more than ordinary care of him in that illness which he always dreaded

and bread. Speak freely, and send me word. But Mrs. Ridgeway shall take all the care upon her. If you do not like this proposal, send word; I would dine a little after two.

FROM MR. POPE.

Sept. 1, 1733.

I HAVE every day wished to write to you, to say a thousand things; and yet I think I should not have writ to you now, if I was not sick of writing any thing, sick of myself, and (what is worse) sick of my friends too. The world is become too busy for me; every body is so concerned for the public, that all private enjoyments are lost, or disrelished. I write more to show you I am tired of this life, than to tell you any thing relating to it. I live as I did, I think as did, I love you as I did: but all these are to no purpose: the world will not live, think, or love, as I do. I am troubled for, and vexed at, all my friends by turns. Here are some whom you love, and who love you; yet they re-

and foresaw as plainly as he would a coming shower, he left her 100l. more. But, to bind her more strongly to her duty still, after he had settled all his affairs by a last will, he signed a bond and warrant for a farther sum of 300l.; observing, at the same time, "It may be, the jade will hereafter demand interest upon this bond, though only intended as an additional legacy." Upon which she declared, she never would do so, and wondered that the dean could suspect her of it. However, his conjecture proved true in the end: for she afterward intermarried with an avaricious man, one Henry Land (whom the dean had formerly appointed sexton of his cathedral, in which office he had acquired some wealth) who persuaded her in 1748 to join him in demanding 144l. for eight years interest due on the said bond, which was paid along with the principal by the executors: but she generously remitted a small part, by way of benefaction to the dean's Hospital. N.

ceive no proofs of that affection from you, and they give none of it to you. There is a great gulph between. In earnest, I would go a thousand miles by land to see you, but the sea I dread. My ailments are such, that I really believe a sea sickness, (considering the oppression of colical pains, and the great weakness of my breast) would kill me: and if I did not die of that, I must of the excessive eating and drinking of your hospitable town, and the excess of flattery of your most poetical country. I hate to be crammed either way. Let your hungry poets, and your rhyming peers digest it, I cannot. I like much better to be abused and half starved, than to be so overpraised and overfed. Drown Ireland! for having caught you, and for having kept you: I only reserve a little charity for her for knowing your value, and esteeming you: you are the only patriot I know, who is not hated for serving his country. The man who drew your character, and printed it here, was not much in the wrong in many things he said of you: yet he was a very impertinent fellow, for saying them in words quite different from those you had yourself employed before on the same subject: for surely to alter your words is to prejudice them: and I have been told, that a man himself can hardly say the same thing twice over with equal happiness: nature is so much a better thing than artifice.

I have written nothing this year: it is no affectation to tell you, my mother's loss has turned my frame of thinking. The habit of a whole life is a stronger thing than all the reason in the world. I know I ought to be easy and to be free: but I am dejected, I am confined: my whole amusement is in reviewing my past life, not in laying plans for my future. I wish you cared as little for popular applause as I; as little for any nation in contradistinction to others as I; and then I fancy, you that are not afraid of the sea, you that are a stronger man a

sixty than ever I was at twenty, would come and see several people who are (at last) like the primitive christians, of one soul and of one mind. The day is come, which I have often wished, but never thought to see: when every mortal that I esteem is of the same sentiment in politics and in religion.*

Adieu. All you love, are yours, but all are busy, except (dear sir) your sincere friend.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, *London, Sept.* 22, 1733.

KNOWING your great esteem and tenderness for Miss Kelly, and that there is no one whom she has so high an opinion of, or whose advice would sway so much with her, I cannot forbear letting you know my thoughts about her at this time; that I think she wants the assistance and counsel of her best and wisest friend. As she has been so good to distinguish me among her female acquaintance, and to show more confidence than in any other, I think I can better tell her mind: but, as she has a natural closeness, I judge chiefly by hints; for I believe she does not open herself entirely to any one. Her health I think in a much worse way than when she came to London: she has still a slow fever, a violent cough, great and almost continual sickness in her stomach,† and, added to all these, a very great dejection of spirit; which last, I cannot but think, proceeds in a good measure from discontent and uneasiness of mind; and the physicians

* This is a remarkable paragraph: At this time, therefore, 1733, he and Bolingbroke were of the *same sentiment* in religion as well as politics. DR. WARTON.

† Miss Kelly died the last week in October, 1733. N

are of the same opinion. I have endeavoured, by all the means I could think of, to find out the cause, hoping, that if it were known, it might, by the assistance of friends, be remedied. I know when a young person shows any discontent, people are apt to imagine there can be no cause for it but a disappointment in love: I really think that is not Miss Kelly's case: I have tried her to the uttermost on that subject, and I cannot find she has any attachment to any particular person, but that the whole world, except a few friends, is indifferent to her: but what I take her present uneasiness to proceed from, is the unkindness in general of her parents, and the fear of not being supported by her father in the way she likes, and as her present bad state of health indeed requires. She has a high spirit, and cannot bear to be obliged to her friends, and she has not been much used to management. She is here in a very expensive way, with her sickness, her servants, and horses; and I believe she would be greatly mortified, after appearing in this manner, to be obliged to fall below it; and at the same time she has reason to fear, from her father's behaviour, that he thinks little of her, and will not support her in it: she has not heard from him these two months; and the letters she had from him at Bristol, were warning her not to marry without his consent, enjoining her not to go to public places, and above all to spend little money; very odd subjects to one in her condition. Now, what I would beg of you, sir, is to endeavour to find out what are his resolutions in relation to her, and if there be any that has an influence over him, to get them to convince him, that his child's life is in the greatest danger; and then, perhaps, he may not think his time and money ill employed to save it. If at the same time, sir, you would join your good advice to her, I believe it might be of great use, either to make her bear, with

less uneasiness, the ills of this life, or, if it please God to take her from us, to prepare her for another, and a better. Her humour is much changed; her spirits are low; and upon every little disappointment, her passions rise high; you know, sir, how best to apply to these. She is at Hampstead quite alone: and although her physicians desire much she should come to town, she cannot be prevailed on to think of it; she desires to be alone; even Mrs. Rooke and I, whom she calls her best friends, are troublesome to her. I believe I need not tell you, sir, that I desire this letter may be a secret, and especially to the person concerned. If you have any thing to tell me, that can be of use on this subject, and will honour me with your commands, direct if you please for me, under cover, To Mrs. Anne Shuttleworth, at Mr. Jourdain's, in Conduit-street. I should beg pardon, sir, for troubling you with this long letter; but I hope my friendship to Miss Kelly will be my excuse. I am sorry to write on so melancholy a subject, and which I am sure must give you uneasiness; but, pleased with any opportunity of assuring you that I am, sir, your very great admirer, and most obedient humble servant,

ANNE DONNELLAN.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Gloucester, Oct.* 24, 1733.

I CANNOT imagine how my Lord Orrery came by my last letter to you; I believe my good genius conveyed it into his hands, to make it of more consequence to you: if it had that effect, I wish this may meet with the same fortune.

my figure abroad, it is no more than I have done on both sides of my ears (as the saying is) for I did not cut and curl my hair like a sheep's head, or wear one of their trolloping sacks; and by so not doing, I did give some offence.

We have seen many very fine towns, and travelled through good roads, and pleasant countries. I like Flanders in particular, because it is the likest to England. The inns were very unlike those at home, being much cleaner and better served; so that here I could not maintain my partiality with common justice. As to the civilizing any of that nation, it would employ more ill spent time fruitlessly than any one has to spare: they are the only people I ever saw that were quite without a genius to be civil when they had a mind to be so. Will you eat? Will you play at cards? are literally the tip top well bred phrases in use. The French people we met, are quite of another turn, polite and easy; one is the natural consequence of the other, though a secret that few have discovered. I can bring you an Irish witness (if that be sufficient) that I have wished for you many times during this journey, particularly at Spa, where I imagined you might have been mending every day as fast as I did; and you are a base man to say, that any such impediment as you mentioned, thwarted your journey; for you were sure of a welcome share in every thing we had. It were unnecessary to say this now, if we had no thoughts of ever going again; but it is what I am strongly advised to, though I should not much want it, and I am not averse: travelling agrees with me, and makes me good humoured. At home I am generally more nice than wise, but on the road nothing comes amiss. At Calais we were windbound four or five days, and I was very well contented: when the wind changed, I was delighted to go. As impatience

is generally my reigning distemper, you may imagine how I must be alarmed at this sudden alteration, till I happily recollected two instances, where I was myself. The one at Breda, where the innkeeper let drop, "if you mean to go," an hour and half after we had told him fifty times, that we positively would go on. The other, at Amsterdam, where we met with a very incurious gentleman, who affirmed, there was nothing worth seeing; though, beside the town, which far supassed my imagination, there happened to be a most famous fair. It is long since those two verses of Dryden's Cymon are strictly applicable to me:

> "Her corn and cattle are her only care,
> And her supreme delight a country fair."

I shall forget to name my Irish friend: it is Mr. Coote.* He is, in all appearance, a modest, well-bred, splenetic, good natured man. I had then one of these qualifications more than was pleasant, and so we became acquainted. He has a very great regard for you, sir; and there we agreed again. We were all highly pleased with him. He seems to have a better way of thinking than is common, and not to want for sense, or good humour. I tell you, that I do not use exercise; designedly, never eat or drink what can disagree with me, but am no more certain of my stomach than of my mind; at sometimes proof against any thing, and at other times too easily shocked; but time and care can certainly make a strong defence. I will obey your commands, and so will his grace, concerning Mrs. Barber, as soon as we come to London, where we stay but three days. We are

* Charles Coote, Esq. high sheriff of the county of Cavan in 1719, father of Sir Charles Coote, K. B. who in 1764, succeeded to the earldom of Bellamont. N.

now at Amesbury; but pray, direct for me at London. I doubt we can do her but little good; for, as to my part, I have few acquaintance, and little interest. I will believe every thing you say of her, though I have hitherto ever had a natural aversion to a poetess.

I am come almost to the end of my paper, before I have half done with you. It was a rule, I remember, with poor Mr. Gay and me, never to exceed three pages. I long to hear from you, that I may have an excuse to write again; for I doubt it would be carrying the joke too far to trouble you too often. Adieu, dear sir, health and happiness attend you ever.

I fear I have written so very ill, that I am quite unintelligible. His grace is very much yours.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, *London, Nov.* 10, 1733.

NOT many days ago I had the pleasure of yours by Mrs. Barber, whose turn seems to confirm the good impression you give of her. I want not more than your recommendation to engage my wishes to serve her, and also my endeavours, if any opportunity falls in my way. Are there no hopes of seeing you on this side of the water? Cannot the great number of your friends, and the great variety of conversation abounding here, be some kind of inducement to your coming among us? Is not Mr. Pope a temptation to one of your distinction to draw you this way? Even the variety of people in this great city might contribute to the amusement of your mind, as a journey and exercise would to your bodily health. I would use every argument I could

think of to invite you hither, and consequently to preserve a life so beneficial to the public, and so dear to all your friends. You have a spirit that should prevail against indolence, and bring you into a part of the world, which calls aloud for your talents. This winter would furnish you with many opportunities of doing great good, as well as making a shining figure, which reflection gives me great hopes, that you will think it a reasonable obligation; as in that case, like Pitt's diamond, you would stand alone. I wish I had a house in some measure worthy to entertain a guest that should be so welcome to me. You surprise me greatly in telling me that my Lord Shelburne and you have not met, although he has been some time in Dublin, and to my knowledge is one of your great admirers. Why do not you send to my Lord Dunkerin, who undoubtedly wants only that encouragement to wait upon you? You see I want none to embrace the opportunity of assuring you, that I am, with great esteem, respect, and affection, your very obliged and most humble servant,

H. PRATT.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.*

London, Nov. 17, 1733.

As I have now got rid of the plague of grandeur, and all its dependencies, I take this first opportunity to pay my respects to you, sir, which I beg pardon for not doing sooner. The transition from Goldsmiths-hall† to Queen square is hardly credible; for in one view to

* This was written in the short period whilst the alderman retained the title of "late lord mayor." N.

† Where Mr. Barber had kept his mayoralty. N.

imagine the constant hurry, noise, and impertinence I lay under from morning till night, in opposition to the peace, the quiet and great tranquillity I feel in my little retirement, makes me pity your great men, who certainly must be strangers to the great pleasure I now enjoy.

Before I left my office I took care to do justice to Mr. Pilkington, who has received more than I mentioned, and indeed more than any chaplain ever had before, viz.

Of the city.	£.	s.	d.			
Salary	20	0	0			
Gratuity	25	0	0			
Gratuity extraordinary . . .	21	0	0			
				66	0	0
From my lord mayor				50	0	0
Five sermons preached before the mayor .				10	0	0
For a copy of one sermon printed				4	0	0
				£130	0	0

St. Paul's happened to be shut up in the summer for two months, when the mayor went on Sundays to his own chapel at Guildhall, and his chaplain read prayers for eight Sunday mornings only; for which the mayor got him from the court of aldermen twenty guineas.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I know your great punctuality in things of this nature, as well as to do myself justice. How much he may be a gainer by coming over, I cannot tell; but if he had pleased to have lived near the hall, as he might, in a lodging of ten or twelve pounds a year, he need not have kept a man (for I had more for show than business) nor given the extravagant sum of thirty pounds a year for lodgings; he might have saved something in those

articles. Had he lived in the city, I should now and then have had the favour of his company in an evening; but his living from me brought him into company, and among the rest, into that of Mr. Edward Walpole,* from whom he has great dependencies.

I recommended him to Mr. Alderman Champion, who got the primate's wife's brother to write in his favour to the primate. And he talks of the living of Colerain's being vacant; if it be, I will do him what service I can.

Thus, sir, I have discharged myself of the duty you laid upon me, in relation to that gentleman, which I hope will be to your satisfaction; for I will never be ungrateful, though I have met with it frequently myself.

All your friends in town are well, and in high spirits. Lord Bolingbroke complains you do not write to him. Poor Mrs. Barber has the gout, but is better. It was a great mortification to me that you did not come and eat some custard; but I hope your health will permit your coming next summer. We rejoice much at my brother French's success. I know you do not deal in news, so I send you none. Pray God continue your health, and believe me always, with the greatest sincerity, sir, your most obedient and most obliged humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

P. S. Why Mr. Pilkington should send his wife home in the midst of winter, or why he should stay here an hour after her, are questions not easily answered. I am not of his counsel.

* Second son of Sir Robert Walpole. This gentleman, being in bad health, went to the mountains of Moran in Ireland, to drink goat's whey, which effectually recovered him. F.

FROM THE COUNTESS OF GRANVILLE.*

DEAR SIR, *Hannes, Nov.* 27, 1733.

I HAVE received the honour of your commands, and shall obey them; for I am very proud of your remembrance. I do not know we ever quarrelled; but if we did, I am as good a Christian as you are, in perfect charity with you. My son, my daughter, and all our olive branches salute you most tenderly. I never wished so much as I do now, that I were bright, and had a genius, which could entertain you, in return for the many excellent things that entertain me daily, which I read over and over with fresh delight. Will you never come into England, and make Hawnes† your road? You will find nothing here to offend you; for I am a hermit, and live in my chimney corner, and have no ambition, but that you will believe I am the charming dean's

Most obedient humble servant,

GRANVILLE.

FROM MRS. CONDUITT.‡

SIR, *George-street, Nov.* 29, 1733.

MRS. BARBER did not deliver your letter till after the intended wedding brought me hither. She has as much

* Grace, widow, and relict of George, Lord Carteret, and daughter of John Granville, earl of Bath. She was created Viscountess Carteret, and Countess Granville, 1st January, 1714-15, with limitation of those honours to her son John, the late earl. B.

† A seat of Lord Carteret, afterward Earl Granville, in Bedfordshire. B.

‡ Thus endorsed by the dean: "My old friend Mrs. Barton, now Mrs. Conduitt." D. S.

a better title to the favour of her sex than poetry can give her, as truth is better than fiction; and shall have my best assistance. But the town has been so long invited into the subscription, that most people have already refused or accepted, and Mr. Conduitt has long since done the latter.

I should have guessed your holiness would rather have laid than called up the ghost of my departed friendship, which since you are brave enough to face, you will find divested of every terror, but the remorse that you were abandoned to be an alien to your friends, your country, and yourself. Not to renew an acquaintance with one who can twenty years after remember a bare intention to serve him, would be to throw away a prize I am not now able to repurchase; therefore, when you return to England, I shall try to excel in what I am very sorry you want, a nurse; in the mean time I am exercising that gift to preserve one who is your devoted admirer.

Lord Harvey has written a bitter copy of verses upon Dr. Sherwin for publishing (as it is said) his lordship's epistle; which must have set your brother Pope's spirits all a working.

Thomson is far advanced in a poem of two thousand lines, deducing liberty from the patriarchs to the present times, which, if we may judge from the press, is now in full vigour. But I forget I am writing to one who has the power of the keys of Parnassus, and that the only merit my letter can have is brevity. Please therefore to place the profit I had in your long one to your fund of charity, which carries no interest, and to add to your prayers and good wishes now and then a line to, sir, your obedient humble servant,

C. CONDUITT.

Mrs. Barber, whom I had sent for to dine with us, is in bed with the gout, and has not yet sent me her proposals.

FROM CHARLES COOTE, Esq.

SIR, *London, Dec.* 13, 1733.

BEING indebted solely to you for a most valuable acquaintance with the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, and some other of your friends, I ought to have acknowledged it before. It is a common stratagem of mine, and has always succeeded, to give hints in proper places of your allowing me to some degree of personal acquaintance with you, and I owe to it most of the agreeable hours I passed at Spa this summer, where they were. I had strong temptations, especially at that distance, to give myself high airs this way; but finding the bare mention of my having been received by you in a most obliging manner, was enough to do my business, and it being a fact I could make oath of, I kept within due bounds. Her grace, who would be the most agreeable woman in England, though she were not the handsomest, has honoured me with her compliments to you, with a walking stick, the manufacture of Spa, where she had it made for you, and I ought to have delivered two months ago; accidents prevented my leaving this place, and it is not certain when I can; so that I must send it to you by the first proper opportunity, but could no longer delay your pleasure in knowing it, and hers, when you shall acknowledge it. If I can be of any sort of service to you on this side, your commands will find me at St. James' Coffee-House. I am, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

CHARLES COOTE.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.*

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 20, 1733.

YOURS *I received*, and if it *was* not that I have *a good deal of company* to *sup* at my house upon *beef griskins*, I would go and play a game of backgammon *with* Mr. *Worrall's* tables, and be *after winning* some of Mrs. *Worrall's coin;* I would not *fear* to win *a crown piece* of her money by playing *sixpence halfpenny a time.* She is a very *good body*, and one that I have *a great value for:* I wish my *spouse* were but half as good, but of *this* I shall say nothing more till *meeting.* I hope my gossip *Delany's* spouse is upon the *mending hand*, for they tell me she has been lately much *out of order.* She is as good a woman as ever *breathed*, and it is a *thousand pities* that any thing should *ail her.* God Almighty *wish her well;* for I am sure if she *went off*, the doctor would not meet with *her fellow.* I hope nothing *ails her* but a *brush.*

To morrow I *eat a bit* with Mr. and Mrs. *M'Gyre:* if you will *make one*, you will get as hearty a welcome, as if you were their *own father:* for nobody *speaks better of you* than they. My humble service to all friends and to yourself, is the request of yours to command,

THADY O. SULIVAN.

I lodge hard by the *Shovel* in *Francis-street.*

* Endorsed, "Dr. Sheridan's insolence in presuming to answer my eloquent Hibernicisms." D. S.

TO MRS. PILKINGTON.

MADAM, 1733.

You must shake off the leavings of your sex. If you cannot keep a secret, and take a chiding, you will quickly be out of my sphere. Corrigible people are to be chid; those who are otherwise, may be very safe from any lectures of mine: I should rather choose to indulge them in their follies, than attempt to set them right. I desire you may not inform your husband* of what has past, for a reason I shall give you when I see you, which may be this evening, if you will. I am very sincerely your friend,

J. SWIFT.

FROM MR. POPE.

Jan. 6, 1733-4.

I NEVER think of you and can never write to you, without drawing many of those short sighs of which we have formerly talked: the reflection both of the friends we have been deprived of by death, and of those from whom we are separated almost as eternally by absence, checks me to that degree, that it takes away in a manner the pleasure (which yet I feel very sensibly too) of thinking I am now conversing with you. You have been silent to me as to your works? whether those printed here are, or are not genuine? but one I am sure is yours; and your method of concealing yourself puts me in mind

* This letter was occasioned by some accounts from London, relative to Mr. Pilkington, which Mrs. Pilkington has given us at large, in her Memoirs, vol. i. p. 105. N.

of the Indian bird I have read of, who hides his head in a hole, while all his feathers and tail stick out. You will have immediately by several franks (even before it is here published) my Epistle to Lord Cobham, part of my *Opus Magnum*, and the last Essay on Man; both which I conclude will be grateful to your bookseller on whom you please to bestow them so early. There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain lord; his weapons are the same which women and children use, a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter: I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after showing it to some people, suppressed it: otherwise it was such as was worthy of him, and worthy of me. I was three weeks this autumn with Lord Peterborow, who rejoices in your doings, and always speaks with the greatest affection of you. I need not tell you who else do the same, you may be sure almost all those whom I ever see, or desire to see. I wonder not that B—— paid you no sort of civility while he was in Ireland: he is too much a half wit to love a true wit, and too much half honest, to esteem any entire merit. I hope and think he hates me too, and I will do my best to make him: he is so insupportably insolent in his civility to me when he meets me at one third place, that I must affront him to be rid of it. That strict neutrality* as to public parties, which I have constantly observed in all my writings, I think gives me the more title to attack such men, as slander and belie my character in private, to those who know me not. Yet even this is a liberty I shall never take, unless at the same time they are pests of private society, or mischievous members of the public, that is to say, unless they are enemies to all men as

* Which, however, he afterward broke through in 1738. Dr. Warton.

well as to me.—Pray write to me when you can: if ever I can come to you, I will: if not, may Providence be our friend and our guard through this simple world, where nothing is valuable, but sense and friendship. Adieu, dear sir, may health attend your years, and then may many years be added to you.

P. S. I am just now told a very curious lady intends to write to you to pump you about some poems said to be yours. Pray tell her, that you have not answered me on the same questions, and that I shall take it as a thing never to be forgiven from you, if you tell another what you have concealed from me.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 1733-4.

It has been my great misfortune, that, since your grace's return to this kingdom, I have not been able to attend you as my duty and gratitude for your favours, as well as the honour of having been so many years known to you, obliged me to do. I have been pursued by two old disorders, a giddiness and deafness, which used to leave me in three or four weeks, but now have continued four months. Thus I am put under a necessity to write what I would rather have chosen to say in your grace's presence.

On Monday last week, toward evening, there came to the deanery one Mr. Bettesworth; who, being told by the servants that I was gone to a friend's house, went thither to inquire for me, and was admitted into the street parlour. I left my company in the back room, and went to him. He began with asking me, "Whether

I were the author of certain verses, wherein I was reflected on."* The singularity of the man in his countenance, manner, action, style, and tone of voice, made me call to mind that I had once seen him, about two or three years ago, at Mr. Ludlow's country house. But I could not recollect his name; and of what calling he might be I had never heard. I therefore desired to know who and what he was? said, "I heard of some such verses, but knew no more." He then signified to me, "That he was a serjeant at law, and a member of parliament." After which, he repeated the lines that concerned him with great emphasis; said, "I was mistaken in one thing; for he assured me he was no booby; but owned himself to be a coxcomb." However, that being a point of controversy wherein I had no concern, I let it drop. As to the verses, he insisted, "That, by his taste, and skill in poetry, he was as sure I writ them as if he had seen them fall from my pen." But I found the chief weight of his argument lay upon two words that rhymed to his name, which he knew could come from none but me. He then told me, "That, since I would not own the verses, and that since he could not get satisfaction by any course of law, he would get it by his pen, and show the world what a man I was." When he began to grow over-warm and eloquent, I called in the gentleman of the house, from the room adjoining; and the serjeant, going on with less turbulence, went away. He had a footman in the hall during all his talk, who was to have opened the door for one or more fellows, as he has since reported: and likewise, that he had a sharp knife in his pocket, ready to stab or maim me. But the master and mistress of the house, who knew his character, and could

* These verses are printed in the eleventh volume of this collection. They occasioned a very good poem, called "Bettesworth's Exultation," in Dunkin's Poems, vol. ii. p. 266. N.

hear every word from the room they were in, had prepared a sufficient defence in such a case, as they afterward told me. He has since related, to five hundred persons of all ranks, above five hundred falsehoods of this conversation, of my fears and his own brutalities, against all probability as well as fact; and some of them, as I have been assured, even in the presence of your grace. His meanings and his movements were indeed peevish enough, but his words were not. He threatened me with nothing but his pen, yet owned he had no pretence to wit. And indeed I am heartily glad, for his own sake, that he proceeded no farther; for, the least uproar would have called his nearest neighbours,* first to my assistance, and next, to the manifest danger of his life: and I would not willingly have even a dog killed upon my account. Ever since, he has amused himself with declaring, in all companies, especially before bishops, and lords, and members of parliament, his resolutions for vengeance, and the several manners by which he will put it in execution.

It is only to the advice of some judicious friends that your grace owes the trouble of this letter: for, though I may be dispirited enough by sickness and years, yet I have little reason to apprehend any danger from that man; and those who seem to have most regard for my safety, are no more apprehensive than myself, especially such as best know his character: for, his very enemies, and even his ridiculers, who are, of the two, by far the greater number, allow him to be a peaceable man in all things, except his words, his rhetorical actions, his looks, and his hatred to the clergy; which, however, are all known, by abundance of experience, to be perfectly

* Dr. Swift was then at the Rev. Mr. Worrall's house, which happened to be within three or four doors of Mr. Bettesworth's. N.

harmless; and particularly as to the clergy. I do not doubt but, if he will be so good as to continue steadfast in his principles and practices, he may at proper junctures contribute very much to the honour and interests of that reverend body; as well as employ and improve the wit of many young gentlemen in the city, the university, and the rest of the kingdom.

What I have said to your grace is only meant as a poor endeavour to preserve myself in your good opinion, and in the continuance of your favour.

I am, with the highest respect, &c.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

March 2, 1733-4.

I AM extreme glad to hear you are got well again; and I do assure you, it was no point of ceremony made me forbear writing, but the downright fear of being troublesome. If you have got off your deafness, that is a happiness I doubt poor Lady Suffolk will never have; for she does not mend, if she does not grow rather worse. But we ladies are famous for straining our voices upon the bad occasion of anger: and sure then it is hard if it is not more agreeable to do it for the sake of friendship. By the histories I hear from Ireland, Bettesworth, in the midst of your illness, did not think your pen lay idle;*

* About this time, an attempt was made to repeal the Test Act in Ireland; and the dissenters, on this occasion, affected to call themselves "brother protestants, and fellow christians," with the members of the established church. This the dean made the subject of a short copy of verses, in which there is a passage, that so provoked one Bettesworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore to revenge himself, either by maiming or murdering the author: and for this purpose, he engaged his footman, with two ruffians, to secure the dean wher-

but this good you had from it, that such a troublesome fellow made your friends and neighbours show they could exert themselves for your sake. Mrs. Floyd has passed this winter rather better than the last; but cold weather is a great enemy of hers; and when you see her, I fear you will find, that though the goodness of the "composition"* will always hold, yet so many writers have taken the beauty of it entirely off. It grows now near the time, that I have hopes you will soon part with my duke and duchess. I always used to be her doctor; I wish you would allow me to be yours, and take my advice, and try how the change of air would mend your constitution; but, I fear you will not. However, God bless you; and adieu.

FROM THE DUCHESS OF QUEENSBERRY.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 4, 1733-4.

If ever lying was necessary, I fear it is so at present; for no truth can furnish me with sufficient excuse for not having writ long ago; therefore I have been strongly tempted to disown having received any return to my letters, which I wrote to you since my return to these parts; but upon more mature deliberation, I have convinced myself, that it is better rather to confess my fault, than to give you any handle to suspect my truth for the

ever he could be found. As soon as this oath and attempt of Bettesworth were known, thirty of the nobility and gentry of St. Patrick's waited upon the dean in form, and presented a paper, subscribed with their names; in which, they solemnly engaged, in behalf of themselves and the rest of the liberty, to defend his person and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country. H.

* "And call'd the happy composition Floyd."

See Swift's "Receipt to make a Beauty." N.

future. I wish every body was as timorous as myself, and then lying and deceit would never be so much in the fashion, as it has and will be for many ages past and to come. I remember you once told me, always to sit down to write when I was in good health, and good humour; neither of them have been perfect of some time. The first has been interrupted by perpetual colds, and pains in my face and teeth. My temper, by these trying truths which I am about to tell you, viz. a journey to Scotland, where we have been going every week, and every day since Christmas; the uncertainty of which, and being consequently unsettled, is even worse than the thing itself. This is not all; by these means I have been obliged to send a little boy (who has been my constant companion ever since he was born, and who is not seven years old till next July) to school, a full year before it was necessary or proper. The doing this, I own, has damped my spirits more than was reasonable, though it was by his own desire; and that I am persuaded he is well taken care of, both by the master and his own brother, who is fond of him, and so would you be, if you knew him; for he has more sense than above half the world. The other is a fine boy, and grown very strong and healthy. I am much obliged to you for reproving me, that I did not tell you so before. I am in great hopes to live to see them both men; therefore pray advise me what to do with them after they have gone through the school; for I imagine that just then is the most difficult part of their education. Mr. Locke, with whom I cannot help differing in some things, makes a full stop there; and I never heard of any other that ever mentioned, or at least published, any helps for children at that time of life, which I apprehend to be the most material.

There is a good deal of impertinence in filling two sides of paper about me and mine; but I own, at present, my whole thoughts are so much employed on the latter, that I involuntarily think and talk of little else. To-morrow will be acted a new play of our friend Mr. Gay's;* we stay on purpose now for that, and shall go on Thursday for Edinburgh, where the greatest good I can expect, or hope for, is a line from you. Mrs. Barber has met with a good deal of trouble; I have not seen her, I fancy, for that reason; but we shall leave our guineas for her with Mr. Pope, or my brother. I wish you all health and prosperity. I will not wish you devoid of all trouble and vexation, because I think a moderate share is a great encouragement to good spirits; but may you never meet with more than is absolutely necessary to be pleasant.

Adieu, dear sir. If you will oblige me, you must do me the justice to believe I am your most faithful friend, &c.

FROM MR. GRANT.

VERY REVEREND SIR, *London, March* 14, 1733-4.

THOUGH I have been long an admirer of your wit and learning, I have not less valued and esteemed your public spirit, and great affection to your native country. These valuable ingredients in your character, persuade me to propose to you what I apprehend may be for

* "The Distrest Wife;" which was acted at the theatre royal in Covent Garden, with indifferent success. Several years after, it was published by Astley; but no notice was taken in the title of its having ever been acted. "Achilles," an opera, by the same author, had been performed the winter before, with some applause. N.

your country's benefit, and that you will excuse my taking the liberty to do it. As good principles dispose you, your real merit happily united with them, gives you weight and influence to promote the public good; to which I am well assured your country owes not only the escaping many evils, but the establishment of many valuable articles for the increase of their wealth and strength. Though I am not a native of Ireland, I have always regarded it as so connected with this country, that the natives of both islands ought mutually to study and advance the advantage of each other. And it is in consequence of this principle, that I offer to your consideration, that your countrymen should heartily engage in and pursue the white herring and cod fishing. This is a branch of trade which Providence has given opportunity to follow in both countries; neither can they prejudice one another, as there may be consumption for all that may be caught on both islands. There is nothing that would so effectually employ your poor, and prevent their going abroad, considering the great variety of trades necessary in this undertaking; it would also increase the consumption of your home manufactures, and the balance of your foreign trade.

The north and north-east parts of your island lie exceeding well, both for the cod and herring fishing, as will appear to you from their course, which is described in the enclosed pamphlet, if you take the trouble to look upon it; but encouragements are necessary to support a new undertaking in its infancy, because they are always, at the beginning, liable to charges and inconveniences, which discourage private adventurers, if not supported by the public. I have with great pleasure read, in the minutes of your parliament, of late years, several instances of their zeal for their country's good, which inclines me to believe they would readily receive and encourage

a proposition of this nature, if properly introduced and recommended to them; and I shall reckon it a particular good fortune, if I could suggest what would be acceptable to you and them. I have been desirous to establish and improve this valuable branch of commerce in Britain, for which reason I have applied myself to it several years last past, and examined it in all its shapes, from whence I flatter myself to have acquired a thorough knowledge in the matter; and I am, with other gentlemen, endeavouring to obtain the necessary encouragements for it here; but it being late before we moved in our application, and appearance of a short session, I am afraid we shall make little progress at this time. Not being sufficiently acquainted with your laws and constitutions, I cannot take upon me to say what may be proper encouragements in your country; yet I may freely venture to assert one proposition, to which every one must assent, that it is the interest of any nation to grant premiums and bounties for the encouragement of any one branch of trade, which, in proportion to what is paid by the public, and when that is paid only to its own subjects, brings into the kingdom ten times the value. And I may, with equal safety, advance this other proposition, that no article of trade better deserves encouragement, from both Britain and Ireland, than the fishing does; or that might be made of so great consequence and general benefit to both: to which I believe I may add, that there is not any business more natural to either, or the establishment whereof would receive more universal approbation and applause.

These things, from my opinion of your character, I thought I might take the liberty to trouble you with; which I was the more readily induced to, as it furnish-

ed me an opportunity of declaring, that I am, with great esteem, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,
FRANCIS GRANT.

P. S. If you have any commands for me, or that you think I may be any ways useful in explaining or promoting this subject, I shall with pleasure obey you; in which case you may direct for me, merchant, in London.

TO FRANCIS GRANT, ESQ. MERCHANT IN LONDON.

SIR, *Dublin, March* 23, 1733-4.

I RETURN you my hearty thanks for your letter, and discourse upon the fishery; you discover, in both, a true love of your country, and (excepting your civilities to me) a very good judgment, good wishes to this ruined kingdom, and a perfect knowledge in the subject you treat. But you are more temperate than I, and consequently much wiser: for corruptions are apt to make me impatient, and give offence, which you prudently avoid.

Ever since I began to think, I was enraged at the folly of England, in suffering the Dutch to have almost the whole advantage of our fishery, just under our noses.

The last Lord Wemys told me, he was governor of a castle in Scotland near which the Dutch used to fish: he sent to them, in a civil manner, to desire they would send him some fish, which they brutishly refused; whereup-

on he ordered three or four cannon to be discharged from the castle, (for their boats were in reach of the shot;) and, immediately, they sent him more than he wanted.

The Dutch are like a knot of sharpers among a parcel of honest gentlemen, who think they understand play, and are bubbled of their money. I love them for the love they have to their country; which, however, is no virtue in them, because it is their private interest, which is directly contrary in England. In the queen's time, I did often press the Lord Treasurer Oxford, and others of the ministry, upon this very subject; but the answer was, "We must not offend the Dutch;" who, at that very time, were opposing us in all our steps toward a peace. I laughed to see the zeal that ministry had about the fishing at Newfoundland, (I think) while no care was taken against the Dutch fishing just at our doors.

As to my native country, I happened indeed, by a perfect accident, to be born here, my mother being left here from returning to her house at Leicester, and I was a year old before I was sent to England: and thus I am a Teague, or an Irishman, or what people please, although the best part of my life was in England.

What I did for this country was from perfect hatred of tyranny and oppression, for which I had a proclamation against me of 300*l.* which my old friend my Lord Carteret was forced to consent to, the very first or second night of his arrival hither. The crime was that of writing against a project of one Wood, an ironmonger, to coin 100,000*l.* in halfpence, not worth a sixth part of the money, which was laid before the people in so plain a manner, that they all refused it; and so the nation was preserved from immediate ruin.

I have done some smaller services to this kingdom, but I can do no more. I have too many years upon me, and have too much sickness. I am out of favour at court, where I was well received, during two summers, six and seven years ago. The governing people here do not love me. For as corrupt as England is, it is a habitation of saints in comparison of Ireland. We are sl—s, and kn—s, and fools; and all, but bishops and people in employments, beggars. The cash of Ireland does not amount to 200,000*l.*: the few honest men among us are deadhearted, poor, and out of favour and power.

I talked to two or three gentlemen of this house of commons, now sitting here; and, mentioning your scheme, showed how very advantageous it would be to Ireland. They agreed with me; but said, that if such a thing were proposed, the members would all go out, as at a thing they had no concern in.

I believe the people of Lapland, or the Hottentots, are not so miserable a people as we; for oppression, supported by power, will infallibly introduce slavish principles. I am afraid that, even in England, your proposal will come to nothing. There is not virtue enough left among mankind. If your scheme should pass into an act, it will become a job: your sanguine temper will cool: r——s will be the only gainers. Party and faction will intermingle, and defeat the most essential parts of the whole design. Standing armies, in times of peace; projects of excise, and bribing at elections, are all you are like to be employed in; not forgetting septennial parliaments, directly against the old whig principles, which always have been mine.

A gentleman of this kingdom, about three years ago, joined with some others in a fishery here, in the northern

parts: they advanced 200*l.* by way of trial: they got men from Orkney to cure their fish, who understood it well. But the vulgar folks of Ireland are so lazy and so knavish, that it turned to no account, nor would any body join with them: and so the matter fell, and they lost two thirds of their money. Oppressed beggars are always knaves; and, I believe, there hardly are any other among us. They had rather gain a shilling by knavery, than five pounds by honest dealing. They lost 30,000*l.* a year for ever in the time of the plague at Marseilles, when the Spaniards would have bought all their linen from Ireland: but the merchants and the weavers sent over such abominable linen, that it was all returned back, or sold for a fourth part of the value. This is our condition, which you may please to pity, but never can mend. I wish you good success with all my heart. I have always loved good projects, but have always found them to miscarry. I am, sir, with true esteem for your good intentions,

Your most obedient servant.

P. S. I would subscribe my name, if I had not a very bad one: so I leave you to guess it. If I can be of any service to you in this kingdom, I shall be glad you will employ me.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *April* 12, 1734.

I HAVE received yours of the 16th of February very lately; but have not yet seen the person who brought it, nor am likely to see him, unless he finds me out in

my retreat. Our friend Pope is in town, and to him I send this letter; for he tells me, he can forward it to you by the hands of one of our common friends. If I can do Mr. Faulkner any service, I shall certainly do it, because I shall catch at any opportunity of pleasing you; but my help, in a project of subscription, will, I fear, avail him little. I live much out of the world, and I do not blush to own, that I am out of fashion in it. My wife, who is extremely obliged to you, for your kind remembrance of her, and who desires me to say all the fond things from her to you, which I know she thinks, enjoys a precarious health, easily shaken, and sometimes interrupted by fits of severe pain; but, upon the whole, much better than it has been these five years. I walk down hill easily and leisurely enough, except when a strong disposition to the jaundice (that I have long carried about me) gives me a shove. I guard against it as well as I can; the censors say, not as well as I might. Too sedentary a life hurts me, and yet I do not care to lead any other; for sauntering about my grounds is not exercise. I say, I will be very active this summer, and I will try to keep my word. Riding is your *panacea;* and Bathurst is younger than his sons by observing the same regimen. If I can keep where I am a few years longer, I shall be satisfied; for I have something, and not much, to do before I die. I know by experience one cannot serve the present age. About posterity one may flatter one's self, and I have a mind to write to the next age. You have seen, I doubt not, the ethic epistles, and though they go a little into metaphysics, I persuade myself you both understand and approve them: the first book being finished, the others will soon follow; for many of them are writ, or crayoned out. What are you doing? Good, I am sure. But of what kind? Pray, Mr. Dean, be a little more cautious

in your recommendations. I took care, a year ago, to remove some obstacles that might have hindered the success of one of your recommendations, and I have heartily repented of it since. The fellow wants morals, and, as I hear, decency, sometimes. You have had accounts, I presume, which will not leave you at a loss to guess whom I mean. Is there no hope left of seeing you once more in this island? I often wish myself out of it; and I shall wish so much more, if it is impossible *de voisiner* (I know no English word to say the same thing) with you. Adieu, dear sir; no man living preserves a higher esteem, or a more warm and sincere friendship for you, than I do.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, *Jermyn Street, April* 13, 1734.

I HAD the honour of your letter, which gave me a considerable pleasure to see that I am not so much out of your thoughts, but that you can take notice of events that happen in my family. I need not say, that these alliances* are very agreeable to me; but that they are so to my friends, adds much to the satisfaction I receive from them. They certainly enable me to contract my desires, which is no inconsiderable step toward being happy. As to other things, I go on as well as I can: and now and then observe, that I have more friends now than I had when I was in a situation to do them service. This may be a delusion: however, it is a pleasing one. And I have more reason to believe a man, now I can do

* His lordship's third daughter, Georgina-Carolina, was married, Feb. 14, 1733-4, to the honourable John Spencer. B.

him no good, than I had when I could do him favours, which the greatest philosophers are sometimes tempted to solicit their friends about. I shall continue to serve Mrs. Barber, by recommending her, as occasion shall offer, where it is necessary; but you have done that so effectually, that nothing need be said to those to whom you have said any thing in her behalf. I hope Dr. Delany is, as he always used to be, cheerful in himself, and agreeable to all that know him; and that he, by this time, is convinced, that the world is not worthy of so much speculation as he has bestowed upon some matters. Lady Worsley, my wife, and daughters, to whom I have shown your letter, not forgetting my mother, present their humble service to you. And I desire to recommend the whole family, as well as myself, to the continuance of your favour. I am, sir, with the greatest respect, your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

TO MISS HOADLY.

MADAM, *June* 4, 1734.

When I lived in England, once every year I issued out an edict, commanding that all ladies of wit, sense, merit and quality, who had an ambition to be acquainted with me, should make the first advances at their peril; which edict, you may believe, was universally obeyed. When (much against my will) I came to live in this kingdom, I published the same edict; only, the harvest here being not altogether so plentiful, I confined myself to a smaller compass. This made me often wonder how you came so long to neglect your duty;

for, if you pretend ignorance, I may produce legal witnesses against you.

I have heard of a judge bribed with a pig, but it was discovered by the squeaking; and therefore, you have been so politic as to send me a dead one, which can tell no tales. Your present of butter was made with the same design, as a known court practice, to grease my fist that I might keep silence. These are great offences, contrived on purpose to corrupt my integrity. And besides, I apprehend, that if I should wait on you to return my thanks, you will deny that the pig and butter were any advances at all on your side, and give out that I made them first; by which I may endanger the fundamental privilege that I have kept so many years in two kingdoms, at least make it a point of controversy. However, I have two ways to be revenged: first, I will let all the ladies of my acquaintance know, that you, the sole daughter and child of his grace of Dublin, are so mean as to descend to understand housewifery; which every girl of this town, who can afford sixpence a month for a chair, would scorn to be thought to have the least knowledge in; and this will give you as ill a reputation, as if you had been caught in the fact of reading a history, or handling a needle, or working in a field at Tallagh. My other revenge shall be this: when my lord's gentleman delivered his message, after I put him some questions, he drew out a paper containing your directions, and in your hand; I said it properly belonged to me; and, when I had read it, I put it in my pocket, and am ready to swear, when lawfully called, that it is written in a fair hand, rightly spelt, and good plain sense. You now may see I have you at mercy; for, upon the least offence given, I will show the paper to every female scrawler I meet, who will soon spread about the town, that your

writing and spelling are ungenteel and unfashionable, more like a parson than a lady.

I suppose, by this time, you are willing to submit; and, therefore, I desire you may stint me to two china bowls of butter a week; for my breakfast is that of a sickly man, rice gruel; and I am wholly a stranger to tea and coffee, the companions of bread and butter. I received my third bowl last night, and I think my second is almost entire. I hope and believe my lord archbishop will teach his neighbouring tenants and farmers a little English country management: and I lay it upon you, madam, to bring housewifery in fashion among our ladies; that, by your example, they may no longer pride themselves on their natural or affected ignorance. I am, with the truest respect and esteem,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged, &c.

I desire to present my most, &c. to his grace and the ladies.

FROM THE BISHOP OF CLOGHER.*

MR. DEAN, *Clogher, June* 25, 1734.

I HAVE a letter of yours of a very long date, and should, it may be, out of good manners have answered it long since; but I thought it would be better to delay the answer I was then able to make, to our first private meeting, which I thought might be soon; and for the same reason that delayed me then, I shall put off my defence till I have the pleasure of half an hour's private

* Dr. Sterne. N.

conversation with you, when I think I shall be able to clear myself from the heavy charges you bring against me; and, therefore, not to take any farther notice of that letter, I shall, in answer to your last, which I received by last post, return you my thanks for your having taken the same care about the sixty pounds, which at your request I lent Joe Beaumont, whose circumstances at that time I was pretty much a stranger to, as you have taken about the money you lent him on the same occasion, and as this shall serve for a full discharge of all demands I have on Joe's execution,* so I shall take it as a favour, if you will take on you the trouble of disposing of that sum of fifty† pounds, as an augmentation to your own charitable fund, or to any other charitable use you shall judge proper, and that I desire may be without any mention of my name.

If you desire an acquittance in any other form, be pleased to draw one, and I will sign it. I shall be proud of a visit in this mountainous country, being, notwithstanding any coolness or misunderstanding that has happened between us, as much as ever your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN CLOGHER.

FROM LORD BOLINGBROKE.

From my farm, June 27, 1734.

I THANK you, Mr. Dean; or, to use a name to me more sacred, I thank you, my friend, for your letter of

* This execution was against the heirs or representatives of Mr. Beaumont, who had died several years before the date of this letter. D. S.

† A few lines before it is *sixty* pounds. N.

the 23d of May, which came to me by post. I answer it by the same conveyance; and provided the diligent inspection of private men's correspondence do not stop our letters, they have my leave to do, what they will do without it, to open and read them. If they expect to find any thing which may do us hurt, or them good, their disappointment will give me pleasure, and in the proportion I shall imagine it gives them pain. I should have another pleasure, of higher relish, if our epistles were to be perused by persons of higher rank. And who knows, considering the mighty importance we are of, whether that may not happen? How would these persons stare, to see such a thing as sincere cordial friendship subsist inviolate, and grow and strengthen from year to year, in spite of distance, absence, and mutual inutility!

But enough on this. Let us turn to other subjects. I have read, in the golden verses of Pythagoras, or in some other collection of wise apophthegms of the ancients, that a man of business may talk of philosophy, a man who has none may practise it. What do you think of this maxim? Is it exact? I have a strange distrust of maxims. We make as many observations as our time, our knowledge, and the other means we have, give us the opportunity of making on a physical matter. We find that they all correspond, and that one general proposition may be affirmed as the result of them. This we affirm, and in consequence, this becomes a maxim among our followers, if we have any. Thus the king of Siam affirmed, that water was always in a fluid state; and I doubt not but the talapoins (do they not call them so?) held this maxim. Neither he, or they, had ever climbed the neighbouring mountains of Ava; their observations were confined to the burning climate they inhabited. It is much the same in moral maxims, founded on observa-

tions of the conduct of men; for there are other moral maxims of universal truth, as there are moral duties of eternal obligation. We see what the conduct is, and we guess what the motives are, of great numbers of men; but then we see often at too great a distance, or through a faulty medium; we guess with much uncertainty from a thousand reasons concerning a thing as various, as changing, as inconsistent as the heart of man. And even when we see right, and guess right, we build our maxims on a small number of observations (for such they are comparatively, how numerous soever they may be, taken by themselves) which our own age and our own country chiefly have presented to us.

You and I have known one man in particular, who affected business he often hindered, and never did; who had the honour among some, and the blame among others, of bringing about great revolutions in his own country, and in the general affairs of Europe; and who was, at the same time, the idlest creature living; who was never more copious than in expressing, when that was the theme of the day, his indifference to power, and his contempt of what we call honours, such as titles, ribands, &c. who should, to have been consistent, have had this indifference, and have felt this contempt, since he knew neither how to use power, nor how to wear honours, and yet who was jealous of one, and fond of the other, even to ridicule. This character seems singular enough, and yet I have known some resembling it very much in general, and many exactly like it in the strongest marks it bore.

Now let us suppose, that some Rochefoucault or other, some anthroponomical sage, should discover a multitude of similar instances, and not stumble upon any one repugnant; you and I should not, however, receive for a maxim, that he who affects business, never does it: nor

this, that he who brings about great revolutions, is always idle: nor this, that he who expresses indifference to power, and contempt of honours, is jealous of one, and fond of the other.

Proceed we now, dear doctor, to the application. A man in business, and a man who is out of it, may equally talk of philosophy; that is certain. The question is, whether the man in business may not practise it, as well as the man out of business? I think he may, in this sense, as easily; but sure I am, he may, in this sense, as usefully. If we look into the world, our part of it I mean, we shall find, I believe, few philosophers in business, or out of business. The greatest part of the men I have seen in business, perhaps all of them, have been so far from acting on philosophical principles, that is, on principles of reason and virtue, that they have not acted even on the highest principles of vice. I have not known a man of real ambition; a man who sacrificed all his passions, or made them all subservient to that one; but I have known many, whose vanity and whose avarice mimicked ambition. The greatest part of the men I have seen out of business, have been so far from practising philosophy, that they have lived in the world arrant triflers; or retiring from it, have fallen into stupid indolence, and deserved such an inscription as Seneca mentions, in one of his letters to Lucilius, to have been put over the door of one Vattia, "*Hic situs est Vattia.*" But, for all this, I think that a man in business may practise philosophy as austerely to himself, and more beneficially to mankind, than a man out of it. The *stoicks* were an affected, pedantical sect; but I have always approved that rule of the *Portique*, that a philosopher was not to exempt himself from the duties of society, neither in the community to which he particularly belonged, nor in the great community of mankind. Memcius, and his

master Confucius, were strange metaphysicians, but they were good moralists, and they divided their doctrines into three parts; the duties of a man, as an individual, as a member of a family, and as a member of a state. In short, a man may be, many men have been, and some, I believe, are philosophers in business; he that can be so out of it, can be so in it.

But it is impossible to talk so much of philosophy, and forget to speak of Pope. He is actually rambling from one friend's house to another. He is now at Cirencester; he came thither from my Lord Cobham's; he came to my Lord Cobham's from Mr. Dormer's; to Mr. Dormer's from London; to London from Chiswick; to Chiswick from my farm; to my farm from his own garden; and he goes soon from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Peterborow's; after which, he returns to my farm again. The demon of verse sticks close to him. He has been imitating the satire of Horace, which begins *Ambubaiarum collegia pharmacopolæ*, &c. and has chosen rather to weaken the images, than to hurt chaste ears overmuch. He has sent it me; but I shall keep his secret as he desires, and shall not, I think, return him the copy; for the rogue has fixed a ridicule upon me, which some events of my life would seem perhaps to justify him in doing. I am glad you approve his moral essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from those doctrines were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason to apprehend either the freethinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible. I will let him know your complaints of his silence: which I wonder at the

more, because he has often spoke in such a manner, as made me conclude you heard from him pretty regularly. Your compliments shall be paid likewise to the other friends you mention.

You complain of the vast alteration which the last seven years have made in you; and do you believe, that they have not made proportionable alterations in us? Satisfy yourself they have. We all go the same road, and keep much the same stages. Let this consideration, therefore, not hinder you from coming among us. You shall ride, walk, trifle, meddle, chide, and be as ill-bred as you please; and the indulgence you receive on these heads you shall return on these or others. Adieu.

I will speak to you about books next time I write, if I can recollect what I intended to say upon a passage in your letter; or if any thing else, worth saying, comes into my head. Adieu, my friend.

FROM THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Dover Street, Aug. 8, 1734.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

It is now so long since I have troubled you with a letter, that I am almost quite ashamed to do it now; but the truth of the case is this, I cannot be longer easy any farther to defer my making my due acknowledgments to you in the best manner I can, for the many kind remembrances I have received from under your own hand, and your obliging notice of me in your letters to Mr. Pope, &c. It was an extreme great pleasure to me to find that I still maintained a share in your thoughts, that I was still worthy to receive your commands; I did my best, I did all that lay in my power to obey them; I wish

there had been better success. I assure you this, that there is no person (I speak without excepting one) whose commands I would more readily obey than your's; I hope you will be so good as to indulge me, and make use of your power often; I value myself not a little upon this score, and you see here how easy it is for you to make one happy, which is more than can be said of ——.

I shall now take the liberty to talk to you a little upon family affairs; and my encouragement to do it proceeds from this, that ever since I have been so fortunate to be acquainted with you, you have in the kindest manner always taken a part in whatever fortune befel me or my family.

Indulge therefore the fondness of a father, to detain you so long, as to give a sincere friend some account of the completing a great work, the disposal of an only daughter in marriage, and in these times.

The whole affair was conducted with as much care and consideration as we were capable of: when we looked over and weighed the many offers that had been proposed to us, and what sort of creatures they were composed of, this person we have now chosen had the fairest and most unexceptionable character, and as his composition is the most unlike the generality of the young gentlemen of this age, which you will think was no small ingredient toward our approbation of him; as I hope and long much to see you in England, I believe when you see the duke* you will be pleased with him, and you will not disapprove of our choice; as he is free from the prevailing qualifications of the present set of young people of quality, such as gaming, sharping, pilfering, lying, &c. &c. so, on the contrary, he is endowed with qualifications they are strangers to; such as jus-

* William Bentinck, the second duke of Portland. D. S.

tice, honour, excellent temper, both of mind and body, affability, living well with his own family; and the manner in which he proposed himself was what became a gentleman and a man of honour. Thus you see I have given you a long account of this affair, and the reasons which induced us to consent to this match. I flatter myself that you will not be displeased with the account I have given you of the gentleman to whom we have given our daughter.

My wife and my daughter desire your acceptance of their humble service, with many wishes for the enjoyment of your health, and would be very glad to see you over here.

Mr. Pope has been upon the ramble above these two months: he is now with my Lord Peterborow near Southampton, where he proposes to stay some time. This morning died Willis, bishop of Winchester; and is to be succeeded by Hoadly, and farther I cannot say.

Pray, has Mr. Jebb* got any preferment? I was very glad to hear that he had a share in your good opinion: I hope he has done nothing to forfeit it. What has prevented Mr. Faulkner from sending over your works?† he promised to send them over the end of last May at the farthest. I am, with true regard and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

* An English clergyman, who soon after the date of this letter got very good preferment in the church of Ireland. In the year 1768, he was prebendary of Christ church, Dublin, and rector of St. Thomas in the East. D. S.

† These were the first four volumes in octavo, which were actually revised and corrected by Swift himself, as indeed were afterward the two subsequent volumes, printed by Faulkner in the year 1738. D. S.

FROM LADY HOWTH.

Kilfane, near Kilkenny,
Aug. 15, 1734.

SIR,

To show you how much I covet your correspondence, I would not even give myself time to rest; for gratitude obliges me to return you thanks for all your favours, in particular your last, which quite cured me of my cold. I can as yet give you no account of this country, but that I have been mightily hurried, settling my little family. We all got safe here on Monday night; and this day was the fair of Bennet's Bridge, where I had two gentlemen on purpose to look out for a pad for you, but there was not one to be got; but if there be any such thing to be had as a good trotter, such a one as I know you like, I will have it. I do not know whether you will be as free in writing as you are in speaking; but I am sure, were I at your elbow when you read this, you would bid me go to a writing school and a spelling book. My lord joins me in begging you will accept of our best wishes; and hope you will believe me to be, what I really am, your affectionate friend and humble servant,

LUCY HOWTH.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR DEAN,

Aug. 16, 1734.

A LITTLE before I go to Dublin I intend to kill a buck, and send you some of it. Mr. Hamilton has promised me that favour. He has the best and fattest venison I ever tasted: and the finest boat, and the finest

situation, and the finest house, and the finest hall, and the finest wife and children, and the finest way of living I ever met. You live in Dublin among a parcel of rabble; I live at Castle Hamilton among gentlemen and ladies: you live upon chaffed mutton, I live upon venison: you drink benicarlo wine, I drink right French margose: you hear nothing but noise: with ravishing music my ears are delighted. If you were here you would never go back again. I fancy that I never shall; and that I shall be able soon to keep my coach; and bring you down into this elysium, which is both my taste and my choice.

Pouvoir choisir, et choisir le meilleur, ce sont deux avantages qu'a le bon goût. C'est donc un des plus grands dons du ciel d'être né homme de bon choix. And to give you a sample of my good choice, I choose to end with this French maxim, having no more to write, but my love to my mistress, and service to all friends.

I am yours to the day of judgment,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

MY LORD, *Aug.* 31, 1734.

ALTHOUGH I have long had the honour to be an humble servant to your grace, yet I do not remember to have ever written you a letter, at least since her majesty's death. For this reason, your grace will reasonably wonder to find a man wholly forgotten begin a commerce by making a request. For which I can offer no other excuse, than that frequent application has been made to me, by many learned and worthy persons of this city and

kingdom; who, having heard that I was not unknown to you, seldom failed any opportunity of pressing me to solicit your grace, of whose generous nature fame has well informed them, to make a present of those ancient records, in paper or parchment, which relate to this kingdom, that were formerly collected, as we have heard, by the late earl of Clarendon, during his government here, and are now in your grace's possession. They can be of no use in England, and the sight of them will be of little value to foreign virtuosi; and they naturally belong to this poor kingdom. I could wish they were of great intrinsic value, so as to be sold on the Exchange for a thousand pounds, because you would then part with them at the first hint, merely to gratify your darling passion of generosity and munificence: and yet, since they are only valuable in the place of their birth, like the rest of our natives, I hope you will be prevailed on to part with them, at the humble request of many very deserving persons in this city and university. In return for which bounty, the memory of it shall be preserved in that honourable manner, which so generous a patron of learning as your grace will be certainly pleased with. And at their request alone, I desire your compliance, without the least mention of myself as any way instrumental.

I entreat your grace's pardon for this interruption, and remain, with the greatest respect, my lord,

Your grace's, &c.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Little Brook Street, Sept.* 9, 1734.

I FIND your correspondence is like the singing of the nightingale; no bird sings so sweetly, but the pleasure is quickly past, a month or two of harmony, and then we lose it till next spring: I wish your favours may as certainly return. I am, at this time, not only deprived of your letters, but of all other means of inquiring after your health; your friends and my correspondents being dispersed to their summer quarters, and know as little of you as I do. I have not forgot one mortifying article on this occasion; and if your design in neglecting me was to humble me, it has taken effect: could I find out the means of being revenged, I would certainly put it in execution; but I have only the malice of an incensed neglected woman, without the power of returning it. The last letter I writ to you was from Gloucester, about a twelvemonth ago; after that I went to Long Leat to my Lady Weymouth; came to town in January, where I have remained ever since, except a few weeks I spent at Sir John Stanley's at Northend, the Delville of this part of the world. I hope Naboth's vineyard flourishes: it always has my good wishes, though I am not near enough to partake of its fruits. The town is now empty, and, by most people, called dull; to me it is just agreeable, for I have most of my particular friends in town, and my superfluous acquaintance I can very well spare. My Lord Carteret is at Hawnes: my Lady Carteret is in town, nursing my Lady Dysart, who is brought to bed of a very fine son, and in hopes of my Lady Weymouth's being soon under the same circumstance. I have not seen my Lord Bathurst since I was at his house in Gloucestershire; that is a mischief I be-

lieve you have produced; for as long as I could entertain him with an account of his friend the dean, he was glad to see me; but lately we have been great strangers. Mrs. Donnellan sometimes talks of making a winter's visit to Dublin, and has vanity enough to think you are one of those that will treat her kindly: her loss to me will be irreparable, beside the mortification it will be to me to have her go to a place where I should so gladly accompany her. I know she will be just, and tell the reasons why I could not, this year, take such a progress. After having forced myself into your company, it will be impertinent to make you a longer visit, and destroy the intention of it; which was only to assure you of my being, sir, your most faithful, and obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

FROM MR. POPE.

Sept. 15, 1734.

I HAVE ever thought you as sensible as any man I knew, of all the delicacies of friendship; and yet I fear (from what Lord B. tells me you said in your last letter) that you did not quite understand the reason of my late silence. I assure you it proceeded wholly from the tender kindness I bear you. When the heart is full, it is angry at all words that cannot come up to it; and you are now the man in all the world I am most troubled to write to, for you are the friend I have left whom I am most grieved about. Death has not done worse to me in separating poor Gay, or any other, than disease and absence in dividing us. I am afraid to know how you do, since most accounts I have give me pain for you, and

I am unwilling to tell you the condition of my own health. If it were good, I would see you; and yet if I found you in that very condition of deafness, which made you fly from us while we were together, what comfort could we derive from it? In writing often I should find great relief, could we write freely; and yet, when I have done so, you seem by not answering in a very long time, to feel either the same uneasiness I do, or to abstain from some prudential reason. Yet I am sure, nothing that you and I would say to each other, (though our whole souls were to be laid open to the clerks of the post-office) could hurt either of us so much, in the opinion of any honest man or good subject, as the intervening, officious impertinence of those goers between us, who in England pretend to intimacies with you, and in Ireland to intimacies with me. I cannot but receive any that call upon me in your name, and in truth they take it in vain too often. I take all opportunities of justifying you against these friends, especially those who know all you think and write, and repeat your slighter verses. It is generally on such little scraps that witlings feed; and it is hard the world should judge of our housekeeping from what we fling out to the dogs; yet this is often the consequence. But they treat you still worse, mix their own with yours, print them to get money, and lay them at your door. This I am satisfied was the case in the Epistle to a Lady; it was just the same hand (if I have any judgment in style) which printed your Life and Character before, which you so strongly disavowed in your letters to Lord Carteret, myself, and others. I was very well informed of another fact which convinced me yet more; the same person who gave this to be printed, offered to a bookseller a piece in prose of yours, as commissioned by you, which has since appeared and been owned to be his own. I

think (I say once more) that I know your hand, though you did not mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England: but no secret can cross your Irish Sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those essays, you saw me in the second. The design of concealing myself was good, and had its full effect: I was thought a divine, a philosopher, and what not? and my doctrine had a sanction I could not have given to it. Whether I can proceed in the same grave march like Lucretius, or must descend to the gayeties of Horace, I know not, or whether I can do either; but be the future as it will, I shall collect all the past in one fair quarto this winter, and send it you, where you will find frequent mention of yourself. I was glad you suffered your writings to be collected more completely than hitherto, in the volumes I daily expect from Ireland; I wish it had been in more pomp, but that will be done by others: yours are beauties, that can never be too finely dressed, for they will ever be young. I have only one piece of mercy to beg of you; do not laugh at my gravity, but permit me to wear the beard of a philosopher, till I pull it off, and make a jest of it myself. It is just what my Lord Bolingbroke is doing with metaphysics. I hope, you will live to see,* and stare at the learned figure he will make, on the same shelf with Locke and Malbranche.

You see how I talk to you (for this is not writing) if you like I should do so, why not tell me so? if it be the least pleasure to you, I will write once a week most gladly: but can you abstract the letters from the person who writes them, so far, as not to feel more vexation in

* After reading this passage, can it be believed, that Pope did not know the real principles of Bolingbroke? Dr. Warton.

the thought of our separation, and those misfortunes which occasion it, than satisfaction in the nothings he can express? If you can, really and from my heart, I cannot. I return again to melancholy. Pray however tell me, is it a satisfaction? that will make it one to me: and we will think alike, as friends ought, and you shall hear from me punctually just when you will.

POSTSCRIPT BY LORD BOLINGBROKE.

Our friend, who is just returned from a progress of three months, and is setting out in three days with me for the Bath, where he will stay till toward the middle of October, left this letter with me yesterday, and I cannot seal and despatch it till I have scribbled the remainder of this page full. He talks very pompously of my metaphysics, and places them in a very honourable station. It is true I have writ six letters and a half to him on subjects of that kind, and I propose a letter and a half more, which would swell the whole up to a considerable volume. But he thinks me fonder of the name of an author than I am. When he and you, and one or two other friends have seen them, *satis magnum theatrum mihi estis*, I shall not have the itch of making them more public. I know how little regard you pay to writings of this kind: but I imagine that if you can like any such, it must be those that strip metaphysics of all their bombast, keep within the sight of every well constituted eye, and never bewilder themselves while they pretend to guide the reason of others. I writ to you a long letter some time ago, and sent it by the post. Did it come to your hands? or did the inspectors of private correspondence stop it, to revenge themselves of the ill said of them in it? *vale et me ama.*

BOLINGBROKE.

PICKLE HERRING TO MR. FAULKNER.*

SIRHA,†

ARE not you the rascal, that makes so free with my family?—Had you once recollected that, graceless and despised as he is, that same serjeant Kite‡ was my brother, and, however marred in the making, was born to be as great a man as myself: had you thought with what vengeance a man in my high station can espouse any one's quarrel, and especially that of a sinking brother, durst you presume to run these lengths?——Mark what I am going to say; bitter is the sorrow, hot, sour and cutting is the sauce you are to taste after your merry conceits on my poor brother; and what mortal can expect better, that meddles with the very worst of the family of the Pickles?——Recollect at last and tremble! whom hast thou offended and stirred up to wrath, thou little pitiful swad?——More would I say to thee, but that I take thee right, I look upon thee only as the foul pipe through which the filth and nastiness of the whole nation is squirted in the teeth of my unfortunate brother, the unlucky graceless dog, that has brought all this on himself; but alas, my brother!——But however provoked, are your scribbling spitfires never to be satisfied? one should think, that by this time, if the poor soul had not enough, they certainly had! Is it not sufficient for them to see a man of learning and law, a man of singular inimitable eloquence, a man of unparalleled graceful action, a man of unspeakable, inconceivable truth, justice and sincerity, exemplary religion, strict

* Endorsed by Dr. Swift, "An excellent droll paper." F.

† This humorous letter, although addressed to Mr. Faulkner, was ultimately designed for the entertainment of Dr. Swift. F.

‡ Bettesworth, serjeant at law, whose character is well known for the assault he made upon Dr. Swift in the year 1733, was frequently persecuted by the young poets under the name of serjeant Kite. F.

virtue, nice honour, and sterling worth, in general past finding out? I say, is it not sufficient to see a luminary like this now shining in meridian lustre, but anon set for ever in a puddly cloud? Is it not sufficient to see him so unmasked and stigmatized, that he can be no longer a tool even for a court sharper, and (what's worst of all for him) no longer to be in pay with them? Is it not sufficient to see his poor skull (God help it!) incurably bumped and bulged by that damnable bounce of his against the pulpit cornish? Is it not sufficient to see with what pain and shame he wriggles along by that confounded splinter of the bar, he lately got thrust into his a——, and which has left him a running sore to his dying day? Is it not sufficient to see him, all the last term, walk about in merry sadness, an idle spectator in the courts, where he was not retained even for his most noted talent of dirt flinger?——O you swarms of green counsels and attorneys, I wonder not to see you posted about Idler's Corner,* looking sharp, as dinnerless men, for a lucky pop on a client; but why, oh! why, should this ever be the case of my hapless brother? O fortune, fortune, cruel are thy sports!——Is it not sufficient to see him doubly tormented in putting a good countenance on treatment, which is inwardly gnawing and consuming him? in which state his whole comfort is, that for half a score years at least, his conscience could never upbraid him: O the comfort of an easy conscience!——Is it not sufficient to see him at Ballyspellin, and every where he goes, the common butt of gibe, wink, and titter? Is it not sufficient, that after what has been flying about since he left it, he knows not how to show his face in town, nor how to stand the infinite mortifications he is to meet with this winter? Is it not sufficient, that

* Idler's Corner is a bookseller's shop, the corner of High-street and Christ Church lane, Dublin, near the four courts. F.

as his case stands, it is the serjeant against all the world, and all the world against the serjeant? wretched case, when a creature has not even the cheap relief of common pity! And is not all this sufficient? No, the virulent crew tell me, that as long as the terrible tumour in his breast continues hard, the caustic and corrosives must be plied, and that none, but injudicious quacks, would talk of emollients and lenitives, until some at least of the corrupt and fetid matter is discharged. In short, they tell me, that as long as the cause remains, and the world likes the operations, the cure must go on the same way! Well, go on ye scoundrels, go on! and make him as wretched and contemptible as you can! and when you have done your worst, I will make a provision for him that shall alarm you all; shall make some burst with envy, and others to look on him with a merry face, whom they so long beheld with hatred and derision.

To keep neither him, nor the world longer in suspense, know ye, that I will take him home to myself, and after a little of my tutoring, not a turn in his intellects, expression, or action (which now are subject of satire) that shall not soon become matter of high panegyric. O ye dogs you, I will set him over all your heads! I will advance him to a place of performance, which he was born for, and which (however he thought of it all the while) he was not ill bred to: and there he is sure to meet with the honour and applause he might in vain expect on any other stage.

As for your part, little pert whipper-snapper, Faulkner, is it base fear, or is it unsufferable vanity in you, to talk of correction from the hands of my brother? Had you been any thing above the sorry remnant of a man, you might perhaps come in for the honour of a gentle drubbing; but a little rascal, that has already

one leg in the grave, what satisfaction or credit would it be to him to beat thee abominably, or even slay thee out right? No, but sirha, if our brother, Doctor Anthony,* were alive,——rot you, in spite of your rascally Keven bail, and your scribbling janissaries, he should set up his wheel just before your door, and on his pole, thrust up your fundament, he should twirl you about till your brains tumbled down into the hollow of your wooden shin bone, and till all the bones in your skin rattled and snapped like pipestoppers in a bladder. Take that from your sworn and mortal enemy,

PICKLE HERRING.

FROM DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Hampstead, Oct. 4, 1734.

MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND,

You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends; for I wrote two long letters to you, to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one de la Mar. I can assure you, with great truth, that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world; and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

The young man whom you recommended, came to

* A whimsical kind of man, who had abundance of low humour, and frequently used to entertain the schoolboys and populace with his harangues and pleasantry, mounted upon a ladder in some corner of a street. He died about eight or ten years before the date of this letter. F.

this place, and I promised to do him what service my ill state of health would permit. I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, or move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God, that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years, because of bloody water) I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again; but I expect the return of my symptoms upon my return to London, and the return of the winter. I am not in circumstances to live an idle country life; and no man, at my age, ever recovered of such a disease, farther than by an abatement of the symptoms. What I did, I can assure you, was not for life, but ease. For I am, at present, in the case of a man that was almost in harbour, and then blown back to sea; who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family, and from the kindness of my friends, as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me; and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are likely to befal my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frighted from a journey to England. The reasons you assign are not sufficient; the journey, I am sure, would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them, gave me my first shock; and the trouble I have with the rest, to bring

them to a right temper, to bear the loss of a father, who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment,* preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honour; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from that way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none can be with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend, and humble servant,

JO. ARBUTHNOT.

FROM SIR WILLIAM FOWNES.†

From my Observatory in the Parliament-house, Oct. 18, 1734.

SIR,

THERE are a sort of gentlemen, who, after great labour and cost, have at last found out, that two dishes of meat will not cost half so much as five or six, and yet answer the end of filling the bellies of as many as usually fed upon the five or six.

I have considered that a like sort of reduction in other articles, may have the like proportion of good effect: as for instance, when any one bespeaks a pair of shoes, a pair of stockings, or a pair of gloves, they should bespeak a pair and a half of each, and make use of these turn about: I am very confident they will answer the end of two pair; by which good management a quarter part of the expense in those articles may be saved. Perhaps it

* Dr. Arbuthnot died in March, 1734-5. H.

† Endorsed, "A humorous project." D. S.

may be objected, that this is a spoiling of trade: to which I answer, that when the makers of those sorts of ware shall reduce their rates a quarter part (instead of enhancing them, as has been done in some late years unreasonably) and now ought to be reduced according to the rates of wool and leather;

Then it may be reasonable to bespeak two pair instead of a pair and a half.

Another objection may be started as to gloves, with a query, which of the hands shall be obliged with two gloves? To this I answer, that generally the left hand is used but seldom, and not exposed as the other to many offices; one of which in particular is the handing of ladies. For these reasons, two gloves ought to be granted to the right hand.

There are many other frugal improvements, which, as soon as I have discoursed Thomas Turner the quaker, who is now upon finding out the longitude, and farther improving the latitude, I shall be able to demonstrate what sort of meat, and the joints, will best answer this frugal scheme, as likewise in clothing, and other parts of good economy; and they shall be communicated to you by, sir, your most humble servant,

PHILO MÆ.

FROM THE REV. MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

Marston in Somersetshire,
Nov. 2, 1734.

SIR,

You may be assured that I should not have denied myself so long the pleasure of that great privilege and favour you allowed me at our parting, of corresponding with you while I staid in England, but that I waited to

give you some account of the success of your kind and friendly negotiation for me in the letter you were so good to give me to Lord Orrery, and that I could not do before this week; for though I delivered my credentials to his lordship near a month ago, yet we did not talk over the affair till very lately; for as I thought it my duty to wait his time and leisure, I did not press him for an answer; and as I have all the reason in the world to imagine, from the many friendly offices you have done me, that you would rejoice at any good that may befal me, so I can at length tell you, that it was as favourable as I could well wish for, considering every thing and circumstance attending that affair; for it seems the scheme in relation to Mr. Taylor's giving my mother and me so much money for our good will in the lease, can never take place, for many very good reasons his lordship gave me, which are too tedious now to trouble you with; and therefore he only told me in general terms, that as he thought our case a little hard and severe, somewhat or other at the expiration of the lease must be done for me, but in what manner it was not possible for him to say; which surely was as much as any conscionable and reasonable man (and God forbid that I should ever prove otherwise) could expect: in short, his kind reception of me at Marston, and the handsome manner he has behaved himself toward me in every particular since I came to him, has been like Lord Orrery himself: and now to whom must I attribute all this? not to any merit or conduct of my own, for I am conscious of none, but to the worthy dean of St. Patrick's, who takes delight in doing all the good he can to those who have the invaluable happiness and honour of being acquainted with him; and therefore what a monster of ingratitude should I be not to acknowledge the channel through which this intended bounty of his lordship is to flow to

me, let it be more or less? *agnosco fontem;* for, without controversy, you have been the means of bringing all this about: for which I shall say no more (being but bitter bad at making speeches) but the Lord reward you, and to assure you, good sir, that this your act of friendship *manet et manebit altâ mente repostum.* His lordship told me that he would answer your letter very soon; and as his pen and head infinitely transcend mine, it is likely you will have then a clearer and better account of this matter than I can possibly give you.

I have been under an unspeakable concern at an account I lately saw from Ireland of a return of your old disorders of giddiness and deafness; but I still flatter myself that it is not so bad with you as my fears have represented it, which makes me long impatiently to hear how you really are; but I am in hopes your usual *medicina gymnastica* will carry it off; if it does not, more the pity say I, and so will all say, I am confident, that know you; but surely ten thousand times more pity is it that you are not, like one of Gulliver's Struldbrugs, immortal; but alas! that cannot be, such is the condition of miserable man; which puts me often in mind of the following lines I have somewhere or other met with, which I apply now and then to myself, by way of cordial.

What's past we know, and what's to come must be,
Or good or bad, is much the same to me;
Since death must end my joy or misery,
Fix'd be my thoughts on immortality.

But hold! I believe I begin to preach; and it is well if you do not think by this time that I imagine myself in

Rathenny* pulpit instead of writing a letter to the dean, and therefore I forbear.

I know writing in your present circumstances must be so very troublesome and uneasy to you, that I am not quite so unreasonable as to expect it from you; but whenever your health permits you, it will be an infinite pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear from you; and the safest way of sending a letter to me will be under cover to Lord Orrery, at Marston, near Froome in Somersetshire. I shall trouble you, sir, with my compliments to my very good friends and neighbours Lady Acheson and her mother, for whom I have a very real esteem and value, and also to Dr. Helsham and his lady, and with my very affectionate love and service to all my Sunday companions at the deanery.†

I have no novelties to entertain you with from hence; for here we lead a very retired and perfectly rural life; but when I get to London (which I believe will not be till after Christmas, because as I am within ten or a dozen miles of Bath, I have some thoughts of making a trip thither, and try what good those waters will do me) you may depend upon having an account of what passes in the political and learned world that is possible for me to come at and convey to you, and I hope to be then honoured with all your commissions and commands in that place; for I wish for nothing more than an opportunity of showing with how much gratitude and true esteem for all your favours, I am, sir, your most obedient and much obliged humble servant,

MARMADUKE PHILIPS.

* Mr. Philips's benefice, about three miles from Dublin. D. S.

† It was customary for the Doctor's friends and acquaintance to visit him on Sunday afternoons, and spend the evening with him; so that every one who was at leisure to go there, was sure of meeting variety of good company. D. S.

thing but correction. My Lord B. said in his postscript that you would go to Bath in three days; we since heard that you were dangerously ill there, and that the newsmongers gave you over. But a gentleman of this kingdom, on his return from Bath, assured me he left you well, and so did some others whom I have forgot. I am sorry at my heart that your are pestered with people who come in my name, and I profess to you, it is without my knowledge. I am confident I shall hardly ever have occasion again to recommend, for my friends here are very few, and fixed to the freehold, from whence nothing but death will remove them. Surely I never doubted about your Essay on Man: and I would lay any odds, that I would never fail to discover you in six lines, unless you had a mind to write below or beside yourself on purpose. I confess I did never imagine you were so deep in morals, or that so many new and excellent rules could be produced so advantageously and agreeably in that science, from any one head. I confess in some few places I was forced to read twice; I believe I told you before what the duke of Dorset said to me on that occasion, how a judge here, who knows you, told him, that on the first reading those essays, he was much pleased, but found some lines a little dark: on the second, most of them cleared up, and his pleasure increased: on the third, he had no doubt remained, and then he admired the whole. My Lord Bolingbroke's attempt of reducing metaphysics to intelligible sense and usefulness, will be a glorious undertaking; and as I never knew him fail in any thing he attempted, if he had the sole management, so I am confident he will succeed in this. I desire you will allow that I write to you both at present, and so I shall while I live: it saves your money, and my time; and he being your genius, no matter to which it is addressed. I

am happy that what you write is printed in large letters; otherwise between the weakness of my eyes, and the thickness of my hearing, I should lose the greatest pleasure that is left me. Pray command my Lord Bolingbroke to follow that example, if I live to read his metaphysics. Pray God bless you both. I had a melancholy account from the doctor of his health. I will answer his letter as soon as I can. I am ever entirely yours.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Nov. 7, 1734.

Do not accuse me of forsaking you: indeed it is not the least in my thoughts; but I heard you were ill, and had no letter from you, so doubted being troublesome. I was, about two months ago, at my own house, and had my duke and duchess with me. The rest of my time was divided between lord president* and Knowle. I have now left their graces in the country, where I hope they will not stay long; for she has been very ill, though now recovered.

I am always more frighted when my friends are sick there, because there is neither physic nor physician that is good for any thing. Indeed I cannot answer, whether your lord lieutenant will be the same or not. All that I can say is, that if he asks my consent for it, he shall not have it. I have no acquaintance with the duke of Chandos, nor I believe has the duke of Dorset much. And to be sure it would be to no purpose to ask him for

* Spencer, Earl of Wilmington. H.

those records* again, because, if he would have parted with them, he would have done it on your asking. And whether it be useful or not, just to him, yet few people would care to part with what must enhance the value of their libraries; but if he succeeds the duke of Dorset, then for certain he will be easily persuaded to make a compliment of them to the kingdom. Your friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, I hear, is out of order again. I have not seen him lately, and I fear he is in a very declining way. I fancy it would be prodigiously good for your health to come to England, which would be a great pleasure to

Your most sincere old friend,

And humble servant,

E. G.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

St. Mary's Square,
Gloucester, Nov. 20, 1734.

SIR,

I AM truly concerned at your having been so much out of order: I most heartily wish you constant health

* These records were manuscripts relating to the history of Ireland, which had been collected by Sir James Ware (who was recorder of Dublin) before, after, and during the troubles of 1641. When Lord Clarendon was lord lieutenant, in 1686, he got these manuscripts from the heir of Sir James, and brought them into England. After Lord Clarendon's death, they were sold to the Hon. Mr. Brydges, afterward duke of Chandos. The catalogue of them was printed in 1697, in the large folio catalogue of all the libraries both in England and Ireland, and the dean having read that account of them, was very desirous to procure them for public use. See a letter written by the dean to the duke of Chandos, dated Aug. 31, 1734, soliciting his grace to present them to the public library at Dublin, in this volume. E.

and happiness, though that is of little use to you, and only serves to do honour to myself, by showing I know how to prize what is valuable.

I should have returned you thanks much sooner for the favour of your last letter; but when I received it I was preparing for my journey hither, and have ever since had so great a disorder in one of my eyes, that till this moment I have not been able to make my acknowledgments to you. I wonder you should be at a loss for a reason for my writing to you; we all love honour and pleasure: were your letters dull, do you imagine my vanity would not be fond of corresponding with the dean of St. Patrick's? But the last reason you give I like best, and will stick by, which is, that I am a more constant nymph than all your goddesses of much longer acquaintance; and farthermore, I venture to promise you are in no danger of receiving a *boutade*, if that depends on my will. As for those fasting days you talk of,* they are, I confess, alluring baits, and I should certainly have been with you in three packets according to your commands, could I either fly or swim: but I am a heavy lump, destined for a few years to this earthly element, and cannot move about, without the concurrent assistance of several animals that are very expensive.

Now for business: As soon as I received your letter, I went to your brother Lansdown, and spoke to him about the duke of Chandos. He desired me to make his compliments to you, and to tell you he was very sorry he could be of no service to you in that affair; but he has had no manner of correspondence or even acquaintance with the duke these fifteen years. I have

* That is, dining upon two or three dishes at the deanery; which, in comparison of magnificent tables, the doctor used to call fasting. D. S.

put it however into hands that will pursue it diligently, and I hope obtain for you what you desire; if they do not succeed, you must not call me negligent; for whatever lies in my power to serve you, is of too much consequence for me to neglect.

I have left my good friend, and your humble servant, Mrs. Donnellan, behind me in London, where she meets with little entertainment suitable to her understanding; and she is a much fitter companion for the Dublin Thursday Society, than for the trifling company she is now engaged in; and I wish you had her with you (since I cannot have her) because I know she would be happier than where she is, and my wish I think no bad one for you. Neither my eyes nor paper will hold out any longer. I am, sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,
M. PENDARVES.

I beg my compliments to all your friends.

FROM MR. JARVIS.*

Hampton, Nov. 24, 1734.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

You can hardly imagine how rejoiced I am at finding my old friend the bishop of Worcester† so hale at 83-4! No complaint; he does but begin to stoop, and I am forced myself, every now and then, to awaken myself to walk tolerably upright, famous as I was lately for a wight of uncommon vigour, and consequently spi-

* A celebrated painter, contemporary with Sir Godfrey Kneller. H.

† Dr. John Hough, bishop of Worcester. H.

rits to spare. If ever I see Dublin again, and your Teague escapes hanging so long, I will myself truss him up for nonadmittance when you were in a conversable condition. I am sure the lady will send you Mr. Conolly's* picture with pleasure, when I tell her you expect it. Our friend Pope is off and on, here and there, every where and no where, *à son ordinaire*, and therefore as well as we can hope, for a carcass so crazy. He assures me, he has done his duty in writing frequently to the dean, because he is sure it gives you some amusement, as he is rejoiced at all yours; therefore you must write away. Upon inquiry, I learn, that exercise is the best medicine for your giddiness. Penny made Mrs. Pendarves happy with a print of yours, and I do not fail to distribute them to all your well-wishers. I am, dear dean,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. JARVIS.

I held out bravely the three weeks fogs, &c. and am very well.

FROM * * * * * *.

SIR, *Montrose, Dec.* 17, 1734.

Some people here having flattered me that I have a genius for poetry, and my circumstances a little favouring it, I have resolved to turn my thoughts that way: I have already tried my talent on some little amusements, and have had the pleasure in secret to see them pretty

* Speaker of the house of commons, one of the lords justices, and a commissioner of the revenue in Ireland. N.

well received; but few here being much conversant in that study, can be proper judges; and as I would not venture my character abroad in the world without the advice of those who have succeeded in it, I thought I could not more properly apply than to you, who have been pretty happy that way. What I mean is, that you would be pleased to furnish me with a theme to try my genius, with what rules you may think necessary. I expect your compliance with this, as it is the first, at least of this nature, you ever had from this place; and as soon as it is finished, you may expect a copy of the performance from, sir,

Your most humble servant,

* * * * * *.†

FROM MR. POPE.

Twickenham, Dec. 19, 1734.

I AM truly sorry for any complaint you have, and it is in regard to the weakness of your eyes that I write (as well as print) in folio. You will think (I know you will, for you have all the candour of a good understanding) that the thing which men of our age feel the most, is the friendship of our equals; and that therefore whatever affects those who are stept a few years before us, cannot but sensibly affect us who are to follow. It troubles me to hear you complain of your memory, and if I am in any part of my constitution younger than you, it will be in my remembering every thing that has pleased

† As this letter seems to have been written by some very young adventurer in poetry, we choose to suppress the name; especially as we cannot tell what answer he received from Dr. Swift, or whether afterward he applied with success to Apollo and the Muses. D. S.

me in you, longer than perhaps you will. The two summers we passed together dwell always on my mind, like a vision which gave me a glimpse of a better life and better company, than this world otherwise afforded. I am now an individual, upon whom no other depends; and may go where I will, if the wretched carcass I am annexed to did not hinder me. I rambled by very easy journeys this year to Lord Bathurst, and Lord Peterborow, who upon every occasion commemorate, love, and wish for you. I now pass my days between Dawley, London, and this place; not studious, nor idle: rather polishing old works, than hewing out new. I redeem now and then a paper that has been abandoned several years; and of this sort you will see one, which I inscribe to our old friend Arbuthnot.

Thus far I had written, and thinking to finish my letter the same evening, was prevented by company, and the next morning found myself in a fever, highly disordered, and so continued in bed for five days, and in my chamber till now; but so well recovered as to hope to go abroad to-morrow, even by the advice of Dr. Arbuthnot. He himself, poor man, is much broke, though not worse than for these two last months he has been. He took extremely kind your letter. I wish to God we could once meet again, before that separation, which yet I would be glad to believe shall reunite us: but he who made us, not for ours, but his purposes, knows only whether it be for the better or the worse, that the affections of this life should, or should not continue into the other: and doubtless it is as it should be. Yet I am sure that while I am here, and the thing that I am, I shall be imperfect without the communication of such friends as you: you are to me like a limb lost, and buried in another country; though we seem quite divided, every accident makes me feel you were once a part of me. I

always consider you so much as a friend, that I forget you are an author, perhaps too much; but it is as much as I would desire you would do to me. However, if I could inspirit you to bestow correction upon those three treatises which you say are so near completed, I should think it a better work than any I can pretend to of my own. I am almost at the end of my morals, as I have been, long ago, of my wit: my system is a short one, and my circle narrow. Imagination has no limits, and that is a sphere in which you may move on to eternity; but where one is confined to truth (or to speak more like a human creature, to the appearances of truth) we soon find the shortness of our tether. Indeed, by the help of a metaphysical chain of ideas, one may extend the circulation, go round and round for ever, without making any progress beyond the point to which Providence has pinned us: but this does not satisfy me, who would rather say a little to no purpose, than a great deal. Lord Bolingbroke is voluminous, but he is voluminous only to destroy volumes. I shall not live, I fear, to see that work printed; he is so taken up still, (in spite of the monitory hint given in the first line of my Essay) with particular men, that he neglects mankind, and is still a creature of this world, not of the universe: this world, which is a name we give to Europe, to England, to Ireland, to London, to Dublin, to the court, to the castle, and so diminishing, till it comes to our own affairs, and our own persons. When you write (either to him or to me, for we accept it all as one) rebuke him for it, as a divine if you like it, or as a badineur, if you think that more effectual.

What I write will show you that my head is yet weak. I had written to you by that gentleman from the Bath, but I did not know him, and every body that comes from Ireland pretends to be a friend of the dean's. I am

always glad to see any that are truly so, and therefore do not mistake any thing I said, so as to discourage your sending any such to me. Adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 25, 1734.

MR. R. HAMILTON is glad the venison got safe to you; it was carried by a county Cavan man in the seventy-fifth year of his age, who went off on Wednesday morning, was back with us on Saturday night, in all one hundred and four miles. He was much affronted that a young fellow was proposed for the expedition——There's a county Cavan man for you.

As for myself, I am grown thirty years younger by no other method, than eating, drinking, and breathing freely in this Elysium of the universe. Happy will it be for you (if I misjudge not, and very seldom I do, as you yourself can witness, who have known me above sixteen years, and I believe a little more, if my memory fails me not, as I have no reason to think it does; for I do not find it in the least impaired) to convey yourself into the finest apartment of our Elysium, I mean to Castle Hamilton, where you will find a most hearty welcome, and all the delights this world can give——But you must take me along with you.——

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to hear that your innocent subjects of the Kevin Bayl* escaped the gallows, in spite of Bettisworth† and all his add hay

* Dr. Swift used to call the people who lived in the liberty of St. Patrick's his subjects: and without dispute they would have fought up to their knees in blood for him. D. S.

† The right spelling of this name is Bettesworth, constantly pro-

rents——If he were to make them a holiday, it should make one for me and my boys likewise.

Sunday we had a very hard frost—Yesterday morning fair—The afternoon, all night, and this morning to ten, was rain—Now fair again, but lowering.

We are just now going to dinner at Captain Perrott's, when your health is never omitted, both as Dean and Drapier——I forgot to tell you that there is a drapier's club fixed in Cavan of about thirty good fighting fellows; from whence I remark you have the heart of Ireland. Vid. Grierson's new map.——There is another Cavan Bayl for you.

I have no more to trouble you with, but my good wishes for your long health and happiness. I am, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

If you go out of town before I return, leave the key of your strong box with Jane,* that I may put my money among yours.

TO MRS. DINGLEY.

December 28, 1734.

PRAY God bless you, and restore your health, and give you many happy new years. I send you your usual Christmas box. I will see you as soon as I can. I am tolerably well, but have no security to continue

nounced as a word of two syllables, until some poems had come out against him, and then Mr. Bettesworth affected to pronounce it as three syllables, to which this spelling by Dr. Sheridan alludes. D. S.

* Dr. Swift's cookmaid. D. S.

so. We must all submit, both by piety and necessity. I am ever entirely yours. I send you two bottles of wine.*

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *Jan.* 14, 1734-5.

I AM assured, that your grace will have several representations of an affair relating to the university here, from some very considerable persons in this kingdom. However, I could not refuse the application made me by a very worthy person of that society, who was commissioned by some principal members of the body to desire my good offices to your grace; because they

* It was known by an accident, after Dr. Swift's memory failed, that he allowed an annuity of fifty-two pounds to Mrs. Dingley; but, instead of doing this with the pride of a benefactor, or gratifying his pride by making her feel her dependence, he always pretended that he acted as her agent, and that the money he paid her, was the produce of a certain sum which she had in the funds; and, the better to save appearances, he always took her receipt, and sometimes would pretend, with great seeming vexation, that she drew upon him before he had received her money from London. However, he was punctual in paying it quarterly. He used to write the receipt himself in the following form every quarter day, and sent it to be signed, by the messenger who carried the money:

"July 25th, 1737.

"Then received from Doctor Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, the sum of thirteen pounds sterling, in full for one quarter's rent of payments out of funds in England, by advance of what will be due to me at Michaelmas next, in this year 1737; the said Dean always paying me one quarter by advance. I say received by me,

"RE. DINGLEY."

Mrs. Dingley died, before her benefactor, in July 1743. N.

believed you thought me an honest man, and because I had the honour to be known to you from your early youth. The matter of their request related wholly to a dreadful apprehension they lie under, of Dr. [John] Whetcombe's endeavour to procure a dispensation for holding his fellowship along with that church preferment bestowed on him by your grace.* The person sent to me on this message gave me a written paper, containing the reasons why they hope your grace will not be prevailed upon to grant such a dispensation. I presume to send you an abstract of these reasons; because I may boldly assure your grace, that party or faction have not the least concern in the whole affair; and as to myself, it happens that I am an entire stranger to Dr. Whetcombe.

It is alleged, "That this preferment given to the doctor consists of a very large parish, worth near six hundred pounds a year, in a very fine country, thirty miles from Dublin; that it abounds very much with papists, and consequently a most important cure, requiring the rector's residence, beside some other assistant which, being so rich, it might well afford.

"That, as to such dispensations, they find in their college books but three or four instances since the revolution, and these in cases very different from the present: for those few livings which had dispensations to be held with a fellowship were sinecures of small value, not sufficient to induce a fellow to leave his college; and, in the body of those dispensations, is inserted a reason for granting them, that they were such livings as could be no hinderance in the discharge of a fellow's duty.

* He had a higher preferment Dec. 23 following, being raised to the united sees of Clonfert and Kilmarduagh. He was translated to the archbishoprick of Cashel, Aug. 25, 1752; and died in 1754. N.

"That dispensations are very hurtful to their society; because they put a stop to the succession of fellowships, and thereby give a check to that emulation, industry, and improvement in learning, which the hopes of gaining a fellowship will best incite young students with.

"That, if this dispensation should take place, it may prove a precedent for the like practice in future times; which will be very injurious to the society, by encouraging fellows to apply for dispensation when they have interest enough to get preferments, by which the senior fellows will be settled in the college for life; and thus, for want of a succession any other way than by death or marriage, all encouragement to young diligent students will be wholly lost.

"That a junior fellowship is of very small value, and to arrive at it requires good sense, as well as long and close study; to which young students are only encouraged by hopes of succeeding, in a reasonable time, to be one of the seven seniors; which hopes will be quite cut off, when those seniors are perpetuated by dispensations.

"That the fellows, at their admittance into their fellowships, take a solemn oath, never to accept of any church preferment above a certain value, and distance from Dublin, as long as they continue fellows: to which oath the accepting of a dispensation by Dr. Whetcombe is directly contrary, in both particulars of value and distance.

"That, at this time, there is a set of very hopeful young men, in long and close study, to stand for the first vacant fellowship, who will be altogether discouraged, and drop their endeavours in the pursuit of learning, by being disappointed in their hopes of Dr. Whet-

combe's leaving the college, and opening a way for one of them to succeed in a fellowship."

These, my lord, are the sum of the reasons brought me by a very worthy person, a fellow of that college, and recommended by some of the most deserving in that body; and I have shortened them as much as I could.

I shall only trouble your grace with one or two of my own remarks upon this subject.

The university, and in some sense, the whole kingdom, are full of acknowledgment for the honour your grace has done them, in trusting the care of one of your sons* to be educated in the college of Dublin, which hopes to be always in your grace's favour: and by your influence, while you govern here, as well as the credit you will always deserve at court, will ever desire to be protected in their rights.

Your grace will please to know, that a fellowship in this university differs much, in some very important circumstances, from most of those in either of the universities in England.

My Lord George will tell your grace, that a fellowship is here obtained with great difficulty, by the number of candidates, the strict examination in many branches of learning, and the regularity of life and manners. It is also disposed of with much solemnity: the examiners take an oath at the altar, to give their vote according to their consciences.

The university is patron of some church preferments, which are offered to the several fellows, downward to the lowest in holy orders.

* Lord George, his grace's third son. His lordship was under the tuition of Dr. Whetcombe and Mr. Molloy, the one a senior, the other a junior, fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. H.

I beg your grace to consider, that there being very little trade here, there is no encouragement for gentlemen to breed their sons to merchandize: that not many great employments, in church or law, fall to the share of persons born here: that the last resource of younger sons is to the church; where, if well befriended, they may chance to rise to some reasonable spiritual maintenance: although we do not want instances of some clergymen, well born, and of good reputation, who have been, and still are, curates for thirty years; which has been a great discouragement to others, who have no other means left to provide for their children.

Your grace will not want opportunities, while you continue in this government, and by your most deserved favour with his majesty, to make Dr. Whetcombe easier in his preferment, by some addition that no person or society can have the least pretence to complain of. And I humbly beg your grace, out of the high veneration I bear to your person and virtues, that you will please to let Dr. Whetcombe content himself for a while with that rich preferment (one of the best in the kingdom) until it shall lie in your way farther to promote him to his own content. If, upon his admittance to his fellowship, he took an oath never to accept a church living thus circumstantiated, and hold it with his fellowship, it will be thought hardly reconcileable to conscience, to receive a dispensation.

I humbly entreat your grace to forgive this long trouble I have given you; wherein I have no sort of interest, except that which proceeds from an earnest desire that your grace may continue, as you have begun from your youth, without incurring the least censure from the world, or giving the least cause of discontent to any deserving person.

I am, &c.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, *London, Jan.* 19, 1734-5.

My brother tells me you are so good to inquire after me, and to speak in a very kind manner of me, which as it gives me the greatest pleasure, so it raises in me the highest gratitude. I find I have a great advantage in being very inconsiderable; I dare believe people sincere when they profess themselves my friends; I consider I am not a wit, a beauty, nor a fortune; then why should I be flattered? I have but two or three qualities that I value myself upon, and those are so much out of fashion, that I make no parade of them: I am very sincere, I endeavour to be grateful, and I have just sense enough to discern superior merit, and to be delighted with the least approbation from it. My brother, some time ago, gave me hopes of receiving a letter from you, but he now tells me your ill state of health has made writing uneasy to you. I grieve much at my loss, but more at the occasion of it; and I write now only to return my best thanks for your good opinion and designs, not to solicit new favours, or give you the trouble of answering this. I hope next summer to be in Ireland, where I shall expect to receive your answer in person, when the sun, with its usual blessings shall give us this additional one of restoring you to that state of health, that all those who have the happiness of knowing you, either as a friend and companion, or lover of your country, must with the greatest earnestness desire. You will laugh perhaps, sir, at my saying I hope to see Ireland this year; indeed the generality of our country folks who spend a little time here, and get into any tolerable acquaintance, seem to forget they have any other country, till a knavish receiver, or their breaking

tenants, put them in mind of it; but I assure you I have so little of the fine lady in me, that I prefer a sociable evening in Dublin, to all the diversions of London, and the conversation of an ingenious friend, though in a black gown, to all the powdered toupet at St. James's. What has kept me seven years in London, is the duty I owe a very good mother, of giving her my company, since she desires it, and the conveniency I enjoy with her of a house, coach, and servants, at my command. I suppose, sir, you know that Mrs. Pendarves has been for some time at Gloucester: she has preferred a pious visit to a sick mother, in a dull country town, to London in its gayest dress; she tells me she designs next month to return to us; the only uneasiness I shall have in leaving London is the parting with so valuable and tender a friend; but as she promises me, that if I stay in Ireland she will make it another visit, I think, for the good of my country. I must leave her. But while I am indulging myself in telling you my thoughts and designs, I should consider I am perhaps making you a troublesome or unseasonable visit; if so, use me as all impertinent things should be used; take no notice of me: all I designed in writing to you, was to let you know the high sense I have of all your favours, and that I am, with the greatest gratitude and esteem, sir,

You most obliged obedient humble servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

I beg you will be so good as to give my best wishes and services to Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

FROM AN UNKNOWN GENTLEMAN.*

REV. SIR, *Jan.* 21, 1734-5.

THIS letter is not to return you country thanks for your royal bounty to the army of Parnassus. Every body knows that Lewis the 14th built and endowed the noblest foundation in the world for his invalids; we, in imitation, have our Greenwich, Chelsea, and Killmainham; and it was but fit that the king of poets should provide for his jingling subjects, that are so maimed and wounded in reputation, they have no other way of subsistence.† The occasion of this is as follows: This evening two learned gentlemen (for aught I know) laid a wager on the matter following, and referred it to you to decide, viz. Whether Homer or Tacitus deserves most praise on the following account: Homer makes Helen give a character of the men of gallantry and courage upon the wall; but, as if it were not a fine lady's province to describe wisdom in Ulysses, the hero of his second poem, he makes Antenor, the wisest of all Troy, interrupt her. The passage in Tacitus is as follows, viz. On this year died Junia, being the sixtieth after the Philippi battle, wife to Cassius, sister to Brutus, niece to Cato, the images of twenty houses were carried before her, &c. *Sed præfulgebant Brutus et Cassius, eo ipso, quod imagines eorum non visebantur.* These gentlemen beg they may not have apartments assigned them in your observatory.

Your most obedient humble servant,

T. L. P.

* This letter is indorsed, "whimsical, and little in it." D. S.

† The writer seems to allude to Swift's then designed hospital for idiots and lunatics. D. S.

Be pleased to direct to the Reverend Mr. Birch at Roserea.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

February 13, 1734-5.

You are a fine gentleman indeed, to teach his grace of Dorset such saucy words; and we have quarrelled so much about it, that I do not know but I shall oblige him to meet me behind Montague house.* He says it is some time ago that he *commanded* me to write to you, to assure you, he thought himself very much obliged to you for your letter, and that he takes it as a proof of your friendship and good will to him. So far I own is true; he did humbly beg the favour of me to write you this a great while ago; but I understood he had something else more to say, so delayed writing; and though I cannot but own I have seen him pretty often since, yet (at the times I could speak to him) my addle head constantly forgot to ask him what he had to say? So now he says he will do his own business, and write to you soon himself.

The countess† has quitted the court, because, after a long illness at Bath, she did not meet with a reception that she liked; though her mistress appeared excessively concerned, and expressed great uneasiness at parting with her; and my opinion is, that not only her master and mistress, but her very enemies, will have reason to repent the part they have acted by her.

Now I have answered all I can tell you, that you want to know, I bid my dear dean adieu.

* Where duels were then frequently fought. N.

† The countess of Suffolk. H.

FROM THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.*

SIR, *London, Feb.* 18, 1734-5.

To honour, and esteem, and admire you, is general to all that know or have heard of you; but to be pleased with your commands, and glad and diligent to obey them, is peculiar to your true friends, of which number I am very desirous to be reckoned. On receiving your letter by Mr. Skerret, I immediately undertook to do him the best service I could, and thought myself happy in having advanced his affair so far, as to get his petition to the house of lords read and agreed to, and a peremptory day agreed to for his being (as this day) heard *ex parte*, if the other party did not put in their answer before. I likewise got several lords to attend; but, on printing his case, our new lord chancellor† (who at present has a great sway in the house) found out, that the petition I had presented for Mr. Skerret had not fully explained matters to the house; because, upon comparing dates, the petition of appeal last year was presented late in the sessions; and that though there was then an order for the respondents to put in their answer in five weeks (the usual time for causes in Ireland) yet the parliament did not sit above a fortnight after; so that it was impossible for the respondent's answer to be put in by that time. That the parliament being dissolved, the respondents in Ireland might expect to have been served with a new order this session, which it did not appear was done: and that though in the courts below, if answers were not put in, they proceeded to hear causes *ex parte*; yet there was this difference, that there they always allowed a

* He had been ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the States General during the treaty for the peace of Utrecht. H.

† Talbot. H.

time for the defendant to have his cause re-heard; but in the house of lords our decrees are final, and it would be hard for any person, by surprise, to be absolutely cut out from making his defence. The whole house seeming to be of the same mind, they put off the cause for Thursday, five weeks; and ordered the respondents, in the mean time, to be served with an order to put in their answer; and if they did not answer by that time, the house would proceed absolutely to hear the cause *ex parte*. I must own to you, the chancellor proposed to put it off only for a month; and it was I alone desired it might be for five weeks, giving for a reason, that since the appellant was disappointed once, after having been at the expense of feeing his counsel, he might not be so a second time: and since his adversaries were ready to make all the chicane possible, they might not have the pretence for another, by saying, as the usual time was five weeks, and this order but for a month, they expected they were to be allowed the usual time; so I thought it was better giving them a week more, than leaving them any room for farther chicane. As I have not seen your friend Mr. Skerret since this order, I do not know how he takes it: but I was resolved to give you this account of what happened but a few hours ago, that you might be convinced of my diligence to gratify you in every thing you desire of, sir, your most sincere faithful humble servant.

As the house of commons were but yesterday on the practice of opening letters, you will not wonder, if I expect this to be opened.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

Deanery-House, Dublin, March 1, 1734-5.

MY VERY GOOD AND OLD FRIEND,

I RECEIVED lately a very acceptable present which you were pleased to send me, which was an engraved picture of you, very handsomely framed, with a glass over it. I take your remembrance of me very kindly, and give you my hearty thanks. I have no other way to show my gratitude at present, than by desiring another favour from you, which, however, will be less expensive. Mr. Singleton, the king's prime sergeant here, is one of the first among the worthiest persons in this kingdom; of great honour, justice, truth, good sense, good nature, and knowledge in his faculty: this gentleman, whom I have the honour to know, although his business be too great to allow me the happiness of seeing him as often as I desire, hath commanded me to recommend the bearer, Mr. Richardson, agent to the Derry Society, whereof you are a member. From such a recommendation as the prime sergeant's, I will engage that Mr. Richardson is a very deserving man, and that whatever he desires of you will be perfectly just and reasonable.

And now, my good friend, give me leave to inquire after your health, which I hope is much better than mine. Are you often in your coach at Highgate and Hampstead? Do you keep cheerful company? I know you cannot drink: but I hope your stomach for eating is not declined: and how are you treated by the gout? These and many more particulars I desire to know.

The people who read news have struck me to the heart, by the account of my dear friend Doctor Arbuthnot's death; although I could expect no less, by a letter

I received from him a month or two ago. Do you sometimes see Mr. Pope? We still correspond pretty constantly. He publishes poems oftener and better than ever, which I wonder at the more, because he complains, with too much reason, of his disorders. What a havock has death made among our friends since that of the queen? As to myself, I am grown leaner than you were when we parted last, and am never wholly free from giddiness and weakness, and sickness in my stomach, otherwise I should have been among you two or three years ago, but now I despair of that happiness. I ride a dozen miles as often as I can, and always walk the streets, except in the night, which my head will not suffer me to do. But my fortune is so sunk, that I cannot afford half the necessaries or conveniences that I can still make a shift to provide myself with here. My chief support is French wine, which, although not equal to yours, I drink a bottle to myself every day. I keep three horses, two men and an old woman in a large empty house, and dine half the week, like a king, by myself. Thus I tell you my whole economy, which I fear will tire you by reading. Pray God keep you in health and happiness; and do me the justice to believe that I am, with true esteem and friendship, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

You see by my many blottings and interlinings, what a condition my head is in.

FROM LORD CARTERET.

SIR, *Jermyn-street, March* 6, 1734-5.

I HAD the honour of your letter, and attended the cause yesterday, and the day before: it went for your friend upon the justest principle, and that unanimously. He did not only carry his cause before the house, but his future cause springing out of this, is mended by the decree. The chancellor said, the respondent had more reason to appeal than the appellant. Mr. Lindsay, who informed you right in all the matters you mentioned to me, will inform you, on perusing our decree, of the reason of the chancellor's expression. I have a partiality for Captain Rowley in every thing but judicature; and in that capacity, if Judge Lindsay and I sat together, I fancy by what I know of him, that we should seldom disagree.

I thank you for taking notice of the prosperous events that have happened to my family. If alliance and the thoughts of prosperity can bind a man to the interest of his country, I am certainly bound to stand by liberty: and when you see me forgetful of that, may you treat me like Traulus and Pistorides.* I am impatient for four volumes, said to be your works, for which my wife and I have subscribed; and we expected a dozen of copies from Mr. Tickell last packet.

I intend these works shall be the first foundation of the libraries of my three grandsons. In the mean time, they will be studied by my son and sons-in-law.

I desire you will condescend to make my compliments to Dr. Delany, for whom I have a most hearty

* Joshua, Lord Allen, a privy counsellor, and Richard Tighe, Esq. H.

esteem, though I know he thinks me not serious enough upon certain arduous points of antiquity.

Sir, that you may enjoy the continuance of all happiness, is my wish: as for futurity, I know your name will be remembered, when the names of kings, lords lieutenants, archbishops, and parliament politicians, will be forgotten; at last, you yourself must fall into oblivion, which may happen in less than a thousand years, though the term may be uncertain, and will depend on the progress that barbarity and ignorance may make, notwithstanding the sedulous endeavours to the contrary, of the great prelates in this and succeeding ages. My wife, my mother, my mother-in-law, my, &c. &c. &c. all join with me in good wishes to you; and, I hope, you will continue to believe, that I am, with the greatest respect, sir,

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

CARTERET.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.*

SIR, *Dublin, March* 8, 1734-5.

Mr. Stopford, going to England upon some particular affair, I gladly complied with his desire, that I should do myself the honour of writing to you, because, as useless as I am, and although I shall never have the happiness to see you, yet my ambition to have some small place in your memory, will live as long as myself.

I will do an unmannerly thing, which is, to bequeath you an epitaph for forty years hence, in two words, *Ulti-*

* This letter, and the next, were regularly communicated to the public by General Pulteney. N.

mus Britannorum. You never forsook your party. You might often have been as great as the court can make any man so; but you preserved your spirit of liberty, when your former colleagues had utterly sacrificed theirs; and if it shall ever begin to breathe in these days, it must entirely be owing to yourself and one or two friends. But it is altogether impossible for any nation to preserve its liberty long under a tenth part of the present luxury, infidelity, and a million of corruptions. We see the Gothic system of limited monarchy is extinguished in all the nations of Europe. It is utterly extirpated in this wretched kingdom, and yours must be the next. Such has ever been human nature, that a single man, without any superior advantages either of body or mind; but usually the direct contrary, is able to attack twenty millions, and drag them voluntarily at his chariot wheels. But no more of this. I am as sick of the world as I am of age and disease, the last of which I am never wholly without. I live in a nation of slaves, who sell themselves for nothing. My revenues, though half sunk, are sufficient to support me in some decency. And I have a few friends of great worth, who, when I visit them, or they me, agree together in discovering our utter detestation of all proceeding both here and there. *Hæc est vita solutorum misera ambitione gravique.* I am under the displeasure of the court for fixing up a true whig epitaph in my cathedral, over the burying place of old Schomberg, and for some other things of equal demerit or disaffection, wherewith I am charged; perhaps also for some verses laid to my charge, and published without my knowledge or consent; wherein you and another person are understood to be meant by initial letters.

I desire your pardon for the trouble I gave in recommending a gentleman to your protection, who has an ap-

peal before the house of lords; wherein I was prevailed on by an eminent person in the law, who, by a miracle, was raised to the bench in these very times, although he be a man of virtue and learning in a great degree. Dear sir, you have nothing to desire in this world but good health, good times, the prosperity of your family (wherein you have my constant prayers) and deserving friends. I have often said, that I never knew a more easy man to live with than yourself; and if you had only a poor forty thousand pounds a year, I would command you to settle one thousand of it on me to live in your next neighbourhood; but as for our friends at Twickenham and Dawley, I have told them plainly that they are both too speculative and temperate for me to accept their invitation, and infinitely too philosophical. The bearer, Mr. Stopford, has such infinite obligations to you for your favours to him, and is, in all respects, so very deserving a gentleman, that I am sure you never repented the good office you have done him at my recommendation. But he only attends you on perfect gratitude; for he knows very well you are what is now called a disaffected person. You are, in the modern sense, a friend to popery, arbitrary power, and the pretender; and therefore he has just politics enough not to trouble you with helping him by the hand to better preferment; and I pray God, while things continue as they are, that it may be never in your power to make a curate, or an exciseman.

You will hear, perhaps, that one Faulkner has printed four volumes, which are called my works; he has only prefixed the first letters of my name; it was done utterly against my will; for there is no property in printers or booksellers here, and I was not able to hinder it. I did imagine, that after my death, the several London booksellers would agree among themselves to

print what each of them had by common consent: but the man here has prevented it, much to my vexation, for I would as willingly have it done even in Scotland. All this has vexed me not a little, as done in so obscure a place. I have never yet looked into them, nor I believe ever shall. You will find Mr. Stopford the same modest, virtuous, learned man, that you last saw him; but with a few more years, and a great deal more flesh, beside the blessing of a wife and children. I desire to present my humble service to your's. I pray God bless and assist you in your glorious endeavours for the preservation of your country, and remain with the truest respect, Sir,

Your most obedient
and obliged humble servant,
JONATH. SWIFT.

You will see, by the many blunders in words, syllables, and letters, what a condition my giddy head is in.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, *London, March* 11, 1734-5.

I HAVE often desired our friend Pope, when he wrote to you, to allow me a corner of his letter, to assure you of my most humble service; but the little man never remembered it, and it was not worth troubling you with a letter of my own on so insignificant an occasion.

Your recommending Mr. Lorinan to me, gives me great pleasure and satisfaction, as it is an instance of your kind remembrance and friendship. I promise you, whoever at any time comes to me from you, shall be sure of meeting with the utmost of my endeavours to

serve them. I am glad I can acquaint you, Mr. Lorinan has all the success he could expect or wish for: his cause was a good one, and he had the honour of having it greatly attended. When it was over, he asked me (but in a very modest way) whether it was possible to get him made receiver of the new bishop of Derry's rents? I told him, I would try; I did so, found it would not succeed, and so dropped it immediately.

What do you say to the bustle made here to prevent the man* from being an English bishop, and afterward allowing him to be good christian enough for an Irish one? Sure the opposition, or the acquiescence, must have been most abominably scandalous. By what I can learn of Dr. Rundle's character, (for I am not in the least acquainted with him myself) he is far from being the great and learned man his friends would have the world believe him; and much farther yet, from the bad man his enemies represent him. Our right reverend brethren continue to dwell together in the strictest political unity; whether it be like the dew of Hermon upon the hill of Sion, or like the ointment that ran down into Aaron's beard, to the skirts of his clothing, I cannot say; but I am sure, it is a good joyful thing for the ministers to behold. This has enabled them to prevent any inquiry into the scandalous method of nominating, instead of electing the sixteen Scotch peers; and these, and they together, make a most dreadful body in that house. We are not quite so bad in ours; but I own to you, that I am heartily tired of struggling to no pur-

* Dr. Thomas Rundle was promoted to the rich see of Derry in Ireland, in February 1734-5, after being prevented from getting the see of Gloucester, in England, which had been intended for him in November, 1734. The dispute concerning his promotion to the see of Gloucester, was between the chancellor and the bishop of London: the chancellor was his friend, and the bishop his enemy. N.

pose against the corruption that does prevail, and I see, always will prevail there. Poor Arbuthnot, who grieved to see the wickedness of mankind, and was particularly ashamed of his own countrymen,* is dead. He lived the last six months in a bad state of health, and hoping every night would be his last; not that he endured any bodily pain, but as he was quite weary of the world, and tired with so much bad company.† What I have said of the doctor, may perhaps deter you from coming among us; but if you had any thoughts of visiting England this summer, I can assure you of some friends, who wish to live with you, and know how to value and esteem you: among them, there is none that does so more sincerely than, dear sir, your most obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PULTENEY.

Mrs. Pulteney is very much your humble servant, and joins in inviting you here next summer.

* He was a native of Scotland.

† This, admitting the fact, is very remarkable of a man of Arbuthnot's turn; a man of humour, whose mind seemed to be always pregnant with comic ideas, and turned chiefly, if not only, to that which is ridiculous, even in vice itself. That to such a man, to whose fancy almost every character, and every event, furnished a comedy, death should be welcome because life was insipid, is a melancholy and striking proof, that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful;" or, that those who are best qualified to make others merry, are not always merry themselves; that their mirth is but an effusion of hilarity that overflows their own breasts, but often the mere effect of a painful effort, exerted chiefly for the gratification of vanity, the sad concomitant of vexation of spirit. See Dr. Arbuthnot's own account of himself, which seems not perfectly to agree with what is here said of him, in a letter dated October 4, 1734. H.

TO WILLIAM FITZHERBERT, ESQ.

SIR, *March* 19, 1734-5.

I HAD, some days ago, a very long letter from a young gentleman whom I never saw; but, by the name subscribed, I found it came from a younger son of yours, I suppose your second. He lays before me, in a very particular manner, the forlorn condition he is in, by the severities of you and your lady, his mother. He freely owns his boyish follies, when he was first brought up to town, at fourteen years old; but he appeals to Dr. Sheridan for the improvement he made in the doctor's school, and to his tutor for his behaviour in the college, where he took his degree with particular credit, being made one of the moderators of his class; by which it appears that he passed for one of the four best scholars in it. His letter contains four large pages in folio, and written in a very small hand; where he gives a history of his life, from the age of fourteen to the present time. It is written with so much spirit, nature, and good sense, as well as appearance of truth, that having first razed out the writer's name, I have shown it to several gentlemen, my friends, of great worth, learning, and taste; who all agree in my opinion of the letter, and think it a pity that so hopeful a youth should not have proper encouragement, unless he has some very disagreeable faults, whereof they and I are ignorant. When I had written thus far, Dr. Sheridan came to see me; I read your son's letter to him, and he was equally pleased with it, and justified the progress the young man had made in his school. I went this evening to visit a lady, who has a very great esteem and friendship for you and Mrs. * * * * *: she told me: "That the young man's great fault was, too much pertness and conceit of himself,

which he often showed in your house, and even among company;" which, I own, is a very bad quality in any young man, and is not easily cured: yet, I think, if I had a son, who had understanding, wit, and humour, to write such a letter, I could not find in my heart to cast him off, but try what good advice and maturer years would do toward amendment; and in the mean time, give him no cause to complain of wanting convenient food, lodging, and raiment. He lays the whole weight of his letter to me upon the truth of the facts, and is contented to stand or fall by them. If he be a liar, he is into the bargain an unpardonable fool; and his good natural, as well as acquired parts, shall be an aggravation to me, to render him more odious. I hear he is turned of one-and-twenty years; and what he alleges seems to be true, that he is not yet put into any way of living, either by law, physic, or divinity; although in his letter, he pretends to have studied the first, on your promise to send him to the Temple; but, your mind altering, and you rather choosing to send him to Leyden, he applied himself to study physic, and made some progress in it: but, for many months, he has heard nothing more from you; so that now he is in utter despair, loaden with the hatred of both his parents, and lodges in a garret in William-street, with only the liberty to dine at your house, and no farther care taken of him.

Sir, although I have seldom been in your company, it is many years since I had the honour of being known to you; and I always thought, as well as heard, that you were a gentleman of great honour, truth, knowledge, modesty, good nature, and candour. As to your lady, I never saw her but once, and then but for a few minutes: she has the character of being a very polite and accomplished person: and, therefore, very probably, her son's rough, overweening, forward behaviour, among compa-

ny with her, without that due deference which only can recommend youth, may be very disgustful to her. Your son desires me, in his letter, to apply to some friends who have most credit with you, that you will please to put him into some way of life; and he wishes that those friends would be so generous to join in contributing some allowance to support him at Leyden. I think, it would have been well if he had been sent to sea in the proper time, or had now a commission in the army. Yet, if he were the original writer of that letter sent to me under his name, I confess myself so very partial, as to be extremely sorry if he should not deserve and acquire the favour of you and your lady: in which case, any parents might be forgiven for being proud of such a son. I have no acquaintance with his tutor, Dr. King; but, if I can learn from those who have, I shall be glad to hear that he confirms the character of the young man's good parts and learning, as Dr. Sheridan has done.

I entreat your pardon for this long letter, and for offering to interfere in a domestic point, where I have no information but from one side: but I can faithfully assure you, that my regard is altogether for the service and ease of you and your lady, and family. I have always thought that a happy genius is seldom without some bent toward virtue, and therefore deserves some indulgence. Most of the great villains I have known (which were not a small number) have been brutes in their understandings, as well as their actions.

But I have already run out my paper, as well as your patience. I shall therefore conclude with the sincere profession of being, with great esteem and truth, sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, *London, April* 4, 1735.

I THINK you know me sufficiently not to doubt of a letter any way coming from you being acceptable; therefore any omission but that cannot fail of an excuse from me, whose friendship is pleasingly gratified by the honour of having it returned from one of your distinguished talents and merit, whose life I wish to preserve, but wish more to make it agreeable to you by the full enjoyment of health, friends, fortune, and situation; my next desire should be, that I had a power to contribute to your attainment of any of these comforts.

Your kind inquiries in relation to myself, only justify taking up your time with so insignificant a subject, which I shall be particular upon merely in obedience to your commands.

I have no obligations to the court, nor am likely to have any; I have to my Lord Shelburne,* whose house in London is my settled habitation; though I am afraid two years will put an end to my good fortune, the lease of the house, which is an old one, being then expired: and so perhaps may be that of my life, which I have been long tired of. Added to my Lord Shelburne's favours, I have great and many, more than I can express here, to the duchess of Buckingham, whose table is my constant one, and her coach oftener mine than I ask for it; beside fetching me every day, and bringing me home, makes me share in public amusements without expense; and in summer the variety of change of air, which her

* Henry Petty, earl of Shelburne, and viscount Dunkerrin; so created in 1718; he died April 17, 1751; when the title became extinct, till revived in 1753, in the person of his nephew John; of whom see hereafter, p. 159. N.

station empowers her to take, and more her inclination to impart to her friends the benefit of, who cannot fail of being so to her, if they have merit enough to be capable of being obliged by the most agreeable sincere manner to engage approbation and gratitude: then I hope you think I have enough to do justice, both in my thoughts and actions, to one so worthy of it.

I am, sir, your sincerely obliged and
affectionate humble servant,
H. PRATT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

April 5, 1735.

PART the first, you order me to give up my secretaryship; and part the second, called postscript, you employed me about Dr. Sheridan's exchange, when the letters for it must have been at Dublin long before yours came away. I was just thinking, that you was a little upon the dear joy;* but to be sure, you were in the right, for what signified my secretaryship when I had no business?

The countess of Suffolk did not give up the first employment at court, for she had no other than mistress of the robes, being 400*l.* a year, which the duchess of Dorset had quitted to her, there being no lady of the bedchamber's place vacant, and it not being quite proper for a countess to continue bedchamber woman. As to her part about Gay, that I cleared to you long ago; for, to my certain knowledge, no woman was ever a better friend than she by many ways proved herself to him.

* An Irish expression. S.

are formed by her example, so that it is impossible to place them where they will have a better opportunity of learning what may be hereafter of real advantage to them. Dear sir, I shall impatiently wait your advice: for my affairs here require a longer attendance than I expected. You will be so good as to let me know from Mr. Lingen* whether the duke of Dorset's letter be come in answer to the lords justices, that I may hurry to Dublin; for people are here impatient at having their children so long idle. I am apt to believe that if you put this matter in what light you think proper to the lord chancellor, he will not insist upon a punctilio, which may prove a great loss to me. The bishop of Killmore can produce a letter I think sufficient to justify their excellencies the lords justices in granting us patents.

I wish you long health and happiness, and shall, dear sir, ever have a grateful sense of your friendship, and be, with all respect,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.†

DEAR SIR, *Cashell, April* 7, 1735.

I SUPPOSE by this time you have been informed, that Mr. Dunkin‡ was ordained here last Thursday, and that

* One of the secretaries to the lords justices. D. S.

† Dr. Theophilus Bolton. He was rector of St. Werburgh's, and chancellor of the cathedral of St. Patrick's; bishop of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Cashell, Jan. 6, 1729, and died in 1744. N.

‡ The Reverend Mr. Dunkin, author of several poetical pieces that have been well received. See Vol. XI. N.

your recommendations got the better of my prejudices to his unhappy genius; which, I hope, will, in some degree convince you, that your power over me is not yet quite worn out.

It is one of the greatest evils that attends those whom fortune has forsaken, that their friends forsake them too: and let me tell you, that your not seeing me the whole winter I was last in Dublin, was not a less mortification to me, than all the hard sayings of the great parliament orators. However, I must own your taking any occasion to write to me at all, has made some amends; for though you seem designedly to cover it, I think I perceive some little marks of that former kindness, which I once pleased myself to have had a share in with your lawyer friends. When I conversed with politicians, I learned, that it was not prudent to seem fond of what one most desires: for which reason, I would not tell you, that if this accident of your poetical friend should open a way to our frequent meeting together again, and being put upon the old foot, as when I was your subject at St. Patrick's, I should think myself the happiest man in the world; but this I will say, that if it falls out so, this last heavy period of my life will be much more tolerable than it is at present.

I am now wholly employed in digging up rocks, and making the way easier to the church; which if I can succeed in, I design to repair a very venerable old fabric, that was built here in the time of our ignorant (as we are pleased to call them) ancestors. I wish this age had a little of their piety, though we gave up, instead of it, some of our immense erudition. What if you spent a fortnight here this summer? I have laid aside all my country politics, sheriffs' elections, feasts, &c. And I fancy, it would not be disagreeable to you, to see King Cormack's chapel, his bedchamber, &c. all built, be-

yond controversy, above eight hundred years ago, when he was king, as well as archbishop. I really intend to lay out a thousand pounds to preserve this old church; and I am sure, you would be of service to posterity, if you assisted me in the doing of it; at least, if you approved the design, you would give the greatest pleasure, I assure you, to

Your most affectionate and
Faithful humble servant,
THEO. CASHELL.

TO MR. THOMAS BEACH,*

Merchant in Wrexham, Denbighshire; to be left at the Customhouse Warehouse in Chester, and given to Stephen Lovel, Esq. collector of the customs in Chester.

SIR, *Dublin, April* 12, 1735.

After the fate of all Poets, you are no favourite of Fortune; for your letter of March 31 did not come to my hands ill two days after Sir William Fownes's death; who, having been long afflicted with the stone

* Mr. Thomas Beach, the person to whom this letter is addressed, was a wine merchant at Wrexham, in Denbighshire. He was a man of learning, of great humanity, of an easy fortune, and was much respected. He published in April, 1737, in 4to. "Eugenio, or a Virtuous and Happy Life," and is inscribed to Mr. Pope; the poem to which in this letter the dean alludes. It was by no means destitute of poetical merit. He is said by some to have entertained very blameable notions in religion; but this appears rather to be conjecture than a well established fact. It is certain he was at times grievously afflicted with a very terrible disorder in his head, to which his friends ascribed his melancholy catastrophe. On the 17th of May, 1737, soon after the publication of his poem, he cut his throat with such shocking resolution, that it was reported his head was almost severed from his body. N.

and other disorders, beside great old age, died about nine days ago. If he had recovered, I should have certainly waited on him with your poem, and recommended it and the author very heartily to his favour. I have seen fewer good panegyricks than any other sort of writing, especially in verse, and therefore I much approve the method you have taken; I mean, that of describing a person who possesseth every virtue, and rather waving that Sir William Fownes was in your thoughts, than that your picture was like in every part. He had indeed a very good natural understanding, nor wanted a talent for poetry; but his education denied him learning, for he knew no other language except his own; yet he was a man of taste and humour, as well as a wise and useful citizen, as appeared by some little treatise for regulating the government of this city; and I often wished his advice had been taken. I read your poem several times, and showed it to three or four judicious friends, who all approved it, but agreed with me, that it wanted some corrections.* Upon which I took a number of lines, which are in all 299, the odd number being occasioned by what they call a triplet, which was a vicious way of rhyming, wherewith Dryden abounded, and was imitated by all the bad versifiers in Charles the Second's reign. Dryden, though my near relation,†

* From a perusal of the printed poem, we find that Mr. Beach adopted every one of the dean's hints and corrections. Even the triplet is discarded, and the poem now consists of three hundred lines. N.

† "It is not easy to ascertain the exact degree of relationship between Dryden and Swift. He is said by his kinsman, Deane Swift, and by Hawkesworth after him, to have been our author's second cousin, the grandson of Elisabeth, one of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden; but this could not be the case, for that lady was married to Sir Richard Philips, Bart. The wife, therefore, of Thomas Swift, being acknowledged to have been Elizabeth Dryden, must be sought for in some other branch of the Dryden family. From Mer-

is one I have often blamed as well as pitied. He was poor, and in great haste to finish his plays, because by them he chiefly supported his family, and this made him so very uncorrect; he likewise brought in the Alexandrine verse at the end of his triplets. I was so angry at these corruptions, that about twenty-four years ago I banished them all by one triplet, with the Alexandrine, upon a very ridiculous subject.* I absolutely did prevail with Mr. Pope, and Gay, and Dr. Young, and one or two more, to reject them. Mr. Pope never used them till he translated Homer, which was too long a work to be so very exact in: and I think in one or two of his last poems he has, out of laziness, done the same thing, though very seldom. I now proceed to what I would have corrected in your poem. Line 6, for *han't*, read *want;* I abhor those *han'ts* and *won'ts*, &c. &c. they are detestable in verse as well as prose. L. 46, for *whilst*,

curius Rusticus, p. 75, it appears, that in October, 1642, she had, beside ten children who supplicated her plunderers for bread, an *infant* in the cradle, and afterward she had three more children; so that she probably was younger than any of the daughters of Sir Erasmus Driden, all of whom, I believe, were born before the year 1600. On her husband's living being sequestered, the profits of it were consigned to *Jonathan Dryden*, minister, who was probably her brother; and they were the children of a brother of Sir Erasmus Driden; he had five brothers. If I am right in this conjecture, the Dean of St. Patrick's *father* and our author were only second cousins. Swift's grandfather, Thomas, had ten sons, of which the fifth, Jonathan (the Dean's father,) was probably named from Jonathan Dryden above mentioned, who was, I believe, his uncle. Another of the sons (who as well as Jonathan was an attorney) was called *Driden* Swift, in honour of his mother; a circumstance which confirms the tradition concerning the relationship between these two celebrated men. Swift, in one of his letters, calls Dryden his *near* relation; but in the last age a greater account was made of consanguinity than at present. A second or third cousin was then considered as a near relation." *Malone's Life of Dryden.* N.

* See the concluding lines of the Description of a City Shower. N.

put *while*. L. 83, *derives*, I doubt, there is no verb deponent, but always active. L. 100, "If *Noll* usurps, or *James*;" *Noll* is too much a cant word for a grave poem; and as to *James*, he was a weak bigoted papist, desirous, like all kings, of absolute power, but not properly a tyrant. P. 109. *And midst* harsh and rough, the elision unluckily placed. L. 115, 116. I cannot suffer an ill rhyme, such as *seen* and *scene*; (I *forgot* the triplet in L. 108, which I wish were clipped of one of its three wings;) and L. 110, *to Glory*, I wish it were *in Glory*. L. 118. *Does*. This word should be avoided, as a mere expletive. L. 155. *Does*. The same fault. L. 161. *The Ingrate*. This verse is not right measure, but sounds very ill. L. 201. *Cheerful*, &c. This verse wants a verb, as *are*, or some other. 204. *Does*. L. 217, for *pervade* it should be *pervades*. L. 218, *and* grows, Quere, is not *or* more proper? L. 278, Cuzzoni *fam'd*. This is an expletive, not a proper epithet. L. 289. *That* dares. The word *that*, as it is placed, spoils the whole line, and is not proper, for the right word should be *who*. L. 294. *Reascend*. I know not the reason for this word. Why not rather *ascend*? I slipped, L. 290, *Than*, I suppose you only meant *then*. You will do right to read over your poem carefully, and observe where there be any more oversights of the same kind with those I have noted, and to be corrected; which you can do better than any other person. A friend can only see what is amiss, but the writer can mend it more easily. All you desire in relation to Sir William Fownes is at an end by his death; otherwise I should gladly have performed it in the best and most effectual manner I was able. As to the publishing it here, I utterly differ from you. No printer in this beggarly town, and enslaved starving kingdom, would print it without being paid his full charge of his labour, nor

would be able to sell two dozen unless he could afford it for a penny. I would rather advise you to have it published in London by Motte or Lintot, or any other bookseller there who deals in poetry. It would bear a shilling price; but as I presume you are not much known as a poet in that great city, you should get some person of consequence to recommend it.

As to what things are printed here on supposition they were mine, the thing was done directly against my inclinations, out of the disdain I had of their being published in so obscure and wretched a country. But I would have been well enough satisfied if the booksellers in London could have agreed among themselves to print them there; and I believe they now repent they did not, because every printer there hath a property in their copy; and what things are supposed to be mine belonged to several booksellers, who might have shared equally, according to what copies they held. I have been called away till evening: however, my paper could afford me but little more room if I had staid. I am, with true esteem, sir,

Your most humble servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

FROM ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR SIR, *Queen Square, April* 22, 1735.

It was with great pleasure I had the favour of your most obliging letter by the hands of Mr. Richardson, agent to the Irish society; for as I am always proud to receive your commands, he may depend upon any service I can d. him that is in my power: when I say this, I make you no great compliment; for as that gentleman's

merit has raised him to the post he now enjoys under the society, it is hardly to be doubted but that his integrity and good conduct for the future, will easily preserve his interest in that body.

I am very sorry to hear that your old complaints from your head continue; and the more so, because they have deprived your friends here of the great pleasure and satisfaction of seeing you among them, which is a sensible mortification to them indeed; but I am very much pleased with the account you give of your way of living, because I am a living instance, how the economy you are under must necessarily preserve your life many years. I have the gout sometimes, the asthma very much, and of late frequent pains in my bowels; and yet, by keeping in a constant regular way, I battle them all, and am in much better health than I was twelve years ago, when four top physicians pronounced me a dead man, and sent me abr ad to die. I ride when I can, but not in winter; for the fogs and mists, and cold weather, murder me. I drink a pint of claret at dinner (none at night) and have a good stomach, with a bad digestion: but I have good spirits, and am cheerful, I thank God.

I beg pardon for entertaining you so long with my infirmities, which I would humbly apply, that if my being regular, with so many distempers, preserves me to almost a miracle, what must the same method produce in you?

About ten days ago I saw Mr. Pope, who is very well: so is the lord of Dawley.*

It is a melancholy reflection you make, how many friends you have lost since good Queen Anne's time. Many indeed! for there are very few left. The loss of

* Bolingbroke. D. S.

a friend is the loss of a limb, not to be restored. Poor Lady Masham among the rest. Our friend the doctor* I am afraid did not take the care he ought to have done. I am told he was a great epicure, and denied himself nothing. Possibly he might think the play not worth the candle. You may remember Dr. Garth said he was glad when he was dying; for he was weary of having his shoes pulled off and on. As for my part, I am resolved to make the remains of my life as easy as I can, and submit myself entirely to the will of God.

You will give me leave, sir, just to congratulate you on your public spirit (and for which all mankind applaud you) in erecting an hospital for the unhappy. It is truly worthy of your great soul, and for which the present and the future age must honour and revere your memory! I dare say no more on this head for fear of offending.

That God Almighty would please to restore your health, and preserve you many years for the good of mankind, is the hearty prayer of, sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

JOHN BARBER.

My service to Dr. Delany.

FROM MRS. PRATT.

SIR, *London, April* 22, 1735.

I WROTE in such haste that I forgot to make my Lady Savile's acknowledgments, which before she left this, she engaged me to do in a particular manner from her, by assuring you that she is your obliged humble servant, and wishes you all happiness, as many more do among

* Arbuthnot. D. S.

your friends here. Her number of children is three, two girls and a boy; who, thank God, seem promising.

My Lord Shelburne, who is just come to town for two or three days, desires his sincere compliments to you, invites you next June to an empty town house, and wishes that accommodation of removing you from the inconveniencies of a lodging, may tempt you to a change of air, and to come among your friends. I wish I could tempt you to come hither, as I long to have the pleasure of assuring you in person, how sincerely I am, sir,

Your ever obliged and
Most faithful humble servant,
H. PRATT.

FROM WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, *London, April* 29, 1735.

I AM obliged to you for your letter by Dr. Stopford; to which I am sorry I can so soon, by him, return you an answer. I have scarce had any opportunity of seeing him. One day, believing we should have had no business in parliament, I desired him to dine with me; but unluckily a debate arose, which kept us till nine at night before we sat down to dinner. We have had a very fatiguing session, more from the severe attendance on elections, than any other public business. The ministers have been defeated in their expectation of weeding the house; and upon the whole, we stand stronger in numbers than we did at first setting out.

I have sent you the copy of a bill, now depending in our house, "for the encouragement of learning," as the title bears: but I think it is rather of advantage to

booksellers than authors. Whether it will pass or not this session, I cannot say; but if it should not, I should be glad of your thoughts upon it against another session. It seems to me to be extremely imperfect at present. I hope you have many more writings to oblige the world with, than those which have been so scandalously stolen from you. And when a bill of this nature passes in England (as I hope it will next year) you may then secure the property to any friend, or any charitable use you think fit.

I thank you for the many kind expressions of friendship in your letter. If my public conduct has recommended me to your esteem, I am extremely proud of the reward, and value it more than those do, who attain foolish ribands, or foolish titles, *vilia servitutis præmia.** Pray therefore continue me your friendship, and believe me, with the greatest sincerity and regard, dear sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

W. PULTENEY.

Lord Bolingbroke is going to France with Lord Berkeley; but, I believe, will return again in a few months.

I will take a proper opportunity of recommending Dr. Stopford to the duke of Dorset; but I think it is not yet quite certain, that he will continue lord lieutenant: I mean, that if he perceives that he is to be turned out soon after his return from Ireland, possibly he may desire not to go.

* This was before he attained the title of earl of Bath. D. S.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, *May* 5, 1735.

I FIND your ladyship seems not very much pleased with your office of secretary; which, however, you must be obliged to hold during the duke's government, if I happen to outlive it, which for your comfort, considering my health, is not very likely. I have not been a troublesome petitioner to his grace, and intend to be less; and, as I have always done, will principally consider my lord duke's honour. I have very few friends in want. I have kindred enough, but not a grain of merit among them, except one female, who is the only cousin I suffer to see me. When I had credit for some years at court, I provided for above fifty people in both kingdoms, of which, not one was a relation. I have neither followers, nor fosterers, nor dependers; so that if I lived now among the great, they might be sure I would never be a solicitor, out of any regard but merit and virtue; and in that case, I would reckon I was doing them the best service in my power: and if they were good for any thing, I would expect their thanks; for they want nothing so much as an honest judicious recommender, which in perfect modesty, I take myself to be. Dr. Sheridan is gone to his school in the country, and was only delayed so long on account of some very unnecessary forms, contrived by his grace's most cautious deputies.

My letter is but just begun; the larger half remains:* and your ladyship is to make a fresh use of your secretary's employment. The countess of Kerry, my long friend and mistress, commanded me to attend her yester-

* This is ludicrously said, as being a common blundering expression of the Irish. S.

day: she told me, that Mr. Deering, late deputy clerk of the council, being dead, she had thoughts of soliciting the same office for her younger son, Mr. John Fitzmaurice. Her eldest son, Lord Fitzmaurice, has for some years been plagued with a wife and no wife.* The case has been tried in both kingdoms, and he stands excommunicated and forced to live abroad, which is a very great misfortune to the earl of Kerry and his lady; and they have nothing left to comfort them but their younger son, who has lately married very honestly and indisputably. He is a young gentleman of great regularity, very well educated, but has no employment; therefore, his parents would be very desirous he should have one, and this, of deputy clerk of the council here, would be a very proper introduction to business. It is understood here, that the purchase of the deputy clerk's office is the usual perquisite of the chief clerk, with the consent of the chief governor; with which, my Lord and Lady Kerry would very readily and thankfully fall in. And as the earl of Kerry's is one of the most ancient and noble families of the kingdom, his younger, and only son of which he has any hopes, might well pretend to succeed in so small an office, upon an equal foot with any other person. I own this proposal of mine is more suitable to the corruption of the times, than to my own speculative notions of virtue; but I must give some allowance to the degeneracy of

* When the woman who claimed a marriage with this young nobleman died, he married Lady Gertrude Lambert, eldest daughter to Richard, earl of Cavan, June 29, 1738, by whom he had the present earl of Kerry. The Honourable John Fitzmaurice, here recommended by Dr. Swift for small employments, afterward succeeded his uncle, Henry, earl of Shelburne, in an immense estate, both real and personal, in England and Ireland; took the name of Petty; and was created earl of Shelburne, in Ireland, in 1753; and Baron Wycombe in England, May 20, 1760. He died in May, 1761. The present marquis of Lansdowne is his son. See before, p. 144. N.

mankind, and the passion I have to my Lady Kerry, &c.

D. never writes to me. No man alive can convince Talalderahla; and when we come next, it is the same thing with Berby and Barnard. Plurality of dinhers and dignities he has; and so Mandragoras confirms it to all members in an episode of sage and brandy.

FROM MRS. DONNELLAN.

SIR, *May* 10, 1735.

I SHOULD before this have returned you thanks for the favour of your letter, but that I feared too quick a correspondence might be troublesome to you. When I receive a very great honour and favour, I think it ungenerous immediately to sue for another, though I have the highest sense of the obligation.

You say you want me to assert your right over our sex; and your letter is so powerful a bribe, that I fear I shall give them up to you, though I am a great asserter of their rights and privileges. As to the employments you assign me, I readily undertake them all, though I know myself very unfit for some of them; but I have such high examples on my side, that I am not at all ashamed of pretending to more than I can do. I think I can be a very good nurse; you shall teach me to be your companion; and, for a housekeeper, I will assure you I know to a farthing the lowest price of every thing, though I am ever so ignorant of the matter.

Mrs. Pendarves has, as you say, forsaken us: by my Lord Lansdown's death, her brother Mr. Granville is become possessed of eight hundred pound a year, and twenty thousand pound in money; which was so settled

that my Lord Lansdown could not touch it. Mr. Granville is a man of great worth, and a very kind brother, and has it now in his power to provide for their sister, Miss Granville, whom Mrs. Pendarves is extremely fond of: this you may imagine has been a cordial to her for Lord Lansdown's death, though she had a great regard for him. I tell her when she has married and settled her brother and sister, if she does not settle herself, she must think of her friends in Ireland; and she promises me she will.

It is so much my interest, sir, to believe you sincere, that I will not doubt it: I will rather think you want judgment (which is very hard for me to do) or why should not I (which is still more pleasing) believe I have really those good qualities you ascribe to me? It will only make me vain; and who can be humble when praised by you?

I think your indignation against our absenters very just, though some of my family suffer by it; but we are resolved to be no longer of the number, and propose leaving London this month. Poor Mrs. Barber has been confined with the gout these three months; and I fear we shall leave her so: her poems are generally greatly liked: there are, indeed, a few severe critics (who think that judgment is only shown in finding faults) that say they are not poetic; and a few fine ladies, who are not commended in them, that complain they are dull.

I am very sorry Dr. Delany has given up his house in Dublin; for one cannot, as often as one may wish it, command time and a coach to visit him at Delville. I hope though to be admitted into the new apartment, and to have the happiness of meeting you there.

My brother is highly honoured in the character you give him, which, though he is my brother, I must say I think a very just one: he will deliver you this letter,

and with it my best thanks for all your favours; being, sir, with the highest gratitude,

Your most obliged obedient servant,

H. DONNELLAN.

My best respects attend Dr. Delany and Dr. Helsham.

TO MR. POPE.

May 12, 1735.

Your letter was sent me yesterday by Mr. Stopford, who landed the same day, but I have not seen him. As to my silence, God knows it is my great misfortune. My little domestic affairs are in great confusion by the villany of agents, and the miseries of this kingdom, where there is no money to be had: nor am I unconcerned to see all things tending toward absolute power, in both nations* (it is here in perfection already) although I shall not live to see it established. This condition of things, both public and personal to myself, has given me such a kind of despondency, that I am almost unqualified for any company, diversion, or amusement. The death of Mr. Gay and the doctor, have been terrible wounds near my heart. Their living would have been a great comfort to me, although I should never have seen them; like a sum of money in a bank from which I should receive at least annual interest, as I do from you, and have done from my Lord Bolingbroke. To show in how much ignorance I live, it is hardly a

* The dean was frequently troubled, as he tells us, with a *giddiness* in his head. Warburton.—But all who held this language were not *giddy*. The editor might have read the preface to Hammond's Elegies, written by his patron Lord Chesterfield. Dr. Warton.

fortnight since I heard of the death of my Lady Masham, my constant friend in all changes of times. God forbid that I should expect you to make a voyage that would in the least affect your health: but in the mean time how unhappy am I, that my best friend should have perhaps the only kind of disorder, for which a sea voyage is not in some degree a remedy. The old duke of Ormond said, he would not change his dead son (Ossory) for the best living son in Europe. Neither would I change you, my absent friend, for the best present friend round the globe.

I have lately read a book imputed to Lord Bolingbroke, called "A Dissertation upon Parties."* I think it very masterly written.

Pray God reward you for your kind prayers: I believe your prayers will do me more good than those of all the prelates in both kingdoms, or any prelates in Europe, except the bishop of Marseilles. And God preserve you for contributing more to mend the world, than the whole pack of (modern) parsons in a lump.

I am ever entirely yours.

* The best, perhaps, of all Bolingbroke's works; written with great force of reasoning, and in a style equally spirited and elegant. One of the severest attacks ever made on Sir Robert Walpole, was the dedication prefixed to this dissertation, when the papers that had been first separately printed in the Craftsman were collected into one volume, octavo. After the many things that have been said for and against his long ministry, his want of skill and knowledge in conducting foreign affairs was most frequently repeated. In a letter written in 1776, the King of Prussia affirms expressly, that Walpole used to say, "I leave Europe to my brother, and reserve only England to myself." Dr. Warton.

TO WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

SIR, *Dublin, May* 12, 1735.

MR. STOPFORD landed yesterday, and sent me the letter which you were pleased to honour me with. I have not yet seen him, for he called when I was not at home. The reason why I ventured to recommend him to your protection, was your being his old patron, to whom he is obliged for all the preferment he got in the church. He is one of the most deserving gentlemen in the country, and has a tolerable provision, much more than persons of so much merit can in these times pretend to, in either kingdom. I love the duke of Dorset very well, having known him from his youth, and he has treated me with great civility since he came into this government. It is true, his original principles, as well as his instructions from your side the water, make him act the usual part in managing this nation, for which he must be excused: yet I wish he would a little more consider, that people here might have some small share in employments civil and ecclesiastic, wherein my Lord Carteret acted a more popular part. The folks here, whom they call a parliament, will imitate yours in every thing, after the same manner as a monkey does a human creature. If my health were not so bad, although my years be many, I fear I might outlive liberty in England. It has continued longer than in any other monarchy, and must end as all others have done which were established by the Goths, and is now falling in the same manner that the rest have done. It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power; it is as proper an object to their appetites, as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune,

can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it; the court will restore what their luxury has destroyed; I have nothing to object. But, let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the country side? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can ever be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman Emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

I believe in my conscience that you have some mercenary end in all your endeavours to preserve the liberty of your country at the expense of your quiet, and of making all the villains in England your enemies. For you stand almost alone, and therefore are sure, if you succeed, to engross the whole glory of recovering a desperate constitution, given over by all its other physicians. May God work a miracle, by changing the hearts of an abandoned people, whose hearts are waxen gross, whose ears are dull of hearing, and whose eyes

have been closed; and may he continue you as his chief instrument, by whom this miracle is to be wrought.

I send this letter in a packet to Mr. Pope, and by a private hand. I pray God protect you against all your enemies; I mean those of your country; for you can have no other; and as you will never be weary of well doing, so may God give you long life and health the better to support you.

You are pleased to mention some volumes of what are called my works. I have looked on them very little. It is a great mortification to me, although I should not have been dissatisfied if such a thing had been done in England by booksellers agreeing among themselves. I never got a farthing by any thing I writ, except once about eight years ago, and that was by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me. Here the printers and booksellers have no property in their copies. The printer* applied to my friends, and got many things from England. The man was civil and humble, but I had no dealings with him, and therefore he consulted some friends, who were readier to direct him than I desired they should. I saw one poem on you and a great minister, and was not sorry to find it there.

I fear you are tired; I cannot help it; nor could avoid the convenience of writing, when I might be in no danger of post-officers. I am, sir, with the truest respect and esteem,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant,
J. SWIFT.

I desire to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Pulteney.

* Mr. George Faulkner. N.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *May* 16, 1735.

You have never yet put it in my power to accuse you of want of civility; for since my acquaintance with you, you have always paid me more than I expected: but I may sometimes tax you with want of kindness; which, to tell you the truth, I did for a month at least. At last I was informed your not writing to me was occasioned by your ill state of health; that changed my discontent, but did not lessen it; and I have not yet quite determined it in my mind, whether I would have you sick or negligent of me: they are both great evils, and hard to choose out of: I heartily wish neither may happen. You call yourself by a great many ugly names, which I take ill; for I never could bear to hear a person I value abused. I, for that reason, must desire you to be more upon your guard when you speak of yourself again: I much easier forgive your calling me knave and fool. I am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for the weakness of my eyes: they are now very well. I have had a much greater affliction on my spirits, which prevented my writing sooner to you. My sister (the only one I have, and an extraordinary darling) has been extremely indisposed this whole winter. I have had all the anxiety imaginable on her account; but she is now in a better way, and I hope past all danger. I would rather tell you somewhat that is pleasant; but how can I? I am just going to lose Mrs. Donnellan, and that is enough to damp the liveliest imagination; it is not easy to express what one feels on such an occasion: the loss of an agreeable, sensible, useful companion, gives a pain at the heart not to be described. You happy Hibernians that are to reap

the benefit of my distress, will hardly think of any thing but your own joy, and not afford me one grain of pity. Thus things are carried in this world, the rich forget the poor. I am sorry the sociable Thursdays, that used to bring together so many agreeable friends at Dr. Delany's, are broke up: though Delville has its beauties, it is more out of the way than Stafford-street. I believe you have had a quiet winter in Dublin; not so has it been with us in London. Hurry, wrangling, extravagance, and matrimony, have reigned with great impetuosity. The newspapers I suppose have mentioned the number of great fortunes that are going to be married. Our operas have given much cause of dissension. Men and women have been deeply engaged; and no debate in the house of commons has been urged with more warmth: the dispute of the merits of the composers and singers is carried to so great a height, that it is much feared, by all true lovers of music, that operas will be quite overturned. I own, I think, we make a very silly figure about it. I am obliged to you for the two Latin lines in your last letter: it gave me a fair pretence of showing the letter to have them explained; and I have gained no small honour by that. I hope, sir, though you threaten me with not writing, that you will change your mind: the season of the year will give you spirits, and I shall be glad to share the good effects of them. I am, sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

When you see Mrs. Donnellan, she will entertain you with a second edition of Fauset, too tedious for a letter. I have made a thousand blunders, which I am ashamed of.

FROM LADY BETTY BROWNLOWE.

SIR, *May* 19, 1735.

I HAVE the honour to send you the enclosed letter, and the cover, as it came to Mr. Brownlowe. I hope your frugal correspondent has not, at your expense, incurred the proverb of being penny wise, &c. and thereby occasioned your being a sufferer by any delay of business. I should beg pardon for not having obeyed your commands in writing sooner, but that I am the only sufferer by it, by being deprived of the satisfaction of hearing of your health. The extreme cold weather we have had this month, has made the country much less agreeable than usual at this time of the year; but this having been a fine morning, I have been amused very much to my satisfaction with laying out what I think a very pretty design in my garden. I like my gardener mightily, and found every thing in his care in perfect good order; but the coldness of the season makes every thing very backward: the cucumbers are not larger than gherkins. I beg, if you honour me with a line, you will let me know how both Lady Acheson and Mrs. Acheson do, for I have a sincere concern for both their welfares. We go next week to make a visit to our friends at Seaford, where we propose staying about a fortnight. I heard yesterday you had thoughts of going to Cashel: if it were possible for me to have the happiness to be present at yours and the archbishop's conversation, I am certain I should retrieve my character, and that you would allow me to be a good listener, which, through other people's faults, you do not know; for I assure you I have too great a desire to be informed and improved, to occasion any interruption in your conversation, except when I find you purposely let yourself

down to such capacities as mine, with an intention, as I suppose, to give us the pleasure of babbling. Mr. Brownlowe desires you will accept of his compliments and I am, sir, with great respect, your truly affectionate and obedient humble servant,

ELIZABETH BROWNLOWE.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

May 27, 1735.

It is true enough, my love to business is not great, without my capacity was better; but, however, you should have had a quicker answer to your letter, but that I find Mr. Fitzmaurice has already made application by several other hands, and so have many members of parliament. The answer, given to them all, has been, that it will not yet be disposed of: and my opinion is, that probably when Lord George Sackville comes over, he will humbly desire his father, or whoever is chief governor, that he may, without any political view, have the disposal of it himself, as it is his own private concern.

I did not know Lady Kerry had the honour of being your mistress and favourite: however, I approve of your taste. For, many years, or rather an age ago, she and I were very well acquainted, and I thought her a mighty sensible agreeable woman; so, upon that account, as well as yours, I should be very glad to be serviceable to her in any thing in my power.

Now I have given you what answer I can on this subject, I must recommend to you an affair, which has given me some small palpitations of the heart, which is, that you should not wrap up old shoes, or neglected sermons, in my letters; but that what of them have

been spared from going toward making gin for the ladies, may henceforth be committed instantly to the flames:* for, you being stigmatised with the name of a wit, Mr. Curll will rake to the dunghill for your correspondence. And, as to my part, I am satisfied with having been honoured in print, by your amorous, satirical, and gallant letters.†

The summer has done your old friend Mrs. Floyd a great deal of service. As for my saucy niece, I would advise you both to be better acquainted before you fall foul of one another. The duchess of Dorset is still at Bath, and the waters have done her good. The duke is now confined by a fit of the gout, which, I believe, is very well for him, because I doubt he had a little of it in his stomach.

Adieu, &c.

FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

DEAR SIR, *Cashell, May* 31, 1735.

I HAVE been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten. I confess, I did endeavour in my last to put the best colour I could think of upon a very bad cause. My friends judge right of my idleness, but in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents, rather than mere sloth.

* See Swift's answer, dated June 8, 1735. N.

† See a letter from Lady Betty Germain, dated July 12, 1736. N.

I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which by the help of the prime sergeant I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of all my predecessors. He tells us, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year, and if not translated, were buried in their cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example, I propose for the remainder of my life to follow: for, to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude, among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent upon any man to endeavour to do good to so perverse a generation.

I am truly concerned at the account you give me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike, and good inns at every ten or twelve miles end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inn at all: but, I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design

to meet you with a coach: if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be at Cashell by nine; and, by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you. And am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

THEO. CASHELL.

TO LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

MADAM, *June* 8, 1735.

I TROUBLE you sooner than usual, in acknowledging your letter of May 27th, because there are some passages in it that seem to require a quick answer. If I forget the date of mine, you must impute it to my ill head: and if I live two years longer, I shall first forget my own name, and last your ladyship's. I gave my Lady Kerry an account of what you said in relation to her son, with which she is fully satisfied. I detest the house of lords, for their indulgence to such a profligate prostitute villain as Curll; but am at a loss how he could procure any letters written to Mr. Pope; although by the vanity or indiscretion of correspondents, the rogue might have picked up some that went from him. Those letters have not yet been sent hither; therefore I

can form no judgment on them. When I was leaving England, upon the queen's death, I burnt all the letters I could find, that I had received from ministers for several years before. But, as to the letters I receive from your ladyship, I neither ever did or ever will burn any of them, take it as you please: for I never burn a letter that is entertaining, and consequently will give me new pleasure when it is forgotten. It is true, I have kept some letters merely out of friendship, although they sometimes wanted true spelling and good sense, and some others whose writers are dead: for I live like a monk, and hate to forget my departed friends. Yet I am sometimes too nice; for I burnt all my lord * * * *'s letters, upon receiving one where he had used these words to me, "All I pretend to is a great deal of sincerity;" which, indeed, was the chief virtue he wanted. Of those from my Lord Halifax, I burnt all but one: which I keep as a most admirable original of court promises and professions. I confess also that I have read some passages in many of your letters, to a friend, but without naming you, only "that the writer was a lady," which had such marks of good sense that often the hearers would not believe me. And yet I never had a letter of mine printed, nor of any others to me.

Your ladyship very much surprises me with one passage in your letter, which however I do not in the least understand; where you say, you "have been honoured in print by amorous, satirical, and gallant letters," where there was no word but your bare name mentioned. I can assure you, this is to me altogether a riddle, and what I never heard the least syllable of; and wish you would explain it. No, madam, I will never forgive your insolent niece, without a most humble submission under her own hands; which if she will not comply

with, I shall draw up letters between us, and send them to Curll.

I will tell your ladyship a cause I have of complaint against the duke of Dorset. I have written to him about four times since he was lieutenant; and three of my letters were upon subjects that concerned him much more than it did any friend of mine, and not at all myself; but he was never pleased to return me an answer: which omission (for I disdain to call it contempt) I can account for only by some of the following reasons: He is either extremely busy in affairs of the highest importance; or he is a duke with a garter; or he is a lieutenant of Ireland: or he is of a very ancient noble extraction; or so obscure a man as I am is not worth his remembrance; or, like the duke of Chandos, he is an utter stranger to me: and it would grieve me to the soul to put them together upon any one article. The last letter I writ to his grace was upon an affair relating to one of the favourite party, and yet a very honest gentleman; which last circumstance, with submission to your ladyship, is what I seldom grant; and the matter desired was a trifle. The letter before that related to a request made him by a senior fellow of this university, upon which I was earnestly pressed to write by some considerable members of the same body, which it highly concerned, as well as his grace's honour; the demand being directly contrary to their statutes, and of the most pernicious consequence, not only to the university, but to the kingdom; and for that reason, it is thought, his grace has chosen to let it fall, I suppose by much better causes of conviction than mine. I do assure you, madam, that I have not been troublesome to my lord duke in any particular: since he has been governor, my letters have been at most but once a year, and my personal requests not so many; nor any of

them for the least interest that regarded myself. And although it be true that I do not much approve the conduct of affairs in either kingdom, wherein I agree with vast numbers of both parties; yet I have utterly waved intermeddling even in this enslaved kingdom, where perhaps I might have some influence to be troublesome; yet I have long quitted all such thoughts, out of perfect despair: although I have sometimes wished, that the true loyal whigs here might be a little more considered in the disposition of employments, notwithstanding their misfortune of being born on this side the channel, which would gain abundance of hearts, both to the crown and his grace. My paper is so full, that I have not room to excuse its length. I remain,

Your ladyship's, &c.

FROM LORD OXFORD.

Dover-Street, June 19, 1735.

GOOD MR. DEAN,

I COULD not suffer Mr. Jebb to pass into Ireland without giving you the trouble of reading a few lines from your humble servant, to inquire how you do, and to return you many thanks for your kind remembrances of me in your letters to my good friend Mr. Pope. I am much concerned for the account you give in your late letter to him of the state of your own health. I should think that the change of air, and seeing some of your remaining friends you have left in this island, would be of service to you, at least to entertain and amuse you: as for any other agreeable view I cannot pretend to flatter you so far as that you must expect any; that is over, as I believe you know very well;

but as I know you to be a truly good natured man, I hope you will come over; for I assure you it will be an infinite satisfaction and pleasure to your friends to embrace you here. If this motive will not do, I do not know what argument to make use of.

I troubled you last year with an account of the disposal of my daughter: it has in every point answered our expectations and wishes. I was in hopes I should have been able to have given you an account that my daughter was safely brought to bed: we expect it every day. My wife is pretty well; desires your acceptance of her humble service: she, among others, would be very glad to see you here. My uncle, the auditor, is in a very ill state of health: I am afraid he cannot last very long: his son has, this spring, put to Westminster school two sons; he has three more and a daughter. Mr. Thomas Harley has had the gout; but he is better, and is at his seat in Herefordshire. The duke of Leeds is returned from his travels a fine gentleman, and has imported none of the fopperies and fooleries of the countries he has passed through. My nephew, Robert Hay, travelled with the duke, and has come home untainted, but much improved: he is returned to Oxford to follow his studies: he designs for holy orders. My two youngest nephews are still at Westminster school. Lord Dupplin has not yet got an employment; but lives upon hopes and promises. My sister lives in Yorkshire with her daughters, as well as she can, considering the times, &c. &c. Now I ask your pardon, dear sir, for saying so much of family affairs; but as you are a good man, and have always wished my family well, I have ventured to be thus impertinent to give you the state of it. Master Pope is pretty well: he is under persecution from Curll, who has by some means, (wicked ones most certainly) got hold of some of Pope's

private letters, which he has printed, and threatens more. We are in so free a state, that there is no remedy against these evils.

It is now time to release you from this dull paper: but I must assure you, what I hope you know already, that I am, with true respect and esteem, sir, your most obliged and most faithful humble servant,

OXFORD.

Please to be so good as to make my compliments to Lord Orrery.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR, *June*, 1735.

I SUPPOSE you are now angle ling with your tack ling in a purr ling stream, or pad ling and say ling in a boat, or sad ling your stum ling horse with a sap ling in your hands, and snare ling at your groom, or set ling your affairs, or tick ling your cat, or tat ling with your neighbour Price; not always toy ling in your school. This dries ling weather we in Dub ling are glad of a dump ling, and bab ling is our dare ling. Pray do not look as cow ling at me when I come, but, get a fat ling for my dinner, or go a fowl ling for fill ling my belly. I hope none of your townsfolks are bub ling you: Have you a bow ling green at Cavan? I have been ill of my old ay ling and yet you see I am now as crib ling. Can you buy me an am ling nag? I am bat ling for health, and just craw ling out. My breakfast is cut ling sand sugar to cure the curd ling of my blood. My new summer coat is cock ling already, and I am call ling for my old one.

I am cob ling my riding shoes* and cur ling my riding periwig. My maids' hens keep such a cack ling, and chuck ling, that I scarce know what I write. My mare is just foe ling, for which my groom is grum ling and grow ling, while the other servants are gob ling and gut ling, and the maids gig ling, and the dogs how ling. My bung ling tailor was tip ling from morning to night. Do you know drive ling Doll with her drab ling tail, and drag ling petticoat, and gog ling eyes; always gag ling like a goose, and hob ling to the alehouse, hand ling a mug, and quarry ling and squab ling with porters, or row ling in the kennel? I bought her a muzzle ling pinner. Mr. Wall walks the streets with his strip ling boy, in his sham ling gait as cuff ling for the wall, and just ling all he meets. I saw his wife with her pop ling gown, pill ling oranges, and pick ling cucumbers. Her eyes are no longer spark ling, you may find her twat ling with the neighbours, her nose trick ling, and spawl ling the floor, and then smug ling her husband.

A lady whose understanding was sing ling me out as a wit ling or rather a suck ling, as if she were tick ling my fancy, tang ling me with questions, tell ling me many stories, her tongue toe ling like a clapper; says she, an old man's dar ling is better than a young man's war ling. I liked her dad ling and plain deal ling: she was as wise as a goes ling or a duck ling, yet she counted upon gull ling and grave ling me. Her maid was hack ling flax and hum ling her mistress, and how ling in the Irish manner: I was fool ling and fiddle ling and fade ling an hour with them. We hear Tisdall is puss ling the cu-

* As Dr. Swift was, on all occasions, fond of walking, when he rode he wore strong jack spatterdashes, which he could slip off as soon as he alighted from his horse; and, to match these spatterdashes, he had shoes strong in proportion to bear the dirt and weather; but he never wore boots. D. S.

rates, or mud ling in an alehouse, or muff ling his chops, or rump ling his band, or mum ling songs, though he be but a mid ling versifyer at best, while his wife in her mac ling lace is mull ling claret, to make her husband maud ling, or mill ling chocolate for her breakfast, or rust ling in her silks, or net ling her spouse, or nurse ling and swill ling her grandchildren and a year ling calf, or oil ling her pimple ling face, or set ling her head dress, or stif ling a f— to a fizz ling, or boy ling sowins for supper, or pew ling for the death of her kit ling, or over rue ling the poor doctor. As to madame votre femme, I find she has been coup ling her daughters; I wish she were to live upon a cod ling or a chit or ling. She has as mile ling countenance, which is yet better than as well ling belly: I wish she were to go a bull ling and begin with a bill ling, and then go to hick ling. She hath been long as cram ling for power, and would fain be a fond ling and delights in a fop ling, when she should be fur ling her sails, and fill ling her belly, or game ling about Cavan, or gall ling her company. Why do not you set her a truck ling with a vengeance, and use her like an under ling, and stop her ray ling, rat ling, rang ling behaviour? I would cure her ram ling and rum ling; but, you are spy ling all, by rig ling into her favour, and are afraid of ruff ling her. I hear you are fell ling your timber at Quilca: you love to have a fee ling of money, which is a grove ling temper in you, and you are for shove ling it up like a lord ling, or rather like a star ling. I suppose now you are vail ling your bonnet to every squire. I wish you would grow a world ling, and not be strow ling abroad, nor always shake ling yourself at home? Can I have stable ling with you for my horse? Pray keep plain wholesome table ling for your boys, and employ your maids in teaz ling cloth and reel ling yarn, and unravel ling thread without stay ling

it. Set the boys a race ling for diversion; set the scullion a rid ling the cinders without rife ling them. Get some scrub to teach the young boys their spell ling, and the cowboy to draw small beer without spill ling or pall ling it: have no more piss to ling lads: Employ yourself in nay ling your broken stools. Whip all the libel ling rogues who are loll ling out their tongues, and kind ling quarrels, and rave eye ling their schoolfellows, and stick ling with their seniors, and snuff ling in a jeer, and scraw ling on the school walls, and scut ling to the pie-house, and yawl ling and yell ling to frighten little children, and fowl ling the house for mischief sake, and grape ling with the girls. Pray take care of spy ling your younger daughters, or sty ling them pets.*

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, June* 23, 1735.

I do not yet hear of master Lucas from Castle Shane, for whom I have agreed, and have kept a room. If you see Dr. Coghill, perhaps he may resolve you what I have to depend upon, that I may not refuse another in his place. I wish with all my soul you were here before my chickens and ducks outgrow the proper season; as for the geese, they have ceased to be green, and are now old enough to see the world, which they do as far as our river will let them sail commodiously.

Our mutton is the best I ever tasted, so is our beef, our trouts, or pheasants, particularly the eels. Dear sir, I am almost persuaded that the journey hither will not

* The term *pet*, which is a contraction of the French *petite*, signifies a favourite. It is here marked with a note of reprobation. H.

only remove your disorder, but the good air will also get you a stomach, and of consequence new flesh, and good health. Your little starts to the country from Dublin, only make your lungs play quicker, to draw in more of your city poison; whereas being here with me in the midst of Arabia Felix, you draw in nothing but balsamic aromatic air, the meanest odour of which is that of our bean blossom and lily of the valley. Every one swears who looks on my face, that I am grown already ten years younger, and this I am almost persuaded to believe, because I labour more than ever, drink less, see fewer company, and have abundantly more spirits.

I have almost finished a walk of half a mile for you, and now it is ready for a coat of coarse gravel; for I cannot afford a rollingstone: so that my garden walks will require a strong pair of German shoes. To my great grief I hear that my Lord Orrery is landed, and I fear will not be in Dublin at my August vacation. You are too happy while he is in Dublin for me to inveigle you from thence with all the charms of our Elysium. What would I give that some necromancer would set you both down at Cavan upon an easy cloud, while my good wine lasts? If you would think it proper to let five dozen of my Mullan's wine come down for yourself, I do not think it would be amiss: for I have a good cool cellar for it. I beseech you to let me know the day you intend to set out, that I may meet you at Virginia; and be pleased to be there on a Saturday.

You give me a great deal of good advice in your letter, for which I return you my hearty thanks, and I wish with all my soul I could take it as easily as you give it; but alas, I must say as Tasso did in a letter to his friend Antonio Constantini, *Il consiglio di V. S. è ottimo; ma io conosco grandissima difficoltà nell' esequire lo.*

It is the fashion here, among all manner of parties, to drink the drapier's health. The reason I give you this caw shun is, that you may not ralph use it, when you come among us.

Ibis see itch yew tom eak my come plea meant to Mrs. Whiteway, and tell her no one in Ireland shall be more welcome to my house; do not fail to hawl her down with you. I can billet her at a relation's house; and she can live and joke with us the best of the day. Pray let me know her resolution, that I may settle my mind accordingly.

My next to you shall be in verse, and what you little think of; nor is it to be wondered, because I declare solemnly, I am an utter stranger to what I intend, either as to measure, rhyme, diction, or thought. May all happiness attend you. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO SIR CHARLES WOGAN,* IN SPAIN.

HONOURED SIR, 1735.

I THINK you are the only person alive who can justly charge me with ingratitude; because, although I was utterly unknown to you, and become an obscure exile in a most obscure and enslaved country, you were at the pains to find me out, and send me your very agreeable writings, with which I have often entertained some very ingenious friends, as well as myself: I mean not only your poetry, in Latin and English, but your poetical

* See a former letter, to Sir Charles Wogan, in the year 1732. N.

history in prose of your own life and actions, inscribed to me: which I often wished it were safe to print here, or in England, under the madness of universal party now reigning: I mean particularly in this kingdom, to which I would prefer living among the Hottentots, if it were in my power.

I have been often told, that you have a brother, and some near relations in this country; and have oftener employed my friends in vain to learn when any of them came to this town. But, I suppose, on account of their religion, they are so prudent as to live in privacy: although the court has thought it better in point of politics (and, to keep the good will of Cardinal Fleury, has thought it proper) to make the catholics here much more easy than their ill-willers, of no religion, approve of in their hearts. And I can assure you, that those wretches here, who call themselves a parliament, abhor the clergy of our church, more than those of yours, and have made a universal association to defraud us of our undoubted dues.

I have farther thanks to give you for your generous present of excellent Spanish wine, whereof I have been so choice, that my butler tells me there are still some bottles left. I did very often ask some merchants here, who trade with Spain, whether this country could not afford something that might be acceptable in Spain; but could not get any satisfaction. The price, I am sure, would be but a trifle. And I am told by one of them, that he heard you were informed of my desire: to which you answered in a disinterested manner, "That you only desired my works." It is true indeed that a printer here, about a year ago, did collect all that was printed in London which passed for mine, as well as several single papers in verse and prose, that he could get from my friends; and desired my leave to publish them

in four volumes. He reasoned, "That printers here had no property in their copies: that mine would fall into worse hands: that he would submit to me and my friends what to publish or omit." On the whole, I would not concern myself; and so they have appeared abroad, as you will see them in those I make bold to send you. I must now return to mention wine. The last season for it was very bad in France, upon which our merchants have raised the price twenty *per cent.* already, and the present weather is not likely to mend it. Upon this, I have told some merchants my opinion, or perhaps my fancy; that when the warmth of summer happens to fail in the several wine countries, Spain and Portugal wines, and those of the south of Italy, will be at least as ripe as those of France in a good year. If there be any truth in this conceit, I would desire our merchants to deal this year in those warmer climates: because I hear that in Spain French vines are often planted, and the wine is more mellow; although, perhaps, the natural Spanish grape may fail, for want of its usual share of sun. In this point, I would have your opinion; wherein if you agree, I will direct Mr. Hall, an honest catholic merchant here, who deals in Spanish wine, to bring me over as large a cargo as I can afford, of wines as like French claret as he can get; for my disorders, with the help of years, make wine absolutely necessary to support me. And if you were not a person of too considerable a rank (and now become half a Spaniard) I would try to make you descend so low as to order some merchants there to consign to some of ours, directed to me, some good quantity of wine that you approve of; such as our claret drinkers here will be content with: for, when I give them a pale wine (called by Mr. Hall cassalia) they say, it will do for one glass, and then (to speak in their language) call for honest claret.

FROM LORD HOWTH.

Killfane, July 6, 1735.

I AM very much obliged to my good dean of St. Patrick's for the honour he did me in sitting for his picture; and have wrote to Dr. Grattan to give Mr. Bindon strict charge in the finishing of it: and when that is done to bring it to his house, for fear I should get a copy instead of the original. I am very much concerned at the account you give me of your health, but do not in the least doubt but the change of air would be of service to you, and a most hearty welcome you may be sure of. The archbishop of Cashel told me he would wait on you the day after he went to Dublin; and does mightily admire he has not seen you oftener. I have taken your advice, and kept very good hours since I came last here. Every second day I am out six or seven hours an otter hunting. As to reading and working, my wife observes your directions: and could wish she would do the same as to exercise. She desires me to tell you that the liking she has to the babcon* is out of the true regard she has for you, he being one of your greatest favourites. Your giant† will use her endeavours to make Lord Bacon a liar, and instead of adding two inches to her height, would be very well satisfied to part with four. I am very sorry Mrs. Acheson is so much out of order; she is one I have a great regard for; and shall desire the favour of you to give my wife's ser-

* The bishop of Ossory so called.

Could you see his grin, for a pound to a penny,
You'd swear it must be the baboon of Kilkenny.

See Swift's Poem on the Bishops. H.

† Miss Rice, an exceeding tall young lady, and niece to my Lord Howth. D. S.

vice and mine to her, and Lady Acheson, when you see them. I thank God my family and I are very well. Some time this summer I design drinking Ballispellin waters for a month. As for news we have no such thing here: only the baboon has done his visitation; that is, he goes into the churches and looks about, then asks the tumbler Sykes how long they have been coming? So long, says Sykes. Ay, replies the baboon, and we shall be as long going back; so mounts his horse and away. Who durst say the church is in danger when we have so good bishops? My wife and all here join in their kind service to the drapier. I am, good Mr. Dean, your most assured and affectionate humble servant,

HOWTH.

TO MR. ALDERMAN BARBER.

DEAR MR. ALDERMAN, *Dublin, July* 12, 1737.

I WRITE to you at the command of a gentleman, for whom I have a perfect friendship and esteem, and the request he desires me to make, appears to me altogether reasonable. The gentleman I mean is Doctor Helsham, the most eminent physician of this city and kingdom. There is a person of quality, an intimate friend of the doctor's, my Lord Tyrone, formerly Sir Tristram Beresford, who is a tenant to the Londonderry society. His lordship is going to build two houses upon their estate; and, to assist him in so good work, I desire that when the particulars of the request shall be laid before the society, you, who are the governor, will please, if you find them just and reasonable, to forward them as far as lies in your power; by which you will much oblige me, and

several worthy persons, particularly my friend Doctor Helsham.

Do you sometimes honour poor Mrs. Barber with a visit? We are afraid here, that the gout has got too strong a possession of her, and pray let me have some account of your own health; I wish we three valetudinarians were together, we should make excellent company; but I can drink my pint of wine twice a day, which I doubt both of you could not do in a week. I long excessively to be in England, but am afraid of being surprised by my old disorder in my head, far from help, or at least from conveniency; and I dare not so much as travel here without being near enough to come back in the evening to lie in my own bed. These are the effects of living too long; and the public miseries of this kingdom add to my disease.

I am, dear sir,

With true esteem and friendship,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered yours of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the duke of Dorset had answered all your's ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has showed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if heralds do not lie, or his grannams did not play false; and while he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer) I dare

say will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far I will answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The countess of Suffolk (whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for) has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley* for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good natured man. The town is surprised; and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he has appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she has been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being very happy: and if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert,† her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not near that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accordingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

* Fourth and youngest son of Charles, earl of Berkeley. He was many years representative for Dover, and master of the hospital of St. Catharine's near the Tower. N.

† Walpole, afterward earl of Orford. H.

In this hurry of matrimony, I had like to forgot to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth "Letters, amorous, satirical, and gallant, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambre, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Anne Long, and several other persons." I am afraid some of my people used them according to their desert; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more but adieu.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *July* 16, 1735.

I RECEIVED your twenty pounds from Lord Lansborough's agent yesterday, and it travels to you from this on Saturday next, by one John Donaldson, one of our nobility. You will get it, I believe, on Monday. I have nothing to say to the 280*l.* you mention. That is, as I told you, the fine and rent of Drumlane, which I owe the bishop, and which will be paid him August 26th. I cleared off the rent which I owed him for your purchase, the other day, or I should have sent your poor money, poor as I am, before this. Now are you satisfied that I am not negligent or giddy? But what, in the name of God, is the matter with you to delay so long? Can I oversee my workmen and a school too? If you will not come and take your charge in hand, I must employ somebody else. There is a long walk begun: stones a drawing home for an addition to my house: the

stances of misapplications of that kind, as have raised my indignation so, that I can hardly think upon it with temper; and I heartily congratulate you that a heart to bestow is joined in you with a head to contrive: and therefore, without any mercenary views (at the same time not declining any instance of your favour) I would beg leave to say, that as, while your thoughts are employed in this generous undertaking, you must necessarily consider it in the light I have placed it in; so if you would please to communicate these thoughts to the public, you might possibly give useful hints to persons of fortune and beneficent intentions, though of inferior abilities. I heartily wish you success in this and all other your undertakings; being, with grateful respect, sir, your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

Upon second thoughts I have enclosed Mr. Pilkington's two notes; for I do not see how they can possibly be of any service to you on this side the water.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Aug.* 13, 1735.

Because of some dropping young lads coming to me, and because it was impossible for me to get any money before the 23d of this month, I could not fix my vacation. Now I do. On Saturday se'nnight, the 23d, I set out for Dublin to bring you home: and so, without ifs, ands, and ors, get ready before our fields be stripped of all their gayety. I thank God, I have every good thing in plenty but money; and that, as affairs are likely to go, will not be my complaint a month longer. Bel-

much in my debt: it will be your best way to come down in it. I tell you a project I have, which I believe will do: my scholars are to club and build me a little library in my garden. The lime and stones (freestone) are in my own fields, and building is dogcheap here.

I beseech you let me know how soon you will be here, that all things may be to your heart's desire: such venison! such mutton! such small beer! such chickens! such butter! such trouts! such pouts! such ducks! such beef! such fish! such eels! such turkies! such fields! such groves! such lakes! such ladies! such fruit! such potatoes! such raspberries! such bilberries! and such a boat as Mr. Hamilton's, were never yet seen in any one county yet!

God Almighty bless you, and send you safe to our Elysium. My service to Mrs. Whiteway, and to every body in Dublin, man, woman, and child. I am, with all respect, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, *London, July* 31, 1735.

I HAVE not had an opportunity of writing to you otherwise than by the post for above a twelvemonth, and though in that time I did trouble you with a letter or two relating to Mr. Launcelot's business, yet I thought proper to mention only what related to that particular, considering I was then under the hands of the law, whence I was not discharged till the last day of the last term. I do not doubt but you have heard before

now, that Mrs. Barber was discharged at the same time.

I desired, therefore, Mrs. Hyde* to deliver this to your own hand, and make bold to trouble you with an account of some transactions which have happened within these two years, which I have long wished for the pleasure of doing by word of mouth, in hopes my behaviour would be excused at least (if not approved) by you, the assurance whereof I should receive with the utmost satisfaction.

Soon after Mr. Pilkington had received the twenty guineas you ordered me to pay him, the Life and Character was offered me, though not by his own hands, yet by his means, as I was afterward convinced by many circumstances: one was, that he corrected the proof sheets with his own hand; and as he said he had seen the original of that piece, I could not imagine he would have suffered your name to be put to it, if it had not been genuine. When I found, by your advertisement, and the letter you were pleased to write to me, that I had been deceived by him, I acted afterward with more reserve, and refused a pamphlet about Norton's will, which he pretended came from an eminent hand. It was bought afterward by another bookseller, who printed it, and lost money by it.

He could not forbear observing my coldness, and applied to Mr. Gilliver about the copy of verses† for which we were all brought into trouble; and, by the way, when once an affair was communicated to two persons, it was not in the power of any one, how just and faith-

* Widow to Mr. Hyde, bookseller in Dublin. F.

† See Swift's "Poem to a Lady, who desired the Author to write some verses upon her in the heroic Style." Mrs. Barber was taken into custody by the king's messenger for this poem, and examined before the privy council. N.

ful soever to answer for its being kept a secret. It was published three months before it was taken notice of: and when the printer was taken up, and had named Gilliver as the bookseller, and it was reported a warrant was out against G. and he was likely to be apprehended next morning, we two had a meeting over night, and I promised to take the advice of a gentleman of sense and honour, whose name I did not mention to him, and to meet G. early the next morning at a certain tavern to consult farther. Accordingly I went to a gentleman in Cork-street, and from thence to the tavern we had appointed to meet at, where, after I had waited above an hour, a message was sent me that I need stay no longer, for Mr. G. was gone to Westminster, and would not come. I went to see him in the messenger's hands; but he was so closely watched by a couple of sharp sluts, the messenger's daughters, that I could say nothing to him, but about indifferent matters. The consequence was, he was examined, and made a confession, like poor Dr. Yalden's, of all that he knew, and more too; naming Mr. Pilkington first, and then myself; which last, as many people have told me, was unnecessary; only, as he before said, he was resolved, if he came into trouble, I should have a share of it, though I offered, in case he would not name me, that I would bear one half of his expenses. This confession of his, together with his bearing the character of a wealthy man, exposed him to an information; but as it was not my business to be industrious in recollecting what passed three months before, I could not remember any thing that could affect me or any body else.

I am sorry for the trouble this has caused to poor Mrs. Barber. I saw her the other day: she was confined to her bed with the gout. She desired, when I wrote, that I would present her humble service to you.

I would be glad to receive your directions what I must do with the two notes I have under Mr. Pilkington's hand, of ten guineas each. They were allowed by you in the last account we settled; but whether you would please they should be destroyed or sent over to you, I am not certain. As for the state of the account, as I have heard no exceptions to it, I flatter myself you find it all right.

Mr. Faulkner's impression of four volumes has had its run. I was advised that it was in my power to have given him and his agents sufficient vexation, by applying to the law; but that I could not sue him without bringing your name into a court of justice, which absolutely determined me to be passive. I am told he is about printing them in an edition in twelves; in which case I humbly hope you will please to lay your commands upon him (which, if he has any sense of gratitude, must have the same power as an injunction in chancery) to forbear sending them over here. If you think this request to be reasonable, I know you will comply with it: if not, I submit.

As we once had a meeting upon this affair, and he may possibly have misrepresented the offers he then made me; I beg leave to assure you that his proposal was, that I should have paid him a larger price for the book than I could have had it printed for here in England; and surely I had the same right of printing them here, as he had in Ireland, especially having bought and paid for them. If he made any other offer, I declare I misunderstood him; and I am sure, if I had complied with those terms, I should have been a laughing stock to the whole trade.

Mr. Pope has published a second volume of his poetical works, of which, I suppose, he has made you a present. I am surprised to see he owns so little in the

turbet fair will make me an emperor. I have all this town, and six men of my own, at work at this juncture, to make you a winter walk by the river side. I have raised mountains of gravel, and diverted the river's course for that end——*Regis opus*, you will wonder and be delighted when you see it. Your works at Quilca are to be as much inferior to ours here, as a sugarloaf to an Egyptian pyramid. We had a county of Armagh rogue, one Mackay, hanged yesterday: Griffith the player never made so merry an exit. He invited his audience the night before, with a promise of giving them such a speech from the gallows as they never heard: and indeed he made his words good; for no man was ever merrier at a christening than he was upon the ladder.

When he mounted to his proper height, he turned his face to each side of the gallows, and said, in a cheerful manner, hah, my friend, am I come to you at last! Then turning to the people, gentlemen, you need not stand so thick, for the farthest shall hear me as easily as the nearest. Upon this a fellow interrupted him, and asked him, did he know any thing of a gray mare which was stolen from him? Why, what if I should, would you pay for a mass for my soul? Ay, by G—, said the fellow, will I pay for seven. Why then, said the criminal laughing, I know nothing of your mare. After this he entertained the company with two hours history of his villanies, in a loud unconcerned voice. At last he concluded with his humble service to one of the inhabitants of our town, desiring that he might give him a night's lodging, which was all he would trouble him for. He was not the least touched by any liquor; but soberly and intrepidly desired the hangman to do his office; and at last went off with a joke. Match me this with any of your Englishmen if you can. I have no more news from Cavan, but that you have all their hearts, and mine among the rest,

if it be worth any thing. My love and service to Mrs. Whiteway, and all friends. I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.*

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug.* 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, our famous printer, goes in an hour to see Kilkenny and Cashell, to gather up his country debts. Ten to one your grace may owe him a dozen shillings, and your town coffee-house (if you have one) a dozen more. But his pretences to me for writing, are the honour of being admitted to your grace, by a line in my hand. I am not in fear of his shaming me as others have done; however, I would not have you leave your manuscripts scattered about your room, for he would be terribly tempted to beg them, and return them back next winter in four volumes, as he served me; although I never let him touch or see one. He has the name of an honest man, and has good sense and behaviour. I have ordered him to mark narrowly whatever you are doing, as a prelate, an architect, a country gentleman, a politician, and an improver; and to bring me a faithful account when he returns; but chiefly about your health, and what exercise you make use of to increase or preserve it. But he is in haste to be gone, and I am forced to conclude.

I am, with the greatest respect,

My lord, your grace's

Most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

* Dr. Theophilus Bolton. N.

TO LORD HOWTH.*

MY LORD, *Dublin, Aug.* 14, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, came to me just an hour before he was taking a journey to Kilkenny and Cashell, and desired I would write by him to your lordship and the archbishop, only to let your lordship know, that he is an honest man, and the chief printer; and that I know him, and treat him with indulgence, because I cannot help it. For, although he printed what I never would have done, yet he got the consent of my friends, and so I shall get nothing by being angry with him. He hopes, as a citizen, to be admitted to your lords and ladies in the country, and I am contented you shall make him welcome; but take care you put no manuscripts in his hands; otherwise, perhaps there will be the works of the right hon. &c. and of my lady and the giant,† neatly bound next winter. My Lady Acheson has not been well since she left the town; but her mother is almost perfectly cured, except the loss of her eye. I owe my Lady Howth‡ a letter, I believe. I desire my most humble service to her and the giant. I have time to say no more, but that I am,

Your lordship's most obedient servant,

J. SWIFT.

* William St. Lawrence, baron of Howth, died April 4, 1748, aged 60. His son Thomas was created earl of Howth and viscount St. Lawrence, Aug. 15, 1767. N.

† A very tall young lady, nearly related to Lord Howth. D. S.

‡ Lucy, youngest daughter of Lieutenant General Richard Gorges, was married to Lord Howth, Aug. 2, 1728: and after that nobleman's death became the lady of Nicholas Weldon, of Gravelment, Esq. D. S.

TO ALDERMAN BARBER.

SIR, *September* 3, 1735.

THE bearer, Mr. Faulkner, tells me, he has the honour to be known to you, and that I have credit enough to prevail on you to do him all the good offices that lie in your way. I presume he goes about some affairs that relate to his own calling, which would be of little value to him here, if he were not the printer most in vogue, and a great undertaker, perhaps too great a one: wherein you are able to be the best adviser, provided he be not too sanguine, by representing things better than he probably may find them in this wretched, beggarly, enslaved country. To my great grief, my disorder is of such a nature, and so constantly threatening, that I dare not ride so far as to be a night from ——: and yet when the weather is fair, I seldom fail to ride ten or a dozen miles. Mr. Faulkner will be able to give you a true journal of my life; that I generally pine at home and alone, and have not two houses in this great kingdom, where I can get a bit of meat twice a year. That I very seldom go to church for fear of being seized with a fit of giddiness in the midst of the service. I hear you have likewise some ailments to struggle with, yet I am a great deal leaner than you: but I have one advantage, that wine is good for me, and I drink a bottle to my own share every day, to bring some heat into my stomach. Dear Mr. Alderman, what a number of dear and great friends have we buried, or seen driven to exile since we came acquainted? I did not know, till six months after, that my best friend, my Lady Masham, was gone. I would be glad to know whether her son be good for any thing, because I much doubted when I saw him last. Tell me, do you make

constant use of exercise? It is all I have to trust to, though not in regard to life but to health: I know nothing wherein years make so great a change, as in the difference of matter in conversation and writing. My thoughts are wholly taken up in considering the best manner I ought to die, and how to dispose of my poor fortune for the best public charity. But in conversation I trifle more and more every day, and I would not give three pence for all I read, or write, or think, in the compass of a year.

Well, God bless you, and preserve your life as long as you can reasonably desire. I take my age with less mortification, because, if I were younger, I should probably outlive the liberty of England, which, without some unexpected assistance from Heaven, many thousands now alive will see governed by an absolute monarch. Farewell, dear sir, and believe me to be, with true esteem,

Your most obedient humble servant,

J. SWIFT.

TO MR. POPE.

Sept. 3, 1735.

This letter will be delivered to you by Faulkner the printer, who goes over on his private affairs. This is an answer to your's of two months ago, which complains of that profligate fellow Curll. I heartily wish you were what they call disaffected, as I am. I may say as David did, I have sinned greatly, but what have these sheep done? You have given no offence to the ministry, nor to the lords, nor commons, nor queen, nor the next in power. For you are a man of virtue, and there-

fore must abhor vice and all corruption, although your discretion holds the reins. "You need not fear any consequence in the commerce that has so long passed between us; although I never destroyed one of your letters. But my executors are men of honour and virtue, who have strict orders in my will to burn every letter left behind me." Neither did our letters contain any turns of wit, or fancy, or politics, or satire, but mere innocent friendship; yet I am loath that any letters, from you and a very few other friends, shoukl die before me; I believe we neither of us ever leaned our head upon our left hand to study what we should write next; yet we have held a constant intercourse from your youth and my middle age, and from your middle age it must be continued till my death, which my bad state of health makes me expect every month. I have the ambition, and it is very earnest as well as in haste, to have one epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height. I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend, *orna me*. A month ago were sent me over by a friend of mine, the works of John Hughes, Esq. they are in verse and prose. I never heard of the man in my life, yet I find your name as a subscriber too. He is too grave a poet for me, and I think among the *mediocribus* in prose as well as verse. I have the honour to know Dr. Rundle; he is indeed worth all the rest you ever sent us, but that is saying nothing, for he answers your character; I have dined thrice in his company. He brought over a worthy clergyman of this kingdom as his chaplain, which was a very wise and popular action. His only fault is, that he drinks no wine, and I drink nothing else.

This kingdom is now absolutely starving, by the means of every oppression that can be inflicted on man;

kind—shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. You advise me right, not to trouble myself about the world: but, oppression tortures me, and I cannot live without meat and drink, nor get either without money; and money is not to be had, except they will make me a bishop, or a judge, or a colonel, or a commissioner of the revenues.

Adieu.

FROM MR. POPE.

To answer your question as to Mr. Hughes, what he wanted as to genius he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him.*

I am glad you think of Dr. Rundle as I do. He will be an honour to the bishops, and a disgrace to one bishop, two things you will like: but what you will like more particularly, he will be a friend and benefactor even to your unfriended, unbenefitted nation; he will be a friend to the human race, wherever he goes. Pray tell him my best wishes for his health and long life: I wish you and he came over together, or that I were with you. I never saw a man so seldom, whom I liked so much, as Dr. Rundle.

Lord Peterborow I went to take a last leave of, at his setting sail for Lisbon; no body can be more wasted, no

* But was the author of "The Siege of Damascus" one of the *mediocribus?* Swift and Pope seem not to recollect the value and rank of an author who could write *such* a tragedy. May I venture, on this occasion, to give a little table of the different sorts of poets, ranged in order according to their merits? Writers of occasional and *miscellaneous* family things, and *tea-table* miscellanies; writers of *Pastorals;* of *Epistles;* of *Satires;* of *Didactic* poems; of *Odes;* of *Tragedies;* of *Epic Poems.* Dr. Warton.

soul can be more alive. Immediately after the severest operation of being cut into the bladder for a suppression of urine, he took coach, and got from Bristol to Southampton. This is a man that will neither live nor die like any other mortal.

Poor Lord Peterborow! there is another string lost that would have helped to draw you hither! he ordered on his deathbed his watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, "That I might have something to put me every day in mind of him." It was a present to him from the king of Sicily, whose arms and *insignia* are graved on the inner case; on the outer, I have put this inscription: "*Victor Amadeus, rex Siciliæ, dux Sabaudiæ, &c. &c. Carolo Mordaunt, comiti de Peterborow, D. D. Car. Mor. com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit.* 1735."

Pray write to me a little oftener: and if there be a thing left in the world that pleases you, tell it one who will partake of it. I hear with approbation and pleasure, that your present care is to relieve the most helpless of this world, those objects* which most want our compassion, though generally made the scorn of their fellow creatures, such as are less innocent than they. You always think generously; and of all charities, this is the most disinterested, and least vain-glorious, done to such as never will thank you, or can praise you for it.

God bless you with ease, if not with pleasure; with a tolerable state of health, if not with its full enjoyment; with a resigned temper of mind, if not a very cheerful one. It is upon these terms I live myself, though younger than you; and I repine not at my lot, could but the presence of a few that I love be added to these. Adieu.

* Idiots. N.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Sept. 4, 1735.

If you are not angry with me for my long silence, I take it ill, and need make no excuse; and if you are angry, then I would not willingly make you sorry too, which I know you will be, when I tell you, that I was laid up at Knowle with a severe fit of the gout. And since that infallible cure for all diseases, which all great fools and talkers wish joy of, I have never been quite well, but have had continually some disorder or other upon me, which made my head and spirits unfit for writing, or indeed doing any thing I should; and am still so much out of order, that I am under great apprehensions I shall not be able to go, next year, part of the journey to Ireland with their graces; which is also part of the road to Drayton, where I intend to stay till November, in hopes that summer deferred its coming till I was there; for I am sure, hitherto, we have had little but winter weather.

I am glad matters are settled between his grace of Dorset and you; and I dare answer, as you are both right thinkers, and of course upright actors, there wants but little explanation between you; since I, that am the go-between, can easily find out, that he has as sincere a value for you as you have for him. I do assure you I am extremely delighted, that since Lady Suffolk would take a master (commonly called a husband) she chose my brother George: for if I am not partial to him, which indeed I do not know that I am, his sincere value, love, and esteem for her, must make him a good one.

We are now full of expectation of his royal highness's wedding.* She has jewels bought for her, and clothes

* Frederick, then prince of Wales. D. S.

bespoke; and a gallery of communication is making between his apartment and St. James's; but as I do not love to pry into mysteries of state, I do not at all know when the lady will come over.

Your friend, Mrs. Floyd, is grown fat and well, under the duchess of Dorset's care and direction at Knowle; and my saucy niece is gone for a few days (and I verily believe as far as she can decently help) to her father's. Our friend Curll has again reprinted what he called our letters, as a proper third part of Mr. Pope's. He should have made those bitter silly verses on me to have been his too, instead of Sir William Trumbull's, whom they just as much belonged to. But you patriots are so afraid of suppressing the press, that every body must suffer under that, and the lies of the newspapers, without hopes of redress. Adieu, my dear dean.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 12, 1735.

Here is a very ingenious observation upon the days of the week, and in rhyme, worth your observation, and very proper for the information of boys and girls, that they may not forget to reckon them: Sunday's a pun day, Monday's a dun day, Tuesday's a news day, Wednesday's a friend's day, Thursday's a cursed day, Friday's a dry day, Saturday's the latter day. I intend something of equal use upon the months: as January, women vary. I shall likewise in due time make some observation upon each year as it passes. So for the present year

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-five,
When only the d—— and b——ps will thrive.

And for the next.

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-six,
When the d—— will carry the b——ps to Styx.

Perge:

One thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven,
When the whigs are so blind they mistake Hell for
Heav'n.

I will carry these predictions no farther than to year 2001, when the learned think the world will be at an end, or the fine-all cat-a-strow-fee.

The last is the period, two thousand and one,
When m— and b— to Hell all are gone.

When that time comes, pray remember the discovery came from me.

It is now time I should begin my letter. I hope you got safe to Cavan, and have got no cold in those two terrible days. All your friends are well, and I as I used to be. I received yours. My humble service to your lady, and love to your children. I suppose you have all the news sent to you. I hear of no marriages going on. One Dean Cross, an eminent divine, we hear is to be bishop of Cork. Stay till I ask a servant, what Patrick's bells ring for so late at night—You fellow, is it for joy or sorrow? I believe it some of our royal birthdays. O, they tell me, it is for joy a new master is chosen for the corporation of butchers. So farewell.

FROM LORD BATHURST.

DEAR DEAN, *Cirencester, Sept.* 13, 1735.

THOUGH you never answer any of my letters, and I can never have a line from you, except in parliament time about an Irish cause, I do insist that without delay you give me either by yourself or agents, immediate satisfaction in these points. First, whether that article which I read in the news about one Butler, a shooting parson, be true or not? secondly, whether he has yet begged pardon, and attested upon oath that it was without design, and by accident that the gun went off? In case the fact be true, and that he has not yet made any sufficient or reasonable excuse, I require of you that you do immediately get some able painter to draw his picture, and send it over to me, and I will order a great number of prints to be made of it, which shall be dispersed over all parts of the known world, that such a worthless rascal may not go any where without being known. I make no doubt of his being immediately drove out of Ireland; such a brutal attempt upon the Drapier cannot be borne there; and he would not venture into England when these prints of his person are sent about, for he would certainly be knocked on the head in the first village he passes through. Perhaps he may think to skulk in Holland, the common refuge of all scoundrels; but he would soon find out, that Doctor Swuft (for so they pronounce the name) is in great esteem there, for his learning and political writings. In France he would meet with worse reception; for his wit is relished there, and many of his tracts, though spoiled by translation, are yet more admired than what is writ by any among themselves. Should he go into Spain, he would find that don Swifto is in the highest estima-

tion, being thought to be lineally descended from Miguel de Cervantes, by a daughter of Quevedo's. Perhaps he may think to be safe in Poland during the time of these troubles; but I can assure him, from the mouth of a Polish lady, who was lately in London, by name Madam de Montmorency, (for she was married to a French gentleman of that great family,) that Dr. Swift is perfectly well known there; and she was very solicitous to know whether he were a Stanislaist or not, she being a zealous partisan for that cause.

Now if this brute of a parson should find no security in Europe, and therefore slip into the East Indies in some Dutch ship, for a Dutchman may be found who would carry the Devil for a stiver or two extraordinary, he will be confoundedly surprised to find that Dr. Swift is known in China, and that next to Confucius, his writings are in the greatest esteem. The missionaries have translated several European books into their language; but I am well informed that none of them have taken so well as his; and the Chinese, who are a very ingenious people, reckon Sif the only author worth reading. It is well known that in Persia Koulikhan was at the pains to translate his works himself; being born a Scotsman, he understood them very well, and I am credibly informed that he read The Battle of the Books the night before he gave that great defeat to the Persian army. If he hears of this, he may imagine that he shall find good reception at Constantinople; but he will be bit there; for many years ago an English renegado slave translated effendi Soif for them, and told them it was writ by an Englishman, with a design to introduce the Mahometan religion; this having got him his liberty, and although it is not believed by the effendi, the book and the author are in the greatest esteem among them. If he goes into America, he will not be

received into any English, French, or Spanish settlement; so that in all probability he would be soon scalped by the wild Indians; and in truth there would be no manner of shame that a head should be uncovered that has so little brains in it. Brutality and ill nature proceed from the want of sense; therefore, without having ever heard of him before, I can decide what he is, from this single action. Now I really believe no layman could have done such a thing. The wearing petticoats gives to most of the clergy (a few only excepted of superior understanding) certain feminine dispositions. They are commonly subject to malice and envy, and give more free vent to those passions: possibly for the same reason that women are observed to do so, because they cannot be called to account for it. When one of us does a brutal action to another, he may have his head broke, or be whipped through the lungs; but all who wear petticoats are secure from such accidents. Now to avoid farther trouble, I hope by this time his gown is stripped off his back, and the boys of Dublin have drawn him through a horsepond. Send me an account of this, and I shall be satisfied. Adieu, dear Dean; I am got to the end of my paper, but you may be assured that my regard for you will only end with the last breath of your faithful servant.

FROM DR. KING.

SIR, *London, Sept. 25, 1735.*

SOON after I came into England I was obliged to cross the seas again, and go into France, upon a business of consequence to my private affairs. I am but just returned to this place, where I have met with your letter of

21st of last month. Since you are so kind as to repeat the promise you made me when I was in Ireland, I shall expect the paper with the greatest impatience. While I was reading your letter, a person called on me, who does business for you. I was in hopes he had brought it with him: but he told me, it would be sent by another hand. I will say nothing more of it here, than that I am very sure it will please the public, and do honour to the author.

The gentleman, concerning whom you inquire, is a member of our hall; but I have never yet seen him. He had left Oxford about the time I came from Dublin, to spend the summer vacation in Herefordshire. My son, who is well acquainted with him, assures me that he is very sober, that he studies hard, and constantly attends the exercises of the house. But I shall be able to give you a more particular account of him the next term, when I shall probably meet him in the hall: and he shall find me ready to do him any kind of service that may be in my power.

I do not know whether my lawsuit will force me into Ireland again the next term: as yet I have not received any summons from my managers. I should indeed be well pleased to defer my journey till the next spring, for Dublin is not a very good winter abode for a water drinker. However, I do not neglect my defence, especially that part of it which you mention.* It is now in such forwardness, that as I compute, it will be finished in six weeks at farthest. There are some alterations which I hope you will approve.

I rejoice to hear that the honest doctor† has good suc-

* This alludes to The Toast, a satirical poem, to which Dr. King was instigated by some monstrous usage that he had received from his antagonists in the suit. D. S.

† Sheridan. D. S.

cess in his new school. If the load of his baggage should endanger his vessel again, I think he has no other remedy left, but to throw it into the sea. What is he doing with his *bons mots?* and when does he design to send them abroad?

My son, who is very proud to be in your thoughts, desires me to present his most humble service to you. I am, with great truth, sir,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
W. K.

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

Sept. 30, 1735.

YESTERDAY was the going out of the last lord mayor, and to day the coming in of the new, who is Alderman Grattan. The duke* was at both dinners, but I thought it enough to go to day, and I came away before six, with very little meat or drink. The club† meets in a week, and I determine to leave the town as soon as possible, for I am not able to live within the air of such rascals; but whither to go, or how far my health will permit me to travel, I cannot tell; for my mind misgives me, that you are neither in humour nor capacity to receive me as a guest. I had your law letter. Those things require serious consideration: in order to bring them to a due perfection, a wise man will prepare a large fund of idioms; which are highly useful when literally translated by a skilful, eloquent hand, and, except our *Latin*

* The duke of Dorset, lord lieutenant. H.

† The Irish parliament. H.

no-Anglicus, is the most necessary as well as ornamental part of human learning. But then we must take special care of infusing the most useful precepts for the direction of human life, particularly for instructing princes, and great ministers, distributing out praises and censures with the utmost impartiality and justice. This is what I have presumed to attempt, although very conscious to myself of my inferior abilities for such a performance. I begin with "lady;" and because the judicious Mr. Locke says it is necessary to settle terms, before we write upon any subject, I describe a certain female of your acquaintance, whose name shall be "Dorothy;" it is in the following manner: "Dolis astra per, astra mel, a sus, a quoque et; atra pes, an id lar, alas ibo nes, a præ ter, at at lar, avi si ter, age ipsi, astro lar, an empti pate, aræ lar, aram lar, an et, ades e ver, ast rumpet, ad en, a gam lar, agrum lar, ac ros pus, afflat error, ape e per, as noti nos, ara ver, adhuc stare, asso fis ter, avi per, ad rive lar, age lar, apud lar, a fis lar, a fis ter, a far ter, as hi ter, anus lar, a mus lar, arat lar, a minximus, a pratapace, a gallo per, a sive." Most learned sir, I entreat you will please to observe (since I must speak in the vulgar language) that in the above forty-three denominations for females, many of them end with the domestic deity Lar, to show that women were chiefly created for family affairs; and yet I cannot hear that any other author hath made the same remark. I have likewise begun a treatise of geography (the Angloanglarians call it erroneously Jog Ralph I) "Mei quo te summo fit? Astra canis a miti citi; an dy et Ali cantis qui te as bigas it. Barba dos is more populus. An tego is a des arti here." I have a third treatise to direct young ladies in reading. "Ama dis de Gallis a fine his tori, an dy et Belli anis is ab et er. Summ as eurus Valent in an Dorso ne isthmos te legant ovum alto bis ure. I

canna me fore do mæsti cani males o fallique nat ure; na mel I, ac at, arat, amesti, fanda lædi; I mee ad amo usto o; a lædi inde edi mite ex cæptas a beasti e verme et aram lingo ut. Præis mi cum pari sono dius orno?"

I believe some evil spirit hath got possession of you and a few others, in conceiving I have any power with the duke of Dorset, or with any one bishop or man of power. I did but glance a single word to the duke about as proper a thing as he could do, and yet he turned it off to some other discourse. You say one word of my mouth will do, &c. I believe the rhyme of my word would do just as much. Am I not universally known to be one, who dislikes all present persons and proceedings? Another writes to desire, that I would prevail on the archbishop of Dublin to give him the best prebend of St. Patrick's. Let bishop Clayton allow the resignation, since Donnellan is provided for. I mentioned to the duke that Donnellan should be dean of Cork, on purpose to further the resignation of old Caulfield, but it would not do, though Caulfield seems to have some hopes, and it is bishop Clayton's fault if he does no yield, &c.

FROM MR. MOTTE.

HONOURED SIR, *London, Oct.* 4, 1735.

Mrs. Launcelot, who dined with me to-day, and desired me to present her humble service, showed me part of a letter from you, which gave me so much concern, that I would not let a post slip without writing to you upon the subject of it. You are pleased to express an apprehension, that Mrs. Fenton's money has not been regularly paid, because you have not heard from me for

above a twelvemonth. I hope I have accounted to your satisfaction for my silence in a letter which Mrs. Hyde delivered to you since the date of yours to Mrs. Launcelot: and as to Mrs. Fenton's annuity, I have punctually paid it, and shall continue to do so until I receive your commands to the contrary. The next payment will be called for a few days after the first of November, and unless you forbid it before that time, I shall pay it. Mr. Fenton, her son, who receives it, is a man of worth and honour, and I am persuaded will return me the money, should it be paid him from any other quarter. I am surprised to find by Mrs. Hyde that my last, which was written the latter end of July, had so slow a passage, as not to come to your hand until the 13th of September.

I have been so particular (I fear even to tediousness) in that letter, that I have nothing to add, but a repetition of the sincere profession I there made, that I am, with all possible gratitude, truth, and sincerity, sir,

Your obliged and obedient humble servant,

B. MOTTE.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Oct. 5, 1735.*

In the first place I was heartily rejoiced to see your letter, for I was afraid you were not well. Now I shall answer as much as my time will permit; (but before I proceed, remember I expect you here next Saturday; for I am both in humour and capacity to receive you. I shall get your answer on Thursday next, and then I shall go as far as Virginia to meet you. Leave Dublin on Wednesday; ride to Dunshaglan that day,

12 miles. From thence to Navan on Thursday, 11 miles. A Friday to Virginia, 15 miles, where I will meet you that evening with a couple of bottles of the best wine in Ireland, and a piece of my own mutton, &c. A Saturday morning we set out for Cavan, where you will find dinner ready at your arrival. Bring a cheese-toaster to do a mutton chop now and then; and do not forget some rice; we have none good here; but all other eatables in perfection) I beg pardon for the long foregoing parenthesis (the next shall be shorter) you see it was necessary. Ure Dolis a de vel it hinc. Mi mollis ab uti, an angeli se. An has fine iis, a fine face, ab re ast as no, a belli fora que en. An di me quis mi molli as I ples. As for your jogg Ralph, I may say without vanity, that I exceed you as far as from east to west. First, with submission, you should have begun with the Poles Are Tick Ann Tarr Tick, next the May read dye Ann, the Eak water, the whore Eyes on, the Eak lip Tick, the Trow Pick of can sir, the Trow pick of Cap rye corn, or Cap Rick horn, the twelve signes Aare I case, Tower us, Jay me knee, Can Sir, lay O, Veer goe, lye braw (quoth the Scotchman) Sage it are eye us, Cap wrye corn us, hack weary us, and piss is; together with Cull ewers, Zounds, and Climb bats, &c. &c. In order to give you a full idea of the chief towns in Europe, I shall only mention some of Lord Peterborow's rambles. He had like to break al *Lisbon* in Portugal: he *Mad rid* through Spain; he could not find *Room* in Italy: he was *Constant in a pull* among the Turks: he met with his name sake *Peter's burgh* in Musk O vye: he had like to *Crack O* in Poland: when he came to *Vye any*, he did there *jeer many*: in France he declared the king of Great Britain, with its king upon the *Par is*: in a certain northern country he took a frolic to put on a Fryer's Cope; and then he was in

Cope in Hag in. Pray *Dean mark* that. In Holland he met with a G—*amster*,—*Dam* you, said he in a passion, for a cheat: he was there poxt by a whore; and he cried out, *Rot her dam* her. Thus far I know of his travels to the Low Countries and no farther. Thus far you see I am in humour: although the devil be in one end of my house, I defy her, because I have the other for you and me. Another thing I must promise when you come, that we shall not quit our learned correspondence, but write up and down stairs to one another, and still keep on our agreeable flights. The devil take all the Des in Christendom, for a pack of saucy scabs. When you are here you will despise them all; and you shall be troubled with no club, but such as will keep you out of the dirt. Do not lose this good weather, I beseech you; for every thing is ready for you. If you do not like your lodgings, you shall not pay a farthing; and if you do, I have the remedy in my own purse. Do not think to spunge upon me for any thing but meat, drink, and lodging; for I do assure you, as the world goes, I can afford you nothing else. Yes, I beg pardon, I can give your horses good grass, and perhaps a feed of oats now and then. My turf is all home, so is my corn, but my hay not yet. I expect it on Monday, which is the next day after Sunday, the very day you will receive this, the day before Tuesday, and I hope two days before you begin your journey, which I hope will be a happy one. May you arrive safe, is the sincere wish of, dear sir, your most obedient and very humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM DR. SICAN.

HONOURED SIR, *Paris, Oct.* 20, 1735.

Mr. Arbuthnot's absence from Paris was the occasion of his not receiving your kind letter till within these few days; but upon the reception of it, he treated me with great civility, invited me to dinner, and inquired very earnestly concerning your health, which was drunk by a large company then present; for though you were pleased to tell me you had no acquaintance at Paris, I can safely affirm, that as often as I have been for half an hour with any English gentleman, some one or other has had the vanity to say he knew you. He has, in a very obliging manner, promised me any acts of friendship in his power, whether I remain at Paris, or should proceed to the south of France; and seems to be a gentleman possessed of a large share of wit, good humour, sincerity, and honesty; though, upon the closest inspection, I could not perceive the hair in the palm of his hand. I have met with another exception to that rule in the Chevalier Ramsay, who sends you his best respects. I have employed the greatest part of this summer in taking a view of every thing curious within four leagues of this city; but shall not trouble you with a detail of palaces, paintings, statues, &c. as I flatter myself Mr. Arbuthnot's friendly solicitations, joined to a due regard to your health, will prevail upon you to undertake that journey next summer. The roads are excellent, post-chaises very commodious, and the beds the best in the world; but the face of the country in general is very wretched; of which I cannot mention a more lively instance than that you meet with wooden shoes and cottages like those in Ireland, before you lose sight of Versailles. I am persuaded, sir, you will find

a particular pleasure in taking a view of the French noblemens' houses, arising from the similitude between the good treatment the Houhynhnms meet with here, and that which you have observed in your former travels. The stables that Lewis the Fourteenth has built, are very magnificent; I should do them an injury in comparing them to the palace of St. James's: yet these seem but mean to any one who has seen that of the duke of Bourbon at Chantilli, which lies in a straight line, and contains stalls for near a thousand horses, with large intervals between each; and might very well, at first view, be mistaken for a noble palace: some hundreds of Yahoos are constantly employed in keeping it clean. But if any one would be astonished, he must pay a visit to the machine of Marly, by means of which water is raised half a mile up a hill, and from thence conveyed a league further to Versailles, to supply the water works. Lewis might have saved this vast expense, and have had a more agreeable situation, finer prospects, and water enough, by building his palace near the river; but then he would not have conquered nature.

Upon reading Boileau's account of the *Petit Maison*, or Bedlam of Paris, I was tempted to go see it: it is a low flat building, without any upper rooms, and might be a good plan for that you intend to found, but that it takes up a greater space than the city perhaps would give; this is common to men and women: there is another vastly more capacious, and consisting of several stories, called the *Hôpital de Femmes*, for the use of the fair sex only. I shall not presume to take up any part of your time in describing the people of France, since they have been so excellently painted by Julius Cæsar, near two thousand years ago: if there be any difference, they are obliged for it to the tailors and perukemakers.

The ladies only might help to improve the favourable opinion you have always entertained of the sex, upon account of their great usefulness to mankind, learning, modesty, and many other valuable qualities. I should have informed you, sir, that Mr. Arbuthnot inquired very kindly after Mr. Leslie; but as I have not the honour to know that gentleman, I was not able to satisfy him, but referred him to you, who can do it much better than, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

J. SICAN.

TO MR. POPE.

[illegible], 1735.

I ANSWERED [illegible] relating to Curll, &c. I believe my letters have escaped being published, because I write nothing but nature and friendship, and particular incidents which could make no figure in writing. I have observed that not only Voiture, but likewise Tully and Pliny writ their letters for the public view, more than for the sake of their correspondents; and I am glad of it, on account of the entertainment they have given me. Balzac did the same thing, but with more stiffness, and consequently less diverting: now I must tell you that you are to look upon me as one going very fast out of the world; but my flesh and bones are to be carried to Holyhead, for I will not lie in a country of slaves. It pleases me to find that you begin to dislike things in spite of your philosophy; your Muse cannot forbear her hints to that purpose. I cannot travel to see you; otherwise I solemnly protest I would do it. I have an intention to pass this winter in the country with a friend forty miles off, and to ride only ten miles a day, yet is my

health so uncertain that I fear it will not be in my power. I often ride a dozen miles, but I come home to my own bed at night: my best way would be to marry, for in that case any bed would be better than my own. I found you a very young man, and I left you a middle aged one; you knew me a middle aged man, and now I am an old one. Where is my lord ——? methinks I am inquiring after a tulip of last year.—"You need not apprehend any Curll's meddling with your letters to me; I will not destroy them, but have ordered my executors to do that office." I have a thousand things more to say, *longævitas est garrula*, but I must remember I have other letters to write if I have time, which I spend to tell you so; I am ever, dearest sir, your, &c.

FROM THE REV. MR. DONNELLAN.

SIR, *Cloyne, Oct.* 31.

THOUGH I have hitherto forbore troubling you with my acknowledgments for many favours, which very justly demanded them, yet the late application to the duke in my behalf, (which I had an account of from my sister) is such an instance of kindness and regard, as will not suffer me to be silent: I must beg leave to return you my best thanks for it, and at the same time let you know what a thorough and true sense I have of your goodness to me, and the great honour you have done me by appearing in my favour. I am sufficiently acquainted with your dislike to recommending, as well as the deserved regard that is paid to your judgment and opinion, to know how to set a proper value on both. And be the success of this affair what it will, I think myself happy in having engaged in it,

as it has been the occasion of your showing that you honoured me with some share of your friendship and regard, which will always be my greatest pleasure and praise.

I suppose, sir, you have heard what a handsome mark I have lately received of the bishop of Cloyne's favour; and how handsomely it was given; unasked and unexpected, and without any regard to kindred or application. It is a very good preferment, worth at least 300*l. per annum;* and is made much more valuable and agreeable, by the manner in which it was bestowed, and especially by coming from a person whom you have an esteem for. I was the other day to view my house, and was much pleased with the situation, which is very pretty and romantic. It stands on the bank of a fine river, in a vale between two ridges of hills that are very green, pleasant, and woody. Its nearness to Cork (being within four miles of it) would make the deanery of that place a very convenient and desirable addition, and was what induced my friends to think of it for me. What success their applications are likely to meet with, I cannot say: this I am sure of, that I cannot be deprived of the sincere satisfaction I receive from having your interest and good wishes, and shall always retain a most grateful remembrance of them. The bishop of Cloyne desires you will accept of his best services; and I beg you will believe me, with the greatest respect, sir,

Your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,
CHR. DONNELLAN.

TO MR. MOTTE.

SIR, *Nov.* 1, 1735.

MR. FAULKNER in printing those volumes, did what I much disliked, and yet what was not in my power to hinder; and all my friends pressed him to print them, and gave him what manuscript copies they had occasionally gotten from me; my desire was that those works should have been printed in London, by an agreement between those who had a right to them. I am, sir, with great truth,

Your most humble and affectionate servant,

J. SWIFT

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Paradise, Nov.* 8, 1735.

I THINK I have been a great while without writing to you, and hope you are of my mind. I would rather be chid by you for my silence than have you pass it over quietly, for that would have such an air of indifference as would greatly alarm me. Absence is generally thought a great weakener of inclination: I am apt to think it will prove my friend with you. Our acquaintance was so short, I had not time to disgrace myself with you. I was ambitious of gaining your esteem, and put on all my best airs to effect it: I left you at a critical moment; another month's conversation might have ruined all. I still beg you will encourage your indulgent way of thinking of me. What will you gain by discovering my follies? and I shall lose the honour of your friendship; which loss cannot be repaired in

England or Ireland. If Mrs. Donnellan is my true friend, she has, by way of excusing me, told you my distress for my sister, which now I hope is over. I refer you to Mrs. Donnellan for her character; and that will justify to you my great care and concern for her.

I cannot help lamenting Dr. Delany's retirement. I expected his benevolent disposition would not have suffered him to rob his friends of the pleasure and advantage of his company: if you have not power to draw him from his solitude, no other person can pretend to do it. I was in hopes the weekly meetings would have been renewed and continued. Mrs. Donnellan is much disappointed, and I fear I am no longer a toast.

I am thoroughly convinced that a reasonable creature may live with more comfort and credit in Dublin than in London; as much convinced of it, as that I should be richer with eight hundred pounds a year than four. But to what purpose is it for me to regret my poverty? My lot is thrown on English ground; I have no pretence to fly my country: furnish me with one, and you have laid temptations enough in my way to make me ready to embrace it.

I have been two months in this place, which has all the advantages of the country; as quietness, cheapness, and wholesome air. I use a good deal of exercise in the morning; in the evening I read a play with an audible voice. I am now reading Beaumont and Fletcher's works: they entertain me extremely. Sometimes I read a little philosophy, Derham's lectures: many things are too abstruse for me in that study; but I fancy myself, in some respects, much wiser than I was before I read them. If you do not approve of my studies, I hope you will recommend what you think will be more to my advantage.

I am sorry to find, by your letter, that Mrs. Donnellan does not see you often: she cannot be pleased with a situation that prevents her having that satisfaction. I depended upon your meeting often; and what is more, upon being sometimes the subject of your conversation. I am glad to hear of her brother's promotion: he very well deserves good fortune; he knows how to enjoy it handsomely, and scorns to court it meanly. I think I have made you a country visit: if I have not quite tired you, I hope you will soon challenge another: I know you pay me a great compliment in writing; and, if I was very well bred, I ought not to insist upon your doing any thing that may give you trouble; but I only consider my own advantage, and cannot give up a correspondence I value so much. I am, sir,

Your most obliged and humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.*

Those parts of the letter distinguished by inverted commas ("") were written by Dr. Sheridan.

MADAM, *Nov.* 8, 1735.

NOVEMBER 3, to Dunshallan, twelve long miles, very weary; November 4, to Kells, sixteen miles, ten times wearier: the 5th, to Crosskeys, seventeen long miles, fifty times wearier; the 6th, to Cavan, five miles, weariest of all: yet I baited every day, and dined where I

* A first cousin of the dean's, who came from her own house at the other end of Dublin three days in each week, to read and chat with him, after Stella's death, being the principal female that frequented his table for many years, while his memory remained. D. S.

lay; and this very day I am weary, and my shin bad, yet I never looked on it. I have been now the third day at Cavan, the doctor's Canaan, the dirtiest place I ever saw, with the worst wife and daughter, and the most cursed sluts and servants on this side Scotland. Let the doctor do his part.—"Not quite so bad, I assure you; although his teal was spoiled in the roasting: and I can assure you that the dirt of our streets is not quite over his shoes, so that he can walk dry. If he would wear golashes, as I do, he would have no cause of complaint. As for my wife and daughter, I have nothing to say to them, and therefore nothing to answer for them. I hope when the weather mends, that every thing will be better, except the two before mentioned. Now the dean is to proceed."—In short, but not literally in short, I got hither, not safe and sound, but safe and sore. Looking in my equipage I saw a great packet that weighed a pound: I thought it was iron, but found it Spanish liquorice, enough to serve this whole country who had coughs for nine years. My beast told me it was you forced him to put it all up. Pray go sometimes to the deanery, and see how the world goes there. The doctor is a philosopher above all economy, like philosopher Webber. I am drawing him into a little cleanliness about his house. The cook roasted this day a fine teal to a cinder; for the wife and daughter said, they did not know but I loved it well roasted. The doctor, since his last illness, complains that he has a straitness in his breast, and a difficulty in breathing. Pray give him your advice, and I will write to your brother Helsham this post for his. Write me no news of the club, and get one of them to frank your letters, that they may be worth reading.—"Dear madam, I beg you may rather think me like the devil, or my wife, than Webber. I do assure you that my house, and all about it, is clean

in potentiâ. ' If you do not understand so much logick, Mr. Harrison* will tell you; but I suppose you ignorant of nothing but doing any thing wrong. Be pleased to send me one of your fattest pigeons in a post letter, and I will send you in return a fat goose, under cover to one of the club. The dean may say what he pleases of my ay con O my; but I assure you I have this moment in my house, a quarter of fat beef, a fat sheep, two mallards, a duck, and a teal, beside some fowl in squadrons. I wish you were here. Ask the dean if I have not fine ale, table drink, good wine, and a new pair of tables. Now hear the dean."—It grows dark, and I cannot read one syllable of what the doctor last writ; but conclude all to be a parcel of lies. How are eldest master and miss? with your clerk and schoolboy? So God bless you all. If the doctor has any thing more to say, let him conclude, as I do, with assurance that I am ever, with great affection, yours, &c.

Read as you can, for I believe I have made forty mistakes. Direct for me at Doctor Sheridan's in Cavan; but let a clubman frank it, as I do this. Mr. Rochfort is my franker: yours may be General ———, or some other (great beast of a) hero. My two puppies have, in the whole journey, overpuppied their puppyships. Most abominable bad firing; nothing but wet turf. "The devil a lie I writ, nor will I write to the end of my life. May all happiness attend you and your family. I am, with all good wishes and affection,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THOMAS SHERIDAN.

"You were plaguy saucy, who did not like my nuts: I do assure you my dog Lampey cracks them; the dean is my witness."

* Mrs. Whiteway's eldest son. D. S.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *Nov.* 8, 1735.

I KNOW the moment you took this letter into your hand what you said, which was, pox on all Irish writers, and Irish letters. It is very little trouble I am going to give you, only be pleased to answer the following questions. How does your leg do? How is your head? How is your stomach? How many days were you on the road? How did you lie? How does Dr. Sheridan? How do you like Cavan? And how do all the good victuals Dr. Sheridan promised you turn out? And now, sir, I beg you will be pleased* to suppose, that I began my letter by intreating the favour of hearing from you; and if that is too great an honour for me, that you will order somebody else to do it. Dr. Sheridan would give sixpence I would ask who, rise off his chair, make me a low bow, and uncover, to have the opportunity of telling me.

Now to write politely, when I change my subject, I always break off, and begin a new paragraph.

Mr. Waller has printed an advertisement, offering ten guineas reward to any person that will discover the author of a paragraph, said to be the case of one Mr. Throp. I do not know whether you heard any thing of such an affair before you left town, but I think it is said there is some trial to be about it before the house of commons, either next week, or the week following. I beg you will not leave your papers and letters on the table, as you used to do at the deanery, for boys and girls and wives will be peeping; particularly be pleased to take care of mine. It is certain I write correctly, and with a

* A cant expression, much used in those times upon all occasions, and here ridiculed. D. S.

great deal of method; but however I am afraid of Curll. Dr. Sheridan has my free leave to read this, on condition he burns it instantly; but first let him take notice of all the compliments I make him. May be you imagine that if you answer this, you will be no more plagued with my letters; but I have learned from Molly* never to have done with my demands on you: therefore write, or not write, (unless you command otherwise) you shall hear once a week from, sir,

Your most obedient and
Most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Molly is just come from the deanery; every thing is in good order. She saw Mrs. Ridgeway there. Young Harrison and his sister present you their most obedient respects.

FROM AN UNKNOWN LADY.

HON. SIR, *Castletown, Nov.* 9, 1735.

EXCUSE a stranger's address; nothing but the opinion I have of your generosity and humanity could encourage me to lay before you the enclosed poem, being the product of a woman's pen.† I see the severe strokes you lay on the faulty part of our sex, from which number I do not pretend to exempt myself: yet venture to desire your judgment of this little unfinished piece, which I send you without giving myself the leisure to correct it, willing that your hand should bestow the last beauties. The muse is my best companion: and if you compas-

* Miss Harrison. D. S.
† The poem is lost. D. S.

sionate the desolate, permit me this satisfaction, since a book and a lonely walk are all the gratifications I afford my senses, though not dulled with years. I must intreat you to throw away two or three lines in answer to this; and beg leave to conceal my name, till I have the honour of writing to you again; which, if you will allow, I shall trouble you with a view of several sketches that I writ occasionally, and will no longer conceal the name of, honoured sir,

Your most humble servant,

M. M.

Sir, direct to Mrs. Mary Moran, at Castletown, near Gorey, in the county of Wexford.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

London, Nov. 13, 1735.

I HONESTLY confess I was honoured with yours above a month ago, which ought in all love and reason to have been answered a great while since; but I know your sauciness, as well as you know my niece's; with this difference, that as age is to mend hers, it makes yours grow worse: and the answer to mine had been—Oh! she can give a quick reply to mine! Now the duke and duchess are here, she wants to know more frequently how and what they do.

I can tell you no story of the ring (which you want to know) but that it came to my hands through proper windings and turnings from an earl of Peterborow; and the connoisseurs say, it is an antique, and a pretty good one. I am very well pleased and happy, if it

ever serves to put you in mind that I am your humble servant.

I came last week from my house in Northamptonshire. I cannot say the weather permitted me much exercise abroad; but as that house is large, the necessary steps the mistress must make, is some; and I never lost any time I could get to walk out, and sometimes drove abroad in a chair, with one horse; for, being a bad rider, I approve much more of that than mounting my palfry. And whether it was this, or the country air, or chance, I know not; but, thank God, I am at present as well as ever I was in my life.

I am wholly ignorant who is or will be bishop of Cork; for his grace is such a silly conceited man, that he never vouchsafes to consult me in the affairs of his kingdom. I only know that I wish heartily for Dr. Whetcombe,* because he seems to be a modest good sort of a man; and that besides, by your commands, I was the thoroughfare for a step to his preferment before; and, therefore, if I was his grace, since there can be no objection against him in this, he should have it. But as these matters are above my capacity, I do assure you I do not in the least pretend to meddle with them.

I hope, whenever you ask me about the countess and George, I shall be able to answer you, as I can safely do now, that as yet there is no sort of appearance that they like one another the worse for wearing. Mrs. Composition is much your humble servant, and has not yet got her winter cough. God bless you, and adieu.

* John Whetcombe, D. D. then fellow of Dublin College, made bishop of Clonfert in Ireland, 1735; translated to Cashell, 1752; and died in 1754. N.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov.* 15, 1735.

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

I writ the above lines in the dark, and cannot read them by a candle: what I meant was, to boast of having written to you first, and given you a full account of my journey. I enclosed it in a cover to Mr. Rochfort, in which I desired he would send it to your house: the doctor had his share in the letter: although we could not give satisfaction to all your questions, I now will to [illegible] My leg is rather worse; but an honest man, an apothecary here, says it begins to ripen, and it is in no manner of danger: but I [illegible] to walk, which inflamed it a little. I now keep my leg upon a level, and the easier because the weather is so foul that I cannot walk at all. This is the dirtiest town, and, except some few, the dirtiest people I ever saw, particularly the mistress, daughter, and servants of this house. My nurse butler is very happy, by finding himself among a race of fools almost as nasty as himself. I must now put you upon travelling. You must inquire where Shele my wine merchant lives, and order him to have the twelve dozen of wine in bottles ready packed up. It must be the wine that was two months in bottles (as he assured me) before I left Dublin; for these a carrier will be ready next week to bring them hither. The deanery woman must be ready, and Kenrick and Laud must assist; and the carrier must take them from Shele's cellar, ready packed up. My service to Miss Harrison. Pray send her hither by the first carrier; and give her eighteen pence to bear her charges; of which I will pay three-pence, and the doctor intends paying another

penny. By the conduct of this family, I apprehend the day of judgment is approaching; the father against the daughter, the wife against the husband, &c. I battle as well as I can, but in vain; and you shall change my name to Doctor Shift. We abound in wild fowl, by the goodness of a gentleman in this town, who shoots ducks, teal, woodcocks, snipes, hares, &c. for us. Our kitchen is a hundred yards from the house; but the way is soft, and so fond of our shoes, that it covers them with its favours. My first attempt was to repair the summerhouse, and make the way passable to it; whereupon Boreas was so angry, that he blew off the roof. This is the seventh day of my landing here, of which we have had two and a half tolerable. The [illegible] at school; when he comes I will inquire who is this romantic chevalier ——. As to [illegible] if I was in town I would, for the ten guineas, let him know the author of the narrative; and I wish you would, by a letter in an unknown hand, inform him of what I say; for I want the money to repair some deficiencies here. My [illegible] to Mrs. Harrison and the doctor,* and my love to the two boys. I shall still enclose to John Rochfort, except he fails in sending you my letters. Service to Mrs. Morgan; I hope her husband's man has prevailed to be of the club. Adieu. Pray take care of the wine, on which my health depends. Beg a duck from the doctor.

"Beg a duck! beg a dozen. You shall not beg, but command. The dean may talk of the dirtiness of this town; but I can assure you, that he had more upon his shoes yesterday than is at the worst in our corporation, wherever he got it. As for my part, I am tired of him, for I can never get him out of the dirt; and that my

* Young Mr. Harrison. D. S.

stairs, and the poor cleanly maids, know very well. You know that he talks ironically."

FROM MRS. SICAN.

REV. SIR, *Nov.* 15, 1735.

A GENTLEMAN, who is just arrived from Paris, brought me a letter from my son, who presents his duty to you, and desires me to send you the enclosed. I am sure I was glad of any occasion to write to you, in hopes of the pleasure of hearing you were well, and arrived safe at the land of Canaan. The hurt you received in your shin, I was afraid would prevent your going out of town: I beg to know how it is now. I believe you will be pleased to hear poor Throp has justice done him in College Green. The trial lasted till midnight, and two [illegible] to petition the house to oblige Colonel Waller to wave his privilege; but it is thought he will not obtain that favour.

Lady Acheson came to town yesterday. She desired me to present her best respects to you, and tell you she is something better. Lord Orrery is fretting himself to death that he did not come to town time enough to enjoy the happiness of your conversation. Our Irish ladies made a fine appearance the birthday at the castle; nothing about them Irish but their souls and bodies: I think they may be compared to a city on fire, which shines by that which destroys them. Several dealers in raw silk are broke: the weavers, having no encouragement to work up the silk, sold it, and drank the money: I beg you will give my service to Dr. Sheridan, who I hope is recovered. His old friend Lord Clancarty

drinks so hard, it is believed he will kill himself before his lawsuit is ended. I hope you will like the country about a month, and then order Mrs. Whiteway and me to bring a coach and six and set you safe at home, for this is no riding weather. I am, with the most profound respect, dear sir,

Your most obliged humble servant,

E. SICAN.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *Nov.* 15, 1735.

I AM most extremely obliged to you for the honour you have done me, and the account is just what I feared, that you would be excessive weary, your shin bad, and disappointed in the doctor's Canaan. The latter [illegible] not agreeable to you, but your shin gives me infinite trouble. I hope in God you have taken care of it: if it is any running sore, dress it twice a day with Venice turpentine, and the yolk of an egg beaten together, an equal quantity of each. Spread it thick on a cloth, and bathe it once a day in warm milk; if it is only black and painful, apply warm rum to it often. Pray sir, give orders your meat may be indifferently done; and if the cook fails, then desire it may be ill done: I have known this receipt very successful, and a dinner eaten with pleasure cooked with these directions. You are very rude, Doctor Sheridan, to interrupt me when I am speaking to the Dean: no wonder I am so bad a listener, when you are always putting in your word. Pox take that straitness in your breast, and difficulty in breathing. Drink warm ptisan, and nothing else, except liquorice tea in the morning, and ride every

day. Sir, I know nothing of the Spanish liquorice, unless it came with the rest of the things from the apothecary's, or Mrs. Sican: but so far your servant is right, that what bundles I found on the bed, I put up: I was wrong that I did not examine them; let Dr. Sheridan take it plentifully, it is very good for him. I was at the deanery two days ago; every thing is right there; the floor you lie in is all clean, and I desired Mrs. Ridgeway to get the great chair covered, and Jane to put a fire once a week in your chamber, and in the drawing room, to air the ladies and gentlemen. One of the enclosed papers Mr. Kenrick desired me to send; you see I keep to my word, and am determined never to trouble you with other people's business. The vengeance take you, doctor, will you never be quiet? I tell you I have never a fat pigeon for you, your goose I will not have; we are overstocked with them; but I send you Colonel Waller's case, that came before the house on Thursday. I believe you will wonder, that after the heavy charges laid on Mr. Throp so justly by the colonel, that he was not ordered into custody: but to the surprise of every body the chairman was voted out of the chair at one of the clock in the morning, and so the affair ended. It is true, there was a mistake of about a month between Colonel Waller's account and Mr. Throp's in the serving of a subpœna; and I think it was a scandalous thing, that a worthy member's word should not be taken before a little parson's oath. I suppose you expect I should answer your logick and compliments; but do you think I have nothing else to employ me but trifling away my time in murdering the language with your ay con O mys? I am no more a liar than yourself; therefore you are obliged to accept of my best wishes and most humble respects: so I have done with you this time for good and all. Mr. Dean, I

am sure Rochefoucault's maxim never fails: I am this moment an instance of it, taking a secret pleasure in all the little ruffles you meet with in the country, in hopes it will hasten you to town. My he olive branch has a more immediate loss than any of us; his body suffers as well as his mind; for since he cannot enjoy the happiness and benefit of your conversation, he applies himself too close to his studies: in short, I think he is almost in the state of the company he entertains himself with all this morning; and if you saw him in company of the attendants of the governor of Glubdubdrib, you will find the same horror seize you by looking on his countenance.* My fair daughter presents you her most humble and obedient respects; says, she is not at all changed by your absence, for whenever she has the honour to see you, you will still find her the same. I am, sir,

Your most obedient and
obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

Jane just came here with a poem of Mr. Dunkin's, that was sent to the deanery, and this letter that I enclose.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov.* 18, 1735.

We were undone for want of your answer, and thought that Mr. Rochfort was at his country seat, to whom I directed mine, as he was a franker. Never any thing of

* Mr. Harrison was always very thin, and of a weakly constitution. D. S.

so small a kind was so vexatious to me as this broken shin. If I had apprehended the consequences, I would not have stirred from Dublin until it was cured. It has prevented my walking and riding. An apothecary, the only doctor here, has it in care, and I cannot say I am better. But the surgeon of the barrack here, a friend to the doctor, has been with me this morning, saw the sore, and says it is in a good way; and that he will consult with the apothecary, and soon make me well. It smarts more to-day than ever; but the surgeon said, it was because some powder called precipitate (an like you) was put on this morning, to eat off the black skin in the middle of the sore. It digests every day, but I cannot digest it. I shall lose my health by sitting still, and my leg in a chair, like a Grattan in the gout. I wish I had staid at home, and you had been my surgeon. To say truth, this town and country are so disagreeable by nature and art, that I have no other temptation to ride or walk except that of health; our house, and shoes, and streets, are so perpetually and abominably dirty. Eight of the inhabitants came out to meet me a mile or two from town. The rest would have come but for some unexpected impediment. In some days after, I invited the principal men in town to sup with me at the best inn here. There were sixteen of them, and I came off rarely for about thirty shillings. They were all very modest and obliging. Wild fowl is cheap, and all very good, except the ducks, which, though far from sea, have a rank taste from the lakes. It is nothing to have a present of a dozen snipes, teal, woodcock, widgeon, duck, and mallard, &c. You would admire to see me at my endeavours to supply deanery conveniencies. The cursed turf is two hours kindling, and two minutes decaying. You are a little too jocose upon Mr. Harrison's countenance. I hope he has no return of illness,

nor is more lean than I left him. He must borrow an hour more from his studies, and bestow it on exercise and mirth; otherwise he may be like the miser, who, by not affording himself victuals, died a dozen years the sooner, by which he lost many thousand pounds more than if he had fed upon pheasants, and drank burgundy every day. I must now repeat the commission I mentioned. The old woman, Kenrick, and Laud, must find out Shele the wine merchant: a carrier will go next week to the deanery, be taught to find out Shele with Kenrick. Shele must, as he promised, pack up twelve dozen of his claret which has been bottled three months already. This must be given to the carrier by Shele, and ready put up in some hampers as he will contrive. I hope Mr. Rochfort will be in town to send you this letter. I am ever yours, and my love to the girl and boys.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *Nov.* 22, 1735.

I RECEIVE as a high favour your just reprimand for not answering your letter by the first post; nay, I will add another fault to it, by endeavouring to excuse myself. It was out of the highest respect I did not write, lest you should think me too forward in giving trouble. But, since I have your license, I will not miss an opportunity of paying my most humble duty, and of acknowledging the greatest obligations I ever lay under to any mortal. I have had the very ill fortune to come late under your care; yet even these disadvantages do not hinder you from acting the most friendly part, of endeavouring to enlarge my mind, and mend my errors: you see how industriously I avoid mentioning the word faults. When

you left us, I did not think it would be possible for me to dread getting a letter from you; but the account of your leg, which I find worse and worse, alarms me to that degree, that I tremble for the consequence. I conjure you, dear sir, not to trust any longer to country helps: your appetite, your health, is in the greatest danger, by sitting so much as you must be obliged to do till that is well. I know life is as little regarded by you as any one; but to live in misery, is what I am sure you ought to avoid. The wine was packed up on Tuesday last in a hogshead: I thought that was safer than a hamper: Mr. Kenrick and Laud were by all the time: they and Mr. Shele were here with me that night: they tell me they got large bottles, of which I gave a great charge. Mr. Shele desires the wine may be kept in the same manner it is now packed, and taken out by half dozens as it is used: the numbers taken out may be chalked on the head of the vessel, to see that justice is done: he thinks it will keep better that way than perhaps in a cellar. I think you came off scandalously cheap, with treating sixteen gentlemen for a moidore. Pray, Doctor Sheridan, when the dean next uses you ill, tell him of his pitiful doings.

My son is greatly obliged to you sir, for your care and advice; and assures me, your word shall be an oracle to him. He has not had a return of his disorder; yet his stomach is gone, and of consequence his spirits. Mr. and Mrs. Morgan have commanded me to send you their most obedient respects, and are much concerned about your leg. Pray, sir, date your letters. I believe both you and Dr. Sheridan hate writing the word November; for not one of them have been dated. I only hate the day of the month: the truth was, in my last I could not recollect it (for I think I forgot it) and watched for some of the brats to tell me. Lest I should do

the same now, be pleased to remember I write this Nov. 22, 1735.

I am, sir,

Your most obedient and
most obliged humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

If you are pleased to direct to me under cover to Mr. Morgan, I shall get your letters. Perhaps Mr. Rochfort may go out of town, and then I should be long without them.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Nov.* 22, 1735.

HAVING answered your long letter, which was improved by the doctor's* additions, I now tell you that a Monday next, which will be the 24th instant, a carrier will go from hence, and is directed, by another letter to you, to manage the business of sending the twelve dozen of wine, which Mr. Shele has ready bottled, and must see it packed up in his best manner in hampers or hogsheads, as I mentioned in my last, and that the wine was bottled (as he says) two months before I came away. Kenrick and Laud and the woman will be your assistants. The fellow will be with you by Wednesday night or Thursday morning, and I will write by him. I cannot say my shin is yet better, although our apothecary and the barrack surgeon attend me; but they see no danger, and promise I shall recover in a few days. Meantime, I dare neither walk nor ride; and yet I think

* Mr. Harrison's. D. S.

my stomach is better, and so may continue till I grow weary of snipe, teal, widgeon, woodcock, hare, leveret, wild duck, fieldfare, &c. My service to your he and she brats. Let Kenrick, my verger, know what I write about the wine, that he and Laud and the woman may be prepared; this will save me a letter to him. I am ever *entièrement à vous.*

Cavan, Nov. 22, 1735.

I shall never be quiet; a country author unknown has sent me a manuscript of two hundred pages for my judgment. Pray send me the three quires of paper in quarto: for the doctor has swallowed up mine, and we have none left.

"I can assure you, dear madam, with pleasure, that the dean begins to look healthier and plumper already; and I hope will mend every day. But, to deal plainly with you, I am a little afraid of his good stomach, though victuals are cheap, because it improves every day, and I do not know how far this may increase my family expenses. He pays me but two crowns a week for his ordinary: and I own, that I am a little too modest to grumble at it; but if you would give him a hint about wear and tear of goods, I make no doubt but his own discretion would make him raise his price. Pray do this (as you do all other things) in the handsomest manner you can. I am, to you and yours, as much yours as the dean aforesaid."

I desire you will hint to the doctor that he would please to abate four shillings a week from the ten, which he most exorbitantly makes me pay him; but tell him you got this hint from another hand, and that all Dublin cries shame at him for it.

FROM MR. PULTENEY.

SIR, *Bath, Nov.* 22, 1735.

I HAVE been waiting for an opportunity to write to you with safety, because I had a mind to do it with freedom; and particularly to explain to you what I meant, when I told you some time ago, that I was almost tired with struggling to no purpose against universal corruption. I am now at the Bath, where there are at present many Irish families, and though I have inquired of them all, if any gentleman or servant was returning thither, yet I can hear of none, so that I am forced, if I write at all, to trust my letter by the common post. Nothing is more certain than that this letter will be opened there, the rascals of the office have most infamous directions to do it upon all occasions; but they would every man of them be turned out, if a letter of mine to you should escape their intuition. I am thinking what the ministers may get by their peeping; why if I speak my mind very plainly, they may discover two things; one is, that I have a very great regard for you; the other, that I have a very great contempt for them; and in every thing I say or do, still set them at defiance. These things, if they did not know before, they are welcome to find out now; and I am determined in some other points likewise, to speak my mind very plainly to you. You must know then, that when I said I grew weary of contending with corruption, I never meant absolutely to withdraw myself from parliament; perhaps I may not slacken even my personal opposition to the wicked measures of the administration, but really I find my health begins to require some attention, and I labour under a distemper which the long sittings in parliament by no means agree with. When Mr. Faulkner

delivered me your former letter (for I have since had one sent me hither by Mr. Pope) I was just got up from my bed, where I had lain the whole night in most excessive torture, with a violent fit of the gravel. I was not able to write you any answer by him, who was to depart in two days, and ever since I have been at this place drinking the waters, in hopes they may be of service to me. Beside this of my ill state of health, I am convinced that our constitution is already gone, and we are idly struggling to maintain, what in truth has been long lost, like some old fools here, with gout and palsies at fourscore years old, drinking the waters in hopes of health again. If this was not our case, and that the people are already in effect slaves, would it have been possible for the same minister, who had projected the excise scheme (before the heats it had occasioned in the nation were well laid) to have chosen a new parliament again exactly to his mind? and though perhaps not altogether so strong in numbers, yet as well disposed in general to his purposes as he could wish. His master, I doubt, is not so well beloved as I could wish he was; the minister, I am sure, is as much hated and detested as ever a man was, and yet, I say, a new parliament was chosen of the stamp that was desired, just after having failed in the most odious scheme that ever was projected. After this, what hopes can there ever possibly be of success? Unless it be from confusion, which God forbid I should live to see. In short, the whole nation is so abandoned and corrupt, that the crown can never fail of a majority in both houses of parliament; he makes them all in one house, and he chooses above half in the other. Four-and-twenty bishops, and sixteen Scotch lords, is a terrible weight in one; forty-five from one country, beside the west of England, and all the government boroughs, is a dreadful number in the other. Were

his majesty inclined to-morrow to declare his body coachman his first minister, it would do just as well, and the wheels of government would move as easily as they do with the sagacious driver, who now sits in the box. Parts and abilities are not in the least wanting to conduct affairs: the coachman knows how to feed his cattle, and the other feeds the beasts in his service, and this is all the skill that is necessary in either case. Are not these sufficient difficulties and discouragements, if there were no others? And would any man struggle against corruption, when he knows, that if he is ever near defeating it, those who make use of it, only double the dose, and carry all their points farther, and with a higher hand, than perhaps they at first intended? Beside all this, I have had particular misfortunes and disappointments: I had a very near relation of great abilities, who was my fellow labourer in the public cause: he is gone; I loved and esteemed him much, and perhaps wished to see him one day serving his country in some honourable station: no man was more capable of doing it, nor had better intentions for the public service than himself; and I may truly say, that the many mortifications he met with, in ten or twelve years struggling in parliament, was the occasion of his death. I have lost likewise the truest friend, I may almost say servant, that ever man had, in Mr. Merrill;* he understood the course of the revenues, and the public accounts of the kingdom as well, perhaps better, than any man in it, and it is utterly impossible for me to go through the drudgery by myself, which I used to do easily with his assistance, and herein it is that opposition galls the most.

These several matters I have enumerated, you will

* John Merrill, Esq. member of parliament, in 1712, for Tregony, and afterward for St. Alban's. He died in December, 1734. N.

allow to be some discouragements; but nevertheless, when the time comes, I believe you will find me acting the same part I have ever done, and which I am more satisfied with myself for having done, since my conduct has met with your approbation: and give me leave to return you my sincere thanks for the many kind expressions of your friendship, which I esteem as I ought, and will endeavour to deserve as well as I can. You inquire after Bolingbroke, and when he will return from France. If he had listened to your admonitions and chidings about economy, he need never have gone there; but now I fancy he will scarce return from thence, till an old gentleman, but a very hale one, pleases to die.* I have seen several of your letters on frugality to our poor friend John Gay (who needed them not) but true patriotism can have no other foundation. When I see lords of the greatest estates, meanly stooping to take a dirty pension, because they want a little ready money for their extravagancies, I cannot help wishing to see some papers writ by you, that may, if possible, shame them out of it. This is the only thing that can recover our constitution, and restore honesty. I have often thought that if ten or a dozen patriots, who are known to be rich enough to have ten dishes every day for dinner, would invite their friends only to two or three, it might perhaps shame those who cannot afford two, from having constantly ten, and so it would be in every other circumstance of life: but luxury is our ruin. This grave stuff that I have written, looks like preaching, but I may venture to say to you, it is not, for I speak from the sincerity of my heart. We are told a peace is made; if it be true, I am satisfied our ministers did not so much as know of

* Lord Bolingbroke's father, Lord St. John. N.

the negotiation; the articles, which are the ostensible ones, are better than could be expected, but I doubt there are some secret ones, that may cost us dear, and I am fully convinced the fear of these will furnish our ministers a pretence for not reducing a single man of our army.

I have just room to tell you a ridiculous story has happened here. In the diocese of Wells the bishop and his chancellor have quarrelled: the consequence has been, the bishop has excommunicated the chancellor, and he in return has excommunicated the two archdeacons. A visitation of the clergy was appointed; the bishop not being able to go himself, directed his archdeacons to visit for him. The chancellor alleges from the constitution of him, this cannot be, and that the bishop can delegate his power to nobody but himself: so that probably all the clergy who attend on the chancellor will be excommunicated by the bishop, and all who obey the orders of the archdeacons will be excommunicated by the chancellor. The bishop in the cathedral, when the sentence of excommunication was going to be read, sent for it, and tore it in the open church; the chancellor afterward affixed it on the church doors. There are a great many more very ridiculous circumstances attending this affair, which I cannot well explain: but upon a reference of the whole to my lord high chancellor, I am told he has declared his opinion in support of his brother chancellor. I am glad I have left no space to put my name to the bottom of this letter; after some things I have said it may be improper, and I am sure it is needless, when I assure you no man can be with more sincerity and regard than I am,

Your most obedient humble servant.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *November* 25, 1735.

I HAVE not known for some years, the pleasure of a postday, till within these three weeks. I read your letters twenty times over. I tell you this to induce you to continue me your favour; for I know it is your study to make the wretched happy. The wine is ready for the carman, and all the caution taken that you commanded. If I durst, I would repine, that you could think I should require your orders three times repeated to take care of what you told me your health depended on. I rejoice to find your stomach is better, but grieve to hear your leg continues so long bad. I shall despise your surgeon and apothecary, if they do not cure it immediately. Apollo has always waited on you, when it was not half so material. Where the vengeance is he now? After all, he justly quits you, since you have left off invoking him. Idleness is your crime; to punish you, he confines you to a chair; and the penance he enjoins, is to employ your pen once more: if not, there are vultures to prey on legs as well as livers: I wish you were safe out of their hands. I was at the deanery on Saturday, though I forgot to mention it in my last letter. My son was there yesterday; and I would have been there to day, if a swelled face had not prevented me. I have sent for Mr. Kenrick, or Mr. Laud, to let them know your commands. I must beg the favour of you to deliver the enclosed to Dr. Sheridan, and to pardon my sealing it. You are sensible there are secrets that the nearest friends must not see. As you have nothing to do, be pleased to write to me the heads of the two hundred pages in manuscript, and I will give my opinion about it. I must now entreat you

to think of coming to town: I trust in God your skin will not require it; but consider how it is possible for me to spend the winter evenings, who have been so delightfully entertained all summer at the deanery. I have staid till the last moment before I sealed this, in expectation of seeing somebody from your house, but am disappointed. I promise to take care to see the wine leave this place safe, and to send the paper by the carman. My son and daughter are your most obedient servants.

I am, sir, with the highest respect,
Your most obliged and
most obedient humble servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Nov. 28, 1735.*

I TAKE advantage a day before the post to write to you; and this is the first day I have ventured to walk this fortnight past, except yesterday, when I dined with my surgeon at the barrack. This morning I visited four ladies in the town, of which your friend Mrs. Donaldson was one. My whole journey has been disappointed by this accident: for I intended to have been a constant rider, and as much a walker as this dirty town would allow. Here are a thousand domestic conveniences wanting; but one pair of tongs in the whole house; the turf so wet, that a tolerable fire is a miracle; the kitchen is a cabin a hundred yards off and a half; the back and fore door always left open, which, in a storm (our constant companion) threatens the fall of the whole edifice: Madam as cross as the devil, and as lazy as any of her sister sows, and as nasty. These are some of our blind

sides. But we have a good room to eat in, and the wife and lodgers have another, where the doctor often sits and seems to eat, but comes to my eating-room (which is his study) there finishes the meal, and has share of a pint of wine. Then we have an honest neighbour, Mr. Price, who sits the evening, and wins our money at backgammon, though the doctor sometimes wins by his blundering. As to meat we are hard put to it. It is true, our beef and mutton are very good; but, for the rest, we are forced to take up with hares, partridges, teal, grouse, snipes, woodcocks, plover, silver eels, and such trash; which, although they be plentiful and excellent in their kinds, you know are unworthy of a refined Dublin dean. I expect before this letter goes that the carrier will be here with the wine, and that I shall have time to chide you for five dozen of bottles broke by the ill packing up. He set out from hence on Tuesday, but I suppose cannot return till next week. I had, several days ago, a letter from Mrs. Sican, and another from her French son,* an excellent good one; when you go that way, tell her of this, with my service, and that I will write to her soon. Your letters have been so friendly, so frequent, and so entertaining, and oblige me so much, that I am afraid in a little time they will make me forget that you are a cousin, and treat you as a friend. If Apollo has entirely neglected my head, can you think he will descend to take care of my shin? Earthly ladies forsake us at forty, and the muses at fifty-five. I have mentioned that rascal —— to Dr. Delany, who defended him as well as he could, but very weakly; if the doctor

* The doctor calls young Dr. Sican her French son, because he was then travelling in France. This young gentleman was at last unfortunately murdered, as he was travelling in Italy in a post-chaise, by a person who fired his pistol at him from another post chaise, upon some dispute between the drivers contending for the way. D. S.

will not cast him off, he will justly expose himself to censure.

I wish you would speak to your dearly beloved monster Mr. ——, when he comes to town, about my Laracor agent, to pay me some money, and to reproach —— for his infamous neglect of my affairs. He is one of your favourites, and —— another; I hope I am not the third.

I have just spoken about the thread to Mrs. Sheridan, who tells me, that what you desire is to be had here every market-day; and that Mrs. Donaldson understands it very well. "To carry on the thread of the discourse, I discovered the little dirty b——h, the firemaker, to be the opener of the doors, and the leaver of them so; for which the dean had her lugged this evening by the cook maid; for which he paid her a threepence,* and gave the little girl a penny for being lugged; and because the cook did not lug her well enough, he gave her a lugging, to show her the way. These are some of our sublimer amusements. I wish you were here to partake of them. The only thing of importance I can tell you is"—(Ay, what is it? He shall be hanged rather than take up any more of this paper. It is true that the legion club is sinking the value of gold and silver to the same with England, and are putting four pounds a hogshead more duty on wine! The cursed vipers use all means to increase the number of absentees. Well, I must go to the market about this thread. It is now Nov. 29; I fear the doctor will hedge in a line. I have now got Mr. Morgan's heathenish christian name, and will direct my letters to him. I am to finish a letter to Mrs. Sican; I desire you will call on her sometimes. My love to your brats. I have settled with Mrs. Donaldson about

* A little silver piece current in those days; but the species has been long worn out. D. S.

the thread; but will order a double quantity, that you may knit stockings for your dear self. Let the doctor conclude. I am ever, &c. "Madam, I have only room to tell you that I will see you the 12th or 13th of December) excuse a long parenthesis: your most obedient and"

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *Dublin, Nov.* 29, 1735.

I NEVER was more out of temper in my life than I have been these two days; yesterday that I did not hear from you, and to day at the rogue that brought your letter to Mr. Kenrick at ten last night, and the disappointment we have met with from him that was to carry the wine to Cavan. The enclosed letter gives so full an account, that I need add nothing to it, but his being a right county of Cavan man. I desire Dr. Sheridan will take care for the future not to employ them about your business; I owe him this reflection for trusting such rogues. Pray, sir, tell me what I shall do in this business; shall I get Mr. Shele and Mr. Kenrick to look out for an honest carman, and agree as cheap as we can to carry it to you? for I find there is no depending on the doctor's countrymen. Had you assured me, as you say the surgeon does, that your leg was better, my joy would be equal to the uneasiness I have suffered on that occasion. I fear I shall never have the pleasure of being with you on your birthday; were my purse as heavy as my heart is, that I cannot be with you to-morrow, I would this night have been at Cavan, and have left it on Monday morning.

I shall make a great entertainment to-morrow for my family, to celebrate the Drapier's birthday, and drink his health. My two eldest cubs (match me that) present you their most humble and obedient respects, with their hearty wishes of long life, health, and happiness, to attend you. They durst not take the liberty to send this with their hand, but do it with their heart. I send you their own words; but where shall I find any that can express what I would say on the subject? The most sincere would be what I desire for myself whilst I continue in this world, which is health and quietness. This I pray God grant you in the largest portion, and life as long as you shall desire it!

Mr. Morgan's heathenish name is Marcus Antonius; I saw him and his lady yesterday, who both say they should be glad to kiss your hand; his eldest son is in the measles. Last night died the bishop of Ossory, of an inflammation on the lungs: he caught cold on Sunday at the castle chapel. We have provided one of the bishopricks for Doctor Marlay.

I am told by some people that Lord Orrery intends to make you and Doctor Sheridan a visit; if so, I fear it will be a long time before you will think of returning here. I expect a long letter from Doctor Sheridan, in answer to all that I have said to him in this.

I think this is so well written, that it needs no apology for a bad pen. I am, sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
M. WHITEWAY.

FROM MRS. WHITEWAY.

SIR, *Dublin, Dec.* 2, 1735.

I WADED this morning through dirt and rain to the deanery; but I place no more to your account from High-street. I found every thing in great order; your bed and window curtains cleaned, and, to my satisfaction, the great chairs covered; the dogs in high spirits, the woman in good humour, and Mr. Kenrick and Mrs. Ridgeway on duty. I am quite ashamed of my entertainment on Sunday. The Drapier's birthday was celebrated by Mr. Laud with a dinner of wild duck, plover, turkey, and pullet: two bowls of punch, and three bottles of claret. At night Mr. Kenrick gave a supper, with an ocean of punch. Their houses were illuminated, and the bells rung. Several other houses followed their example.

I am almost reconciled to your surgeon; the next letter, I hope, will finish our quarrel. When he has set you firmly on your legs, if making gods were not out of fashion, I would translate him; however, he shall be my saint.

As you have been remarkable for never being severe on the ladies, I am surprised you should say that we forsake the men at forty. I deny the fact; while they sing our praises, we continue to hold them in admiration. For an example of this, I give the author of the Ladies' Dressing-room, and Strephon and Chloe, who, by writing these poems, gained the hearts of the whole sex.

I heartily pity you for want of meat; I wish I could send you a large shoulder of mutton, fresh killed; how pure and sweet it would eat! I have just left part of one in the parlour; the very thoughts of it make me hungry

again: I think I will go down, and take the other slice.* I know it is not to any purpose to reproach you with avarice, for a poor pint of wine among three of you. Whatever you do at home, I am ashamed to find you show at Cavan: I suppose your excuse will be at the expense of the poor carman; but, if you had any generosity, you would live on the public, as I do, till your rents came in. Dr. Sheridan says "you gave private orders, and countermanded the wine, to spunge on him." I own, I think it looks like it, or you would not have let the man come to town without a car.

I see you are proof against storms within and without doors, or you would not think of staying in the country when the doctor leaves it. There is no occasion for you to convince the world that you want but one trial to outdo Socrates in every thing; let not this keep you; for I promise to provide one for three shillings and four pence that shall outshine Solomon's brawler.

Molly and young Harrison are grown so saucy at seeing their names so often in your letters, that I cannot govern them: pray be pleased to take them down a little. All that I can do to vex them, is not to send you their compliments. My son entreats you will finish your Latina Anglia treatise; which he desires you will immediately send him a copy of.

Doctor Sheridan's last letter is so long and full of particulars, that I cannot answer it till I see him. I am so proud of being discarded from being a cousin, that for the future I shall not own either esq. —— or Mr. —— for relations; nor ever dare to think you a favour-

* Here Mrs. Whiteway is merry with the doctor, who could not endure mutton which had not been killed three or four days before: on the contrary, Mrs. Whiteway liked hers so fresh, that Dr. Swift used pleasantly to say of her, "that she liked mutton that was killed to-morrow." D. S.

he. But I hope you will allow me to term you my oracle, and to acknowledge myself, sir,

Your most humble and
most obedient servant,
MARTHA WHITEWAY.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Cavan, Dec.* 6, 1735.

I HAVE yours of Nov. the 29th. The doctor, who is always sanguine, reckoned upon the wine as sure as if it had been in his cellar under the stairs; but I, who am ever desponding, told him I was sure there would be some disappointment. I matter it not, for we have enough still to hold us a reasonable term, at one bottle a day between us, at least, if he would leave off inviting young Mr. Price, parson Richardson, Mr. Nash, Mr. Jacob, surgeon of the troop, squire Fleming of Balhaynockhye, Doctor O'Neil, Doctor Fludd, parson Charlton of Evackthonyeul, beside the rest of our Cavan gentry and neighbourhood. I will not have the wine sent by any carrier on purpose: it would be a confounded expense: but we will wait until a farther opportunity by Marcus Tully, the genuine orator and carrier of our city. I refused a long time to show the doctor that part of your letter which reflects upon not only his countrymen, but his townsmen, and fifty to one but upon one of his own or madam's cousins; yet there is no danger of kindred, for our town agrees that Tully is an honest carrier. I was in hopes your great entertainment had been for your tenant, with his half year's rent. I am sorry that it was on account of some scrub drapier, of whom I never heard. Only I know they are all

rogues, and I shall not pay for their extravagance. I forgot to tell you that the barrack surgeon prescribed the very same medicine that you advised for my shin. My leg is so well, that I have been twice riding, and walk in the town, that is to say in the dirt, every day. We have now a fine frost, and walk safe from dirt; but it is like a life at court, very slippery. I do not like to see my money laid out in cleaning curtains, and covering chairs; but since, as you say, you are pleased to be at that expense, I thankfully submit. The doctor will be with you on Friday next: he goes to see the Grand Monde, and beg subscriptions to build a school-house. He taxes you only at ten guineas. I am to stay with madam and his daughter until his return, which will be about a month hence, when the days grow longer and warmer. Pox take country ladies' dinners. In spite of all I could say, I was kept so late by their formality on Thursday last, that I was forced to ride five miles after night fall, on the worst road in Europe, or county of Cavan. The doctor cannot have time to write a word: he expects a rogue of an agent this evening, who will not come, with two or three hundred pounds arrears, by which means I shall be kept here for want of money, which I was fool enough to expect to get from him, to bear my charges back. My shin cost me three guineas, and I brought but twenty pounds. I desire the room and bed I lie in may be often aired. The doctor will not lie at the deanery, because it is far from his friends, and he is afraid of robbers. I approve your name of Cub; but may your male cub never sit in the club! I will not pay the three shillings and four-pence for a wife, as you propose, because I can get one here for two thirteens. Mrs. Donaldson is making the thread with her own fair fingers. I dare not come to town till Miss Harrison gives me a general discharge. I desire to

know her utmost demands. My chief amusement here is backgammon. Dr. Sheridan is a peevish bungler, and I sometimes win his money. Mr. Price is an expert civil gamester, and I always lose to him. This is the state of my affairs. The doctor is come up, and says he will not write a word, because he is busy, and will see you soon. *Entre nous*, I will not stay when the doctor is gone; but this is a secret: and if my health and the weather will permit, I will be in town two or three days after him. So I close this letter, and remain *entièrement à vous*, &c.

My humble service to the bearer* and his lady. God ever bless you and your fire side.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.

MY LORD, *Dec.* 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a year to a certain clergyman. Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence in being (after a cant word used here) an expert kingfisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains: and this arrear I have assigned to one Mr. John Jackson, a cousin german of the Grattans, who is vicar of Santry, and has a small estate, with two sons,

* Mr. Morgan, to whom this letter was enveloped. D. S.

and as many daughters, all grown up. He has lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris** of two bishopricks, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a year, which will make this gentleman easier; who, beside his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club,† to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen who I was assured had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I have been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me, by diverting the discourse; which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the later finding new arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will, as a divine, quote scripture: Although the childrens' meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the childrens' table. This is the second request I have ever made your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish

* The shattered remains. H.

† The parliament of Ireland. H.

about four miles from hence, where he has built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished character; but the misfortune is, he has not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say. Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word deanery, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living, consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed; but all in tithes. Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some very moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when I say, you will oblige great numbers even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other, that will answer the same end. *Multa, &c. veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc decedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

FROM THE EARL OF ORRERY.

DEAR SIR, *Jan.* 3, 1735-6.

I HAVE thought it more than a century since I saw you. I crawled out to you on Saturday, but was forced to come from your house and go to bed; since which time I have not stirred out of my chamber. My cold

continues still bad; and has been hanging upon me now for above a fortnight. Pray tell me when I may hope to see you again: *et notas audire et reddere voces.* I dine at home to-morrow: will you share a fowl with me? I am scarce able to hold up my head; but the sight of you will go a great way toward recovering

Your ever obliged and faithful servant,

ORRERY.

FROM MRS. PENDARVES.

SIR, *Bath, Jan.* 7, 1735-6.

I AM told you have some thoughts of coming here in the spring. I do not think it proper to tell you how well pleased I am with that faint prospect; for such I must call it till the report is confirmed with your own hand. I write all in haste to know if you really have any such design; for if you have, I shall order my affairs accordingly, that I may be able to meet you here. The good old custom of wishing a happy new year to one's friends is now exploded amongst our refined people of the present age; but I hope you will give me leave to tell you, without being offended, that I wish you many years of happiness. The physicians have at last advised my sister to the Bath waters. We have been here a fortnight: they do not disagree with her; this is all can be said of them at present. I wrote to you from Paradise, and hope there is a letter of yours travelling toward me: I think I have used you to a bad custom of late, that of writing two letters for one of yours. I am often told I have great assurance in writing to you at all; and to be sure I must do it with great fear and trembling. I am not believed when I affirm I write to you with as much

ease as to any correspondent I have; for I know you are as much above criticising a letter of mine, as I should be below your notice, if I gave myself any affected airs: you have encouraged my correspondence, and I should be a brute if I did not make the best of such an opportunity.

Bath is full of people, such as they are; none worth giving you any account of: my solace is Mrs. Barber, whose spirit and good countenance cheers me whenever I hear or see her; she is at present pretty well.

Company is this moment coming up stairs, and I can only add that I am, sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

M. PENDARVES.

TO MR. FAULKNER.

MR. FAULKNER, *Jan.* 8, 1735-6.

I AM answering a letter I had from Mr. Pope, when I was at Cavan. My absence and sickness, since I retired, have hindered me from writing to him. He complains of his unluckiness that you could never find him at home, which, he says, since his mother's death, he is often absent from. I here will transcribe a paragraph which relates to you, and I desire you will return an answer to it, time enough for me to send a letter to night, and I will insert the sum of it.

"As to his (Mr. Faulkner's) design about my works, I beg you will desire him to postpone it, until he sees the duodecimo edition of them here, with the first volume, published by Lintot: for that, joined to the rest by Gil-

liver,* will make the completest hitherto extant, and is revised by me. I guess they will be out at Christmas."

Pray, let me know what answer I shall make to Mr. Pope: write it down and send it by any messenger, the sooner the better, for I am an ill writer at night.

I am, yours, &c.

J. SWIFT.

I think you may send your answer by the bearer, for it need not take above two lines.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Cavan, Jan.* 17, 1735.

I RECEIVED your letter of reproaches with pleasure; and as I know you hate excuses, I shall make none. Whoever has informed you that I was not in my school at the right time appointed, has not done me justice; for whatever else I may disappoint, that shall be inviolably and punctually observed by me. * * * * * * * * *

As for my *quondam* friends, as you style them, *quondam* them all. It is the most decent way I can curse them; for they lulled me asleep till they stole my school into the hands of a blockhead, and have driven me toward the latter end of my life to a disagreeable solitude, where I have the misery to reflect upon my folly in making such a perfidious choice, at a time when it was not in my nature to suspect any soul upon earth. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* Lawton Gilliver, a bookseller. H.

Now to think a little for myself. The Duke of Dorset does certainly owe me a small living, for the expensive entertainment I gave him from Terence.* I only want a proper person to dun him; and I know it will be done if my Lord Orrery will undertake it. Do not think me sanguine in this; for more unlikely and less reasonable favours have been granted. God knows whether, during my life, we shall have another scholar sent us for a lord lieutenant. * * *

ever distant as much as if I were in the grave, for which my years and continual indisposition are preparing me every season. I have staid too long from pressing you to give me some ease by an account of your health; pray do not use me so ill any more. I look upon you as an estate from which I receive my best annual rents, although I am never to see it. Mr. Tickel was at the same meeting under the same real concern; and so were a hundred others of this town who had never seen you.

I read to the bishop of Derry the paragraph in your letter which concerned him, and his lordship expressed his thankfulness in a manner that became him. He is esteemed here as a person of learning, and conversation, and humanity, but he is beloved by all people.

I have nobody now left but you: pray be so kind as to outlive me, and then die as soon as you please, but without pain, and let us meet in a better place, if my religion will permit, but rather my virtue, although much unequal to yours. Pray let my Lord Bathurst know how much I love him; I still insist on his remembering me, although he is too much in the world to honour an absent friend with his letters. My state of health is not to boast of; my giddiness is more or less too constant; I sleep ill, and have a poor appetite. I can as easily write a poem in the Chinese language as my own: I am as fit for matrimony as invention; and yet I have daily schemes for innumerable essays in prose, and proceed sometimes to no less than half a dozen lines, which the next morning become waste paper. What vexes me most is, that my female friends, who could bear me very well a dozen years ago, have now forsaken me, although I am not so old in proportion to them, as I formerly was: which I can prove by arithmetic, for then I was double their age, which now I am not. Pray put me

out of fear as soon as you can, about that ugly report of your illness; and let me know who this Cheselden is, that has so lately sprung up in your favour? Give me also some account of your neighbour who writ to me from Bath: I hear he resolves to be strenuous for taking off the test; which grieves me extremely, from all the unprejudiced reasons I ever was able to form, and against the maxims of all wise christian governments, which always had some established religion, leaving at best a toleration to others.

Farewell, my dearest friend! ever and upon every account that can create friendship and esteem.

TO MR. POPE.

Feb. 9, 1735-6.

I CANNOT properly call you my best friend, because I have not another left who deserves the name, such a havock have time, death, exile, and oblivion made.* Perhaps you would have fewer complaints of my ill health and lowness of spirits, if they were not some excuse for my delay of writing even to you. It is perfectly right what you say of the indifference in common friends, whether we are sick or well, happy or miserable. The very maid servants in a family have the same notion: I have heard them often say, Oh, I am very sick, if any body cared for it! I am vexed when my visi-

* All these Letters of Swift are curious and interesting, as they give us an account of the gradual decay of his intellects and temper, and strength of mind and body; and fill us with many melancholy but useful reflections. We see the steps by which this great genius sunk into *discontent*, into *peevishness*, into *indignity*, into *torpor*, into *insanity*! DR. WARTON.

ters come with the compliment usual here, Mr. Dean, I hope you are very well. My popularity that you mention is wholly confined to the common people, who are more constant than those we miscall their betters. I walk the streets, and so do my lower friends, from whom, and from whom alone, I have a thousand hats and blessings upon old scores, which those we call the gentry have forgot. But I have not the love, or hardly the civility, of any one man in power or station; and I can boast that I neither visit or am acquainted with any lord, temporal or spiritual, in the whole kingdom; nor am able to do the least good office to the most deserving man, except what I can dispose of in my own cathedral upon a vacancy. What has sunk my spirits more than even years and sickness, is, reflecting on the most execrable corruptions that run through every branch of public management.

I heartily thank you for those lines translated, *Singula de nobis anni*,* &c. You have put them in a strong and admirable light; but, however, I am so partial, as to be more delighted with those which are to do me the greatest honour I shall ever receive from posterity, and will outweigh the malignity of ten thousand enemies. I never saw them before, by which it is plain that the letter you sent me miscarried. I do not doubt that you have choice of new acquaintance, and some of them may be deserving: for, youth is the season of virtue: corruptions grow with years, and I believe the oldest rogue in England is the greatest. You have years enough before you to watch whether these new acquaintance will keep their virtue when they leave you and go into the world; how long will their spirit of indepen-

* "The circling years on human pleasures prey,
They steal my humour and my mirth away." S.

dency last against the temptations of future ministers and future kings. As to the new lord lieutenant, I never knew any of the family; so that I shall not be able to get any job done by him for any deserving friend.

FROM LADY BETTY GERMAIN.

Feb. 10, 1735-6.

I AM sorry to hear your complaints still of giddiness. I was in hopes you would have mended, like my purblind eyes, with old age. According to the custom of all old women, I must recommend to you a medicine, which is certainly a very innocent one, and they say does great good to that distemper, which is only wearing oilcloth the breadth of your feet, and next to your skin. I have often found it to do me good for the headach.

I do not know what offences the duke of Dorset's club, as you call them, commits in your eyes; but, to my apprehension, the parliament cannot but behave well, since they let him have such a quiet session. And as to all sorts of politics, they are now my utter aversion, and I will leave them to be discussed by those who have a better skill in them.

If my niece has been humbled by being nine years older, her late inherited great fortune will beautify her in the eyes of a great many people; so she may grow proud again upon that. The countess of Suffolk is your humble servant. Mr. Pope and she appear to have a true value for one another, so I suppose there is no doubt of it; I will answer for my friend's sincerity, and I do not question Mr. Pope's. Why, pray, do you fancy I do not desire to cultivate Mr. Pope's acquaint-

ance? But perhaps, if I seek it too much, I might meet with a rebuff, as you say her M. did. However, we do often dine together at third places; and as to my own house, though he would be extremely welcome, he has too numerous friends and acquaintance already to spare me a day, unless you will come to England, and then he might be induced to meet you here. Mrs. Biddy Floyd has passed thus far of the winter in better health than usual, though her cough will not forsake her. She is much your humble servant, and so is most sincerely your old friend,

E. GERMAIN.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

MY DEAR MADAM, *Feb.* 18, 1735-6.

I PITY you and your family, and I heartily pray for both: I pity myself, and my prayers are not wanting: but I pity not him.* I count already that you and I and the world must lose him: but do not lose yourself. I was born to a million of disappointments; I had set my heart very much upon that young man; but I find he has no business in so corrupt a world. Therefore pray take courage from christianity, which will assist you when humanity fails: I wish I were in his condition, with his virtues. I am a little mending, to my shame be it spoken. I shall also lose a sort of a son as well as you: only our cases are different; for you have more, and it is your duty to preserve yourself for them. I am ever your most affectionate and obedient, &c.

J. SWIFT.

* Theophilus Harrison, Esq. a young gentleman of three-and-twenty, who was then upon his death-bed. D. S.

FROM THE BISHOP OF KILMORE.*

REVEREND SIR, *Feb.* 23, 1735-6.

I SEND you the whole piece,† such as it is: I fear you will find the addition, pursuant to your hint, heavy; for I could not get my imagination warmed to the same degree as in the former part. I hope you will supply what shall be wanting of spirit; and when you have pruned the rough feathers, the ands and thats, &c. you will send the Kite to the Faulconer, to set it a flying.

I am your very faithful and
obedient servant,

J. H.

May not I claim three or four copies when printed?

TO MISS HARRISON.

DEAR MISS HARRISON, *Feb.* 23, 1735-6.

I AM in all possible concern for your present situation: I heartily wish you could prevail on your mother to remove immediately to some friend or neighbour's house, that she may be out of the sight and hearing of what must be done to-day. I wish your eldest brother Whiteway would take care to carry her to some part of the town where she might continue until your house may be put in order, and every thing that might renew

* Dr. Josiah Hort, afterward archbishop of Tuam. N.

† A satire on Quadrille, for which Mr. Faulkner the printer was sent to Newgate.

the memory of melancholy objects be removed. Let your brother Whiteway write to me, that I may know how you all are, particularly your poor mother.

I am ever, &c.

J. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 23, 1735-6.

I AM extremely concerned to find your old disorder has got hold of you again, which would not have happened if you had taken my advice to continue here where you were well. I cannot help retorting, that I never knew any person so unadvisable as you are, especially when it comes from me, who am famous for giving the best advice, and following the worst. Surely Mr. —— cannot be so unjust as to let me be above —— pounds a sufferer for that profligate brute he shaked off upon me: if he does persevere in it, I will let all mankind know, that he acts rather like a little rascally Irish solicitor than a man of honour. I have already almost finished a dialogue between Lady Betty Tattle and John Solemn (if my money be not paid, necessity must make me write for bread) upon a subject they will not much like; which I vow to God shall be published. As I do not wear a sword, I must have recourse to the weapon in my hand. It is a better method than a lawsuit. My school only supplies me with present food, without which I cannot live. I hope, if I have any friends left, it may increase, and once more put me out of a miserable dependence upon the caprice of friendship. This year has been to me like steering through the Cyclades in a storm without a rudder; I hope to have

a less dangerous and more open sea the next; and as you are out of all danger to feel the like sufferings, I pray God you may never feel a dun to the end of your life; for it is too shocking to an honest heart. It grieves me much to hear poor Mr. Harrison is in such a dangerous way. I pray God preserve him, not only for his poor mother's sake, but the good of mankind; for I think I never knew so valuable a young man. I beseech you to let me know, by the next post, how he is. I fear the worst of that horrid treacherous distemper. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

I lost sixty-six pounds by a rogue who run off to Drumcor last year.

TO MRS. WHITEWAY.

DEAR MADAM, *Feb.* 25, 1735-6.

In the midst of your grief and my own for the same misfortune, I cannot forbear complaining of your conduct through the whole course of your affliction, which made you not only neglect yourself, but the greater part of those who are left, and, by the same law of nature, have an equal title to your care. I writ on Monday to Miss Harrison, that she would beg you, in my name, to remove some hours to a neighbour, that your ears might not be harassed with the preparations for what was then to be done. She told me you would not yield; and, at the same time, she much feared she must lose you too. Some degree of wisdom is required in the greatest cala-

mity, because God requires it; because he knows what is best for us; because he never intended any thing like perfect happiness in the present life; and, because it is our duty, as well as interest, to submit. I will make you another proposal, and shall take it very unkindly if you do not comply. It is, that you would come hither this day immediately, where you will have a convenient apartment, and leave the scene that will be always putting you in mind of your loss. Your daughter can manage the house, and sometimes step to see you. All care should be taken of you, and Dr. Robinson will visit you with more ease, if you have occasion for him. Mrs. Ridgeway shall attend you, and I will be your companion. Let Miss Harrison return me an answer, and things shall be ready for you. I am ever, with true esteem and affection, dear madam,

Your most obedient servant and cousin,

J. SWIFT.

FROM DR. SHERIDAN.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 29, 1735-6.

I SINCERELY condole with you for the unspeakable loss of Mr. Harrison, which cannot be repaired in any other of his age in this world. It wounds my heart every moment I recollect him. I do verily believe no man living has met with such severe trials in losses of this kind as you have; and for this last, I must own, that I have great compassion for you, as he was every day growing more and more into a friend and companion; especially at a time of life which requires such a comfort. God Almighty support his poor mother; for none

else can give her consolation under such a dreadful affliction.

Poor old Mr. Price cannot hold out a fortnight; and his son claims your promise of getting him something from the Concordatum; if it overtakes him alive, it may be a legacy for a worthy suffering person, who has fallen a sacrifice to his principles. I am, dear sir, with all respect,

Your most obedient and
very humble servant,
THOMAS SHERIDAN.

FROM MR. CARTER.*

SIR, *Henrietta-street, March* 11, 1735-6.

I WOULD have waited on you, when I sent my servant with a message, but was informed you did not see company.

I have no doubt the printer will have occasion for a great many cargoes from our friend Mr. Jervas.†

I am very glad I had an opportunity of doing any thing agreeable to you. I have long wished for some instance of assuring you that I am, with great respect,

Your most obedient and
most humble servant,
THOMAS CARTER.

* Mr. Carter was master of the rolls in Ireland. D. S.

† A fine print of the dean engraved by Fourdrinier; from an original picture painted by Jervas, which was afterward purchased by the earl of Chesterfield, and placed in his elegant library at May Fair, in the collection of English authors. D. S.

FROM THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, *April* 3, 1736.

I WOULD have written last post, but I had such a violent headach, that I could no more think than a cabbage. And now all the business I have is to make you a paper visit, only to ask you how you do? You may think me impertinent for the question; but when I tell you, that I have not above three friends, you will not wonder that I should be afraid of losing one of them; and, therefore, I must give you some rules of regimen.

1. Walk little and moderately.
2. Ride slow and often.
3. Keep your temper even with my friend Mrs. Whiteway.
4. Do not strain your voice.
5. Fret not at your servants' blunders.
6. Take a cheerful glass.
7. Study as little as possible.
8. Find out a merry fellow, and be much with him.

Get these precepts by heart, and observe them strictly; and my life for your's, we shall see better times in the next century.

END OF VOL. NINETEEN.

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